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GEORGE THOMAS : BUCCANEER AND PRINCE.

SO long as the Mughal power was firmly maintained, the Europeans in India were peaceful merchants. Struggles there indeed were between the traders of different countries, especially the English, Portuguese and Dutch, but when they came to blows, it was for the most part on the seas, and all alike were careful to avoid collision with the Mughal Governors. Such an event as that in 1623, when the English, goaded to exasperation by the unfair demands made upon their commerce and the hopelessness of redress, seized the home-coming Indian junks before they could discharge their merchandise, was of the rarest occurrence. But when the Mughal power crumbled away in the first part of the XVIIIth century, a class of Europeans appeared hitherto unknown in India. The central power could no longer control the hundred warring States, and there was no navy to protect the sea-gates of India. The sea, which had been its protection, became an open high-road of invasion, and the country was overrun with soldiers of fortune, who found a keen demand for their services in the Deccan, in Hyderabad, and in Hindustan.

Among these adventurers there is none more interesting than George Thomas. Thomas, his biographer tells us, "was a native of Tipperary in Ireland . . . tall in his person (being upwards of six feet in height) and of a proportionate strength of body." He served either as quartermaster or common sailor in the crew of a British man-of-war and arrived in Madras in 1781, the year of Eyre Coote's defeat of Haidar Ali at Porto Novo. Thomas was then about 25 years of age. He appears to have deserted the ship and

to have plunged into the confused fighting and still more confused politics of the time in South India, for he spent the next five years in service with some of the Pâlegâr (Polygar) chiefs of the Carnatic. Of this period of his career, no details have, unfortunately, been preserved. It coincided with the effort of France to regain the kingdom, which she had finally lost with the fall of Pondicherry in 1761. Bussy, whom Coote had taken prisoner at Wandiwash, landed again in 1783, but the opportunity for successful intervention was gone, for Haidar Ali was dead. Bussy himself was besieged at Cuddalore, and with the peace of Versailles, signed in the same year, and the rendition of Pondicherry, he severed his connection with Tipu Sultan. The Carnatic now enjoyed a few years' comparative repose, and it may be that it was for this reason that Thomas turned his thought to service in the north. However that may be, he worked his way across the continent and appeared in 1787 at Delhi. Here he received a commission in the forces of the Begam Sumra of Sardhanah, the widow of the notorious Remand or Reinhardt, whose soubriquet of "Sombre" had given her name to the Begam. Thomas served her with devotion for five years, and opposing the encroachments of the Sikhs rendered her authority a considerable factor. He was at once her general and her principal adviser, and he married a slave girl, whom she had adopted as her daughter. His devotion was ill-requited; he saw himself degraded in 1792 for nominal misconduct, in reality to make room for a rival buccaneer Levasso, or Le Vaisseau, who became the Begam's second husband. George Thomas now proceeded to the British frontier station of Anupshahr, but it was not to the British that he looked for employment—awkward questions might perhaps have been asked regarding his naval services. He took service in 1793 under the Mahratta General, Appa Kanda Rao, Scindia's cousin, and as he was accompanied by 250 seasoned cavalry, who had apparently followed him from the Begam's forces, he provided his new master with a very welcome accession of force.

The Mahrattas at that time were *de facto* the paramount power of India outside Bengal. Not only were they constantly hovering like birds of prey around the bones of contention in the Deccan and the Carnatic, but they held the whole of Hindustan and intervened, as occasion suited, in the politics of the Punjab

The Mughal Emperor was a puppet. The helpless blinded Shah Alam had been nominally replaced on his throne by Madhoji Scindia, who had been created in return first minister of the State and commander-in-chief. Had the Maharattas only possessed cohesion, the history of British dominion in India would have been profoundly different, but the confederacy was only one in name whose members, united occasionally at the call of common danger, devoted any leisure they had from ravaging their neighbours to designs upon each other's ascendancy. It has been well said of the period that "the paramount power became a supremacy, with which none of the other parties had any relation but that of rebellion." The whole hierarchy was an eloquent example of this lack of cohesion, for the confederates were all nominally viceroys of the Peshwa, and he in turn was in theory but a minister of the Rajah of Satara. Among the confederates Holkar had not yet risen to the first place, which still belonged to Scindia, but Madhoji's power was waning. Appa Kanda Rao was a distinguished general, who had been closely connected with the celebrated de Boigne, but had fallen into disgrace and been dismissed by Scindia. He proceeded accordingly to assert his independence, and made his headquarters at Meerut, from which centre he controlled the Delhi territories. By Appa, Thomas was directed to raise a battalion of 1,000 men and 100 cavalry, for whose support he was assigned the revenues of a part of the Mewati country (including Firozpur Jhirka in the modern Gurgaon district) which had completely defied Appa's efforts to reduce it, as it had previously those of the Begam Sumra. Thomas set forth to reduce this tract. He arrived at Thajara, one of its principal and most turbulent villages, on a dark and rainy night after a fatiguing march, and the inhabitants at once gave him a specimen of their skill by stealing one of his horses. He attacked the village next morning, and had set fire to it when his troops were seized with panic and ran away. He had only a dozen infantry and a few cavalry left, but they succeeded in extricating a 9-pounder which had stuck in a nullah, and after a few well-directed charges of grape, resistance was at an end. The stolen property was returned, and the villagers were glad to compound for a year's revenue, while the burning of some two or three other villages convinced the country-side that opposition to such a power was useless, and that payment of all arrears was the better part of valour.

Meanwhile Madhoji Scindia, "the old patel," was dead, and had been succeeded by his great nephew Daulat Rao. One of his first acts was to come to a reckoning with Appa Kanda Rao, who soon found himself shut up in the Fort of Kotputli by his own troops at the instigation of Scindia's general, Gopal Rao. From this situation he was extricated by Thomas, whose bold front overawed Gopal Rao's troops. His grateful chief adopted Thomas as his son, presented him with 3,000 rupees to purchase an elephant and palanquin suitable to his dignity, and authorized him to increase his forces, making over to him in perpetuity for their support the districts of Jhajjar, Beri, Mandauthi and Patanda, which are now all included in the Rohtak district. The revenue of these tracts was calculated by Thomas at Rs. 1,14,000 spread over 121 villages; he notes that they had previously contained 302 villages with a revenue of Rs. 4,60,000—an interesting commentary on Mahratta rule, the rule which was superseded by our present Government, so perversely charged by the Indian extremist and the English socialist with the ruin of India.

Thomas adhered loyally to Appa Kanda Rao's varying fortunes until the latter's suicide in 1797. Appa could not maintain his independence; he mortgaged the best part of his interests, including Thomas' Mewat assignment, to Bapu Farnavis, in order to provide the two lakhs' indemnity demanded of him by Scindia. "I had no cause for complaint," says Thomas, "when my principal was ruined," but he was clearly disgusted with Appa's lack of spirit, for he adds that "it was plainly to be seen that whoever might hereafter by chance of war obtain possession of the districts in question, it was evident that by these concessions Appa had for ever done away his own right." They were years, too, of danger to Thomas, for Appa was capricious, jealous and disloyal. Frequently Thomas found his liberty or his life treacherously attempted by his employer, and by the Begam Sumra, who was jealous of his power and intrigued against his position. But Thomas even acted with Appa's nephew and successor Vavon Rao, although that chief tried to wrest Jhajjar from his possession. His generosity explains the success of his career; we find him later rescuing the Begam from her difficulties and re-asserting her power just as he stood by Appa Kanda Rao in his misfortune. The man who could serve his masters so well was likely in his turn to be well served.

Among the events of this period best remembered in the countryside was the siege of Beri, now the most important trading centre in the Rohtak district outside the headquarters town. The fort (no longer existing) was defended by 300 Jats and Rajputs hired for the purpose, who came near to repelling Thomas' forces. The town was on fire, and retreat was nearly cut off by the flames, while one of the leaders of the attack was wounded, and had been left behind in the confusion. "In this situation," says Thomas, "we had the additional mortification to perceive the merciless enemy seize on the wounded officer, and with savage barbarity precipitate him into the fire. Equally animated as enraged by this spectacle, my troops now rushed forward to the attack with an ardour that was irresistible. Having gained entire possession of the fort, the soldiers with clamorous expressions of revenge insisted on the death of every one of the garrison that remained, and I was not inclined to refuse: but it cost us dear, for the enemy to a man made a brave resistance." To this day there stands outside one of the gates of Beri a small shrine, where a Jat fell in this fight. According to the tale now current, his head was cut off a thousand yards away, but so tight did he sit in his saddle that the body did not fall until the frightened horse swerved inside the gate.

With Appa's death Thomas felt himself free to pursue a design which, according to his own statement, had been meditated for some years past, and to the final stage of his life belongs the period of his greatest power, when he succeeded in establishing himself as an independent chief and as one of the principal powers in the kaleidoscopic politics of northern India at the close of the XVIIIth century. The tract in which Thomas established himself lay to the west of the territory, which he already held from the Mahrattas and included roughly that part of Haryana which is comprised in the present Hissar district, without Sirsa, and in the Mehm tract of Rohtak; his capital was at Hansi. It was a no man's land, lying between the Mahratta outposts on the east, the Sikh districts of Patiala, Jind and Kaithal on the north, and the Bhatti country and Bikanir on the west. To the south lay the main part of Rajputana, destined to be the milch-cow for the new power at Hansi. Acknowledging no master, this part of Haryana had been for generations past the prey of each marauding host in turn, and always engaged in the intervals in internecine

strife. Thomas proceeded in 1798, in the first instance, to attack Kanhori, one of the principal villages, whose inhabitants were well known for their daring marauds. Repulsed with loss he set down to besiege the place, but even so he was reduced to sore straits before the inhabitants evacuated it. At one moment, indeed, his sole adherents, besides a handful of cavalry, consisted of five men, to whom he had entrusted the charge of his personal pistols and blunderbusses. With the fall of this important centre, however, resistance seems to have collapsed, and Thomas proceeded to establish himself at Hansi to rebuild the walls of the city long since fallen into decay, and to repair the fortifications. "As it had been long deserted," he says, "at first I found difficulty in procuring inhabitants, but by degrees and gentle treatment I selected between five and six thousand persons, to whom I allowed every lawful indulgence. I established a mint and coined my own rupees, which I made current in my army and country; as from the commencement of my career at Jyjur (*i.e.*, Jhajjar) I had resolved to establish an independency, I employed workmen and artificers of all kinds, and I now judged that nothing but force of arms could maintain me in my authority. I therefore increased their numbers, cast my own artillery, commenced making musquets, matchlocks and powder: and, in short, made the best preparations for carrying on an offensive and defensive war; till at length having gained a capital and country bordering on the Seik (Sikh) territories, I wished to put myself in a capacity, when a favourable opportunity should offer, of attempting the conquest of the Punjab, and aspired to the honour of planting the British standard on the borders of the Attock."

Thomas' coinage is scarce, the British Museum has only one of his rupees. Like most of the autonomous coins of the time, it bears Shah Alam's legends, but its connexion with Thomas is defined by the term Sahibabad applied to Hansi.* Thomas was called Sahib Bahadur, and indeed, as the sequel shows, called

* The inscription is: Obv. Shah Alam, Lord of the conjunction, defender of the faith of Muhammad, Badshah, by the aid of God struck money 1214. Rev. Struck at Hansi Sahibabad in the 42nd year of his auspicious reign.

A rayed surface figures in the curve of the final letter of the original for "reign." Owing to the die being larger than the flan, the whole obverse legend does not appear on the coin. It was struck between 5th October 1799 and 25th May 1800. I am indebted to the authorities of the British Museum for a description and cast of the coin.

himself so, and he named his new Hansi "Sahibtown," just as the great Mughal had called his Delhi Shahjahanabad. He states his revenues at Rs. 4,30,000, this being the annual demand of his whole territory, including the tract held of the Mahrattas. It is significant that he reckoned the "former" revenue at Rs. 20,10,000, and the "former" number of villages at 1,224 against 404 existing in his own day. But he had as yet neither troops nor resources sufficient to indulge in his cherished dream of the conquest of the Punjab, and he accordingly adopted the Mahratta tactics of supporting his army on the pillage of his neighbours. His first excursion with this object was made against the Rajah of Jaipur in conjunction with Vavon Rao, Appa's nephew and Thomas' quondam enemy. It was not the first time that these two marauders had invaded Jaipur together; they had made a brief incursion shortly before Thomas had established his independence. On the present occasion Vavon Rao had been ordered by Lakwa Dada, who was Scindia's chief general at the time north of the Nerbada, and the best Mahratta leader of his day, to exact the tribute which the Rajah Pratap Singh had withheld. He was furnished, it is interesting to note, with a statement showing the amount successfully extorted on previous occasions from each district, and directed to make his own arrangements for its recovery, retaining ten annas in every rupee for the support of his troops and remitting six annas to Scindia's treasury. For his assistance he guaranteed a large sum of money to Thomas, who looked no doubt to squeeze a little more on his own account out of the Rajputs. The force contributed by Thomas consisted of 1,200 infantry, 90 cavalry, 300 Rohillas, 14 pieces of artillery and 200 "peasantry of Harianah," who were probably camp followers. They had progressed some way with success, collecting tribute as they went, when the Rajah's general was heard to be advancing with 40,000 men. They had no base and no supplies, and were in a critical position. Vavon Rao coolly proposed to leave Thomas to his own devices, but he was shamed or persuaded into action. They accordingly made a rapid advance on the town of Fatehpur, where they hoped to secure supplies, but they found the people were rapidly filling up the wells on their route. A sharp engagement secured them the command of the last remaining supply of water, and the allies proceeded to demand a ransom from the unfortunate town. Vavon Rao's cupidity, or the expectation

of the people that the Rajputs were advancing to the rescue, brought these pourparlers to a speedy end, for the Mahrattas demanded 10 lakhs of rupees, and the inhabitants were only willing to offer one. Hardly had the invaders stormed the town, when the Rajah's troops came up and pitched camp at a distance of 5 or 6 miles. The sandy nature of the ground forbade earth-works, so Thomas erected a strong stockade of trees laying their branches outward, many of them being sharpened to a point. His rear was protected by the town, which he put in the best state of defence possible. The first engagement with the advanced detachments of the Rajah's forces centred round the wells and resulted in the allies' favour, but the issue of the final battle was long in doubt. The Rajputs were in overwhelming number, but Thomas' generalship was more than a match for them. He had almost won the day, and the enemy were retreating in all directions, when a large body of Rajput cavalry wheeled round to intercept him while in the act of removing a pair of 24-pounders, which had been left on the field of battle. At their approach the cowardly Maharattas took to their heels, breaking through Thomas' line. "The moment was critical, and to Mr. Thomas pregnant with future mischief. With the only gun that remained, which he loaded up to the muzzle, and about 150 of his followers who bravely determined to conquer or to die with him, he waited the event with fortitude. After permitting the enemy to approach within 40 yards, he gave his fire, accompanied at the same time by a volley of musketry, with such considerable effect that great numbers of the enemy were instantly knocked down. This first effort, being followed by two other discharges, completely routed the enemy and drove them from the well-contested field." Thomas' losses on this occasion amounted to 300 men, and included "the gallant Morris who, though a brave man, was better adapted to conduct a forlorn hope than to direct the motions of troops in a field of battle." This is the earliest mention we have of any Europeans in Thomas' employ. The Rajputs lost over 2,000 men and left a number of horses and valuable effects on the field of battle. A truce followed when the dead and wounded were removed, and the Rajput commander tried to buy off the enemy. Vayon Rao, true to his nature, demanded too much and refused Rs. 50,000 when spontaneously offered a little later. The enemy hung round the allies, who had

to collect forage from 20 miles round the camp, so scarce was fodder. The Mahrattas were, according to Thomas, wholly useless and fit only to plunder the helpless and unresisting peasantry. Moreover the Rajah of Bikanir had reinforced the Rajput army with 5,000 men, and further contingents had joined from Jaipur. Nothing was left to Vavon Rao and Thomas but to retire. For two days in deep sand and great heat, with scarcely any water, they fought their way out. Then the Rajputs desisted from the pursuit, and Thomas seized the opportunity to recommence hostilities on the unfortunate country, and, by a succession of exactions and fires, soon obtained sufficient to defray his expenses and satisfy his troops for their arrears. His fellow-buccaneer, Vavon Rao, was bought off with a sum of money sent by the Rajah, and Jaipur was evacuated. Thomas, however, was not the man to rest quiet or to let slip any opportunity of paying his troops at another's expense, and immediately proceeded to invade Bikanir in revenge for the assistance which the Rajah had rendered in the late campaign. He carefully provided a large supply of skins of water for use across the desert. Little resistance was offered, and the Rajah bought him off for 2 lakhs of rupees, a part of which was paid on the spot and the remainder covered by forged bills of exchange on merchants of Jaipur, a deceit for which the Rajah atoned upon its discovery by having to submit to a second invasion.

Lakwa Dada, in whose interest Thomas co-operated with Vavon Rao in Jaipur, was more than once in disgrace with Daulat Rao Scindia, or in a state of rebellion against him. Daulat Rao's treatment of Madhoji Scindia's widows had produced indignant consternation among the Mahrattas generally, and resulted in the open disaffection of many of the Shenwi Brahmans, who held most of the principal offices of State, and to which tribe both the widows themselves and Lakwa Dada belonged. The menace of an Afghan invasion in the summer of 1797 under Zeman Shah, Amir of Kabul, united the Mahrattas again for the time being, and Lakwa Dada became commander-in-chief, but a year later he and Jagu Babu fled and rebellion again became general, when it was learned that Daulat Rao had put to death a number of the leading Sirdars, who had supported the cause of the widows in the previous disturbances. Among the chiefs who remained faithful to Scindia was Ambaji Inglia. He received orders to take the field against

Lakwa Dada who had taken refuge in the territory of the Mahrana of Udaipur. From the confused accounts of the time it is difficult to ascertain whether this campaign preceded or followed Thomas' incursion into Jaipur, but it is clear that that leader "having at present no particular destination," closed with Ambaji's offers and hired himself with 6 battalions and 20 guns for a sum variously estimated at from 30 to 50 thousand rupees a month. It was on this occasion that Thomas must first have met James Skinner, who was then serving in Ambaji's force, and who was later on in the British interests to reduce the Mariana tract, which Thomas now ruled to law and order, and who in reward for his tried services in our army was to acquire many of the villages at this time included in Thomas' kingdom. On the march to Udaipur, Thomas was met by embassies from the Rajahs of Jodhpur, Jaipur and Kishengarh, who "brought him presents"—the price no doubt of abstention from exactions in their territories. The campaign in Udaipur was marked by a treacherous attack by Ambaji and Colonel Perron on Thomas' possessions, and also by a mutiny in his own forces, whose pay was again in arrears. The mutiny was promptly quelled by blowing one of the ringleaders from the mouth of a cannon and securing the others in irons while Ambaji thought better of his attempt on Thomas' southern provinces. Thomas, reconciled to Ambaji, collected a contribution of nearly Rs. 4,00,000 to replenish the latter's treasury, "a sum considerably beyond the actual expenditure," and appears to have collected another two lakhs for his own exchequer on his homeward march.

The Bhattis of Bhatner and Sirsa in the west were forced to contribute to the support of their powerful neighbour in the same way as the Rajputs of the south, but Thomas' campaigns against the Sikhs in the north are of more interest and were the prelude to the debacle that was now drawing near. Thomas had conceived the design of the conquest of the Punjab, and apparently contemplated the establishment of his power on both banks of the Sutlej and down to the mouths of the Indus as a preliminary to this undertaking. He proposed to effect this by transporting his troops in a flotilla of boats built from timber of the jungles between Bhatinda and Ferozepore. Whether or no his imagination was fired by a knowledge of Alexander's campaign, his actual encounters with the Sikhs fell far short of his ambitious programme. His first operations against them were undertaken in 1799, when

he marched against Rajah Bhag Singh of Jind, who being his immediate neighbour on the north, had, as neighbours of the time were wont to do, caused him as much annoyance as he thought consistent with prudence. At the siege of Jind he received a severe check owing to the intrepid spirit of the sister of Sahib Singh of Patiala, who with a large following had reinforced the town. After a blockade of 3 months, he was obliged to raise the siege and retire towards Hansi. The Patiala chief came up with artillery, and Thomas found the retreat no easy operation; the country-side regarded it as defeat and withheld supplies, while the Sikhs pressed forward and intercepted the route. Thomas recognised the imperative necessity for bold tactics, and forcing a march through the night came up with the Sikhs at Narnound. Falling upon them at daybreak, he inflicted a severe defeat. Their tents, baggage, the howdahs of the elephants, the bazar, 200 horses and 1,000 saddles fell into his hands, but the elephants themselves and the guns were saved through the indiscipline of his troops, who had dispersed in search of plunder. The Sikhs returned to Jind, but were refused admittance by Patiala's sister. Stung by her taunts they turned back, determined to conquer Thomas or die in the attempt. They found him encamped near a large village, but in the night, while arranging for the morrow's attack, were themselves attacked by a band of wandering marauders, and thinking that Thomas' army had fallen upon them unawares, they fled precipitately, and submitted proposals for peace. Peace was concluded on the basis of the *status quo ante*, but the Rajah of Patiala would not sign the treaty, and when his more active sister did so for him, he evinced his displeasure by securing her in custody, until Thomas' remonstrances and threats induced him to set her again at liberty. As soon, however, as Thomas was engaged in the operations in Udaipur against Lakwa Dada, the Rajah seized the opportunity of molesting his sister again and authorized depredations in Thomas' dominions, but he paid an indemnity and surrendered certain villages sooner than face a renewal of hostilities. Treaties with Sahib Singh were binding only so long as they were enforced, and once again he sent 1,000 cavalry to the assistance of the Bhattis, in whose country Thomas was then operating, and who but for this timely aid would probably have had to bow to his rule. Such treachery could not be overlooked, and early in 1800 A.D. Thomas completed his preparations

for a second campaign against the Sikhs. He found Sahib Singh with a force of 1,000 infantry and 1,500 cavalry besieging his gallant sister in her fort. Thomas proceeded first to her relief, and the Rajah drew off and threw his forces into the fortified town of Sunam. But the country-side was up, and the Rajah was joined by his son-in-law, Tara Singh, from Maler Kotla. The first engagement took place at Belad, a fortified village with a wall 9 foot thick, a ditch 20 foot deep and strongly garrisoned. So skilful was the assault that Thomas carried the town with a loss of only 80 men to the enemy's loss of over 500, the survivors being ransomed for a large sum of money. The action was particularly savage owing to the religious animosity between the Sikhs and Thomas' Mussalmans. With Belad secured, Thomas hastened to attack Tara Singh and proceeded to attack Bhàt, which was garrisoned by 3,000 of his troops and even stronger than Belad. The engagement was hotly contested, and Thomas' men were inclined to retreat when the day was almost won, but at the critical moment he brought a 6-pounder through the burning town to the fort, which he demolished. The garrison capitulated and purchased their lives for Rs. 50,000. In this action Thomas' lieutenant, Mr. Hopkins, the son of a field-officer in the Company's service, was seriously wounded.

The Nawab of Maler Kotla now thought it expedient to transfer his allegiance and agreed to contribute to Thomas' war-chest, besides sending a body of troops to serve under his orders. The Sikhs seriously alarmed at the growing menace of their powerful neighbour resolved on a general combination to eject him. Five thousand men arrived to reinforce the Patiala contingent, and the Rajah secured the alliance of Khurram Singh, who had hitherto been lukewarm in his attitude, by the marriage of his daughter to the latter's son. A curious turn of events, however, now occurred to dissipate the energies of the confederates and to give Thomas the opportunity of a fresh acquisition of power.

Among the minor feudatories of the Mughal Empire was the family, to which the Muhammadan Rajput Kalha I, founder of Talwande, belonged. On the decline of the empire, Rai Kalha III established independent power over the whole of Jagraon, a large part of tahsil Ludhiana and much of the Herozepore district. His son—called by Thomas "Roy Kellaun"—who founded

Raekot and established the family there, died in 1779 leaving a minor son, Rai Alias. His mother administered the State in his name, but found herself unable to resist the encroachments of the neighbouring Sikh chieftains. In her extremity she invoked the assistance of Zeman Shah of Kabul, who had again invaded the Punjab, and was now holding his court at Lahore. The Sikhs taken in the rear withdrew their forces to meet the fresh danger, which had arisen in the north. Thomas and the Rani alike profited by this change of fortune, but the respite was brief, for Zeman Shah was again soon on the road to Kabul. At this juncture there appeared a designing Khatri in the Sikh forces, who pretended to trace his descent from the first Guru Nanak. This impostor had agents in the Afghan camp, by whose means he was able to predict the unexpected withdrawal of Zeman Shah. An object previously of ridicule in the army, he now appeared to be invested with supernatural powers and rapidly gained adherents. His pretensions knew no bounds, and persuading the people that the advent of the Amir had been due solely to the intrigues of the Rani and of the Nawab of Maler Kotla, he demanded to be put into possession of Rai Alias' territories. Having first attacked the Nawab, they proceeded to ravage this helpless prince's patrimony. It was in vain that his mother, through the mediation of the Patiala chieftain, purchased a treaty at the price of 2 lakhs of rupees; the impostor demanded the whole kingdom. At length, however, he was exposed by Khurram Singh; he had resorted to a trick still often practised by fakirs and sadhus on the credulous peasantry; secreting a bowl of sweetmeats in the ground in the dark of night, he was wont to produce his supernatural meal before his adherents in the morning. Khurram Singh watched him and, detecting the trick one night, substituted horse-dung for sweetmeats. But he was not exposed before he had got possession of the Rai's kingdom, and was engaged in the siege of Ludhiana, and even after exposure the Sikhs, reluctant to stultify themselves by acting against him, were content with neutrality. The Rani in desperation turned to Thomas, offering him a lakh of rupees down and an annual subsidy of half that amount if he would guarantee her and her son in their possessions. Thomas, actuated partly by a chivalrous interest in the boy and partly no doubt by a spirit of adventure—if not indeed of capacity—closed with the offer and threw down

the gauntlet to the impostor. The unfortunate Rai Alias escaped from the Rajah of Patiala, who had kept close guard on him after rescuing him from the impostor's camp, and came straight to Thomas' army. His "comely appearance," says Thomas, "his fallen condition and, above all, the confidence he showed in placing his whole reliance on one, against whom he was so lately leagued in enmity, altogether influenced me in his favour and determined me to use every exertion in support of his cause." It is pathetic, if we may anticipate, to reflect that Rai Alias was accidentally killed while hunting in 1802, the very year of Thomas' death, while four years later Ranjit Singh dispossessed his mother and his widows of all their possessions, save two or three villages which he allowed them for their maintenance. The self-termed "successor of Nanak and sovereign of the Sikh nation," offered Thomas the alternatives of immediate and implicit obedience or war without quarter. He threatened him with the enmity of Ranjit Singh, who had been left by Zeman Shah as Governor of Lahore, and whose power was now the greatest among the Sikh confederacies. Thomas, undeterred, advanced, only to find that the Khatri had no real intention of giving battle. He ran so fast that Thomas could not keep pace with his flight, though once he found his tent, baggage, palanquin, bed and all—just as it was hastily evacuated.

He now re-established Rai Alias in possession of his kingdom, but was soon subjected to fresh attacks by the Rajah of Patiala. After several indecisive skirmishes, in which neither party was anxious to bring on a general engagement, Thomas drew off towards his own domains to replenish his supplies of ammunition. He went out of his route, however, to punish the Raja of Jind and Bhai Lal Singh of Kaithal, who in the late campaign had not maintained the neutrality to which they were pledged. Both paid the price of their infidelity, and a number of towns were sacked including Safidon, on which occasion Hopkins was again severely wounded. Peace was finally negotiated by the Rajah of Patiala, nor was Thomas reluctant to bring this seven months' campaign to an end. Mahrattas and Sikhs were alike jealous of his power and only awaiting an opportunity to strike; indeed, at one moment of the siege of Safidon the Sikh army was but 40 miles away and that of Bapu Scindia within half that distance. But the time to strike had not yet come, and the peace itself was honourable to

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GEORGE THOMAS : BUCCANEER AND PRINCE 677

Thomas. He was to receive an indemnity of Rs. 1,35,000 and the cession of certain districts, while the Sikhs agreed to renounce all pretensions to the territory of Rai Alias. The Rajah of Patiala undertook to reimburse his sister for the property he had confiscated, and to molest her no more; he also engaged to maintain two battalions of infantry to police the Punjab border. Well might Thomas say that he had been more successful than he could possibly have expected when he took the field with a force of only 5,000 men and 36 pieces of cannon. "I lost in killed, wounded and disabled nearly one-third of my force; but the enemy lost 5,000 persons of all descriptions. I realised nearly 2 lakhs of rupees exclusive of the pay of my army, and was to receive an additional lakh for the hostages which were delivered up. I explored the country, formed alliances, and, in short, was dictator in all the countries belonging to the Sikhs south of the river Sutlaj."

But Thomas' kingdom was not strong enough to weather the gathering storm. His own villages were not infrequently in a state of revolt; to quote his own words used in another connexion, "the peasantry of the country" were "from restlessness of spirit always ready to change their rulers." He maintained his position by a mercenary army, which he supported by incessant inroads on his neighbours. The Sikhs and the Mahrattas were both watching their opportunity, the Rajputs had a long score to settle. On the death of the great de Boigne, General Perron had succeeded to the chief command of Scindia's regular brigades. An able soldier, he was a less chivalrous commander than his predecessor, who had made it a condition of his service with the Mahrattas that he should never be called upon to take the field against the English. Thomas could not indeed have been included in that restriction, but Perron would appear to have been actuated by the national animosity to the English that at that time inspired the French. In 1800 he actually sent an ambassador to Napoleon, who was then meditating a combined French, Austrian and Russian move on India. Colonel James Skinner tells us that when Perron succeeded to the command of the regular brigades—4 brigades of 8,000 men each and 10,000 regular cavalry—and to the mastery of Hindustan, with an income of from 50 to 60 thousand rupees a month, his character rapidly deteriorated. He favoured the French officers to such an extent that he alienated the other

Europeans under his command, while he was equally detested by the Mahrattas. Thomas must have been well aware of the danger that menaced him from this quarter, for he had already on two occasions, while operating in Rajputana, found Perron intriguing against him, and even stooping to the use of forged letters to entrap him. Perron was now invited by the Sikh chieftains to destroy Thomas' power, and it did not need the offer of 5 lakhs of rupees to determine his inclination. It was now apparently that Thomas, sooner than fall into the enemies' hands, offered to surrender his conquests to the English, and to serve the King for the remainder of his life. He proposed indeed to advance and conquer the Punjab for the English, but the time was not ripe for this, and a deaf ear was turned to his overtures.

The storm was not long in breaking. Thomas received a series of letters from Scindia, dictated it seems by Perron, requesting him to act with that general against their common enemies. Thomas resolutely declined to consider these proposals; he was ready, he replied, to undertake a separate command in the Punjab, Hindustan or the Deccan, should Scindia think fit to entrust him with one, but he felt it impossible to act with Perron, a subject of a nation then at war with his own, and a man who was, he considered, as a Frenchman prejudiced against him and likely to misrepresent his actions on every possible occasion. More definite negotiations succeeded these pourparlers, and an emissary of Thomas met Perron at Delhi. Scindia at this moment was ill-prepared for an open breach, for Holkar was in the field against him, and Perron's services were likely to be wanted. He was accordingly instructed to temporize and to ask for a personal interview with Thomas, which took place at Bahadurgarh, 18 miles N. W. of Delhi, in August or September 1801 in circumstances of mutual distrust. Capt. Felix Smith, one of Perron's lieutenants, was sent to conduct Thomas to the Mahratta camp, but having heard that Perron had just murdered a Sikh rebel, whose person he had secured by treachery, Thomas went accompanied by his two most trusted battalions and 300 horse. From this point onwards we have a better account of his career than is to be found in his own memoirs. Col. James Skinner, who was then Captain-Lieutenant in Perron's brigades and participated in all the subsequent events, has left a vivid account of the sequel. According to him the meeting took place nearer

Delhi than Bahadurgarh between the 19th and 25th August. Thomas dined repeatedly with the European officers, and was probably accompanied by his own European Captains, Hopkins, Hearsey and Birch. He had also some European Sergeants in his artillery, which Skinner much admired, the bullocks being particularly good and strong. The other troops looked well, but insufficiently disciplined. The negotiations came to an open rupture when Perron finally disclosed his terms, which involved a surrender of the Jhajjar territories in lieu of Rs. 50,000 per mensem for the support of his troops, while Thomas henceforth was to be the immediate servant of Scindia. He may have counted on dissensions among his enemies to provide him with the means of escape, but must probably have recognised that his refusal of these terms was his own death-warrant, but he was too ambitious to play second to another, and preferred to stake all on the fortunes of war rather than submit to Perron after so long a spell of independent power.

He now marched back to Hansi, while his enemies collected their forces at Bahadurgarh. Perron had detailed the 3rd brigade under M. Louis Bourquien (known in Thomas' memoirs and to this day by the peasantry of the countryside as Mr. Lewis) with a large battering train and 2,000 regular horse. By the 10th September 6,000 Sikhs had joined them. They marched to Jhajjar 18 miles distant, but heard that Thomas himself had carried the war into the enemy's camp and invaded the Sikh country. Leaving three battalions, the battering train and 100 horse under Capt. Felix Smith for the assault of Georgegarh, the rest of the army went in pursuit of Thomas through Jind and Kaithal and then back towards Hansi, only to find their elusive foe had made a forced march from Hansi to Georgegarh, a distance of 70 miles in two days, fallen upon Smith's troops and cut up one of his battalions.

Georgegarh (or "Fort George") is a small village nearly equidistant from Jhajjar and Beri where Thomas had in the early days of his career under Appa Kanda Rao built a strong fort to overawe the surrounding country. It lies beneath sandhills and the earthworks of the fort may still be seen. The name has been corrupted into Jahazgarh (Fort Ship) and a false derivation invented from the ship in which Thomas reached India. It is interesting to note that the population consists chiefly of Beldars

(Spademen) who enlist in the Pioneer regiments, and are found nowhere else in the locality. Though to-day they claim a Rajput origin, they appear to be the descendants of the men whom Thomas brought to build his fort. Here then Thomas came in pursuit of Smith, who promptly retreated to Jhajjar, leaving one battalion under a native officer, Puran Singh. Thomas' troops were themselves divided, part having gone in pursuit of Smith and part unaccountably lost their way. Puran Singh made a brave charge and twice repulsed the foe, capturing four pieces of cannon. But Thomas rallied his troops and eventually cut Puran Singh's battalion to pieces, and capturing a large amount of war-like stores encamped in a strong strategic position. Bourquien moved up his reinforcements, among the first to arrive being Ferdinand Smith, Felix's brother, and James Skinner. At 3 in the afternoon of the following day began a battle which Skinner, who had been fighting the Mahrattas' battles for four years, describes as the severest he had ever seen. It lasted till nightfall and at sunrise a flag of truce was hung out to permit the Mahrattas to clear the field, which took till midday to accomplish. But when the flag was lowered again, neither side was anxious to renew the fight. Skinner estimates the infantry engaged on either side at 8,000, but Thomas says that his whole force did not consist of more than 5,000 men, of whom a fifth were unable to come into action. He puts his losses at 700 men with 20 pieces of cannon rendered unfit owing to the heavy sand—which however saved him from annihilation—breaking the recoil of the guns; the enemy, he says, lost 2,000. Skinner, however, admits to a loss of 3,000 to 4,000 while estimating Thomas' losses at 2,000. The Mahrattas too lost 40 guns and tumbrils. The accounts are discrepant, but it was obviously an indecisive engagement. The Mahrattas had two European officers killed and two wounded, but Thomas lost the gallant Hopkins, whose leg was taken off by a six-pounder. Had Thomas, declares Skinner possessed another officer like him, he would have won the day. Thomas himself seems to have been crushed by this battle; he neither attacked again nor retreated to Hansi; for 15 days he remained in his camp, while the enemy were daily reinforced by Bapu Scindia's troops, by Colonels Hessian and Pedron, who each brought 5 battalions of their brigades, and by further contingents under the Sikh chieftains. Two battalions were sent by the ungrateful Begam Sumra, the Jats of Bharatpur

came under their Rajah Ranjit Singh, and several minor rulers of the Doab joined the allies. Thirty thousand men and a train of 110 pieces of artillery now surrounded Thomas. Yet had he made an immediate attack Skinner thought it would have succeeded, for the guns were badly damaged and the troops depressed, and Bourquien was "not only a coward but a fool." Skinner's explanation is probably true; Thomas gave up the command to Hearsey and, drowning his own troubles in drink, waited on in the vain hope of assistance from Lakwa Dada. Meanwhile, supplies became very scarce, and foraging parties were constantly beaten back to Thomas' camp. Treachery too was at work, for many of Thomas' officers belonged to the Doab, and M. Perron had no scruple in putting pressure on them to desert by placing a strict guard over their wives and families at home. Kharaiti Khan, the commandant of the 1st Matchlock Regiment, and Shitab Khan, Governor of Georgegarh, were among the first to desert, the latter setting fire as he left to all the haystacks in the fort. He told Col. Pedron that the troops had been two days without grain, and were subsisting on meat. It was much the same in Thomas' lines, where the Hindus were hard pressed for food. Pedron issued a proclamation of free quarter to all who might join his flag, and no fewer than 200 deserted that day. So things went on till Thomas saw that he must attack or retreat. He thought that a general retreat was still practicable, but his officers held unconditional surrender to be the only course. On the night of November 10th, accompanied by Hearsey, Birch, and only 300 of his best cavalry, he made a dash through Col. Hessing's brigade, and though the whole cavalry was sent in pursuit, he made good his escape to Hansi in 14 hours. Thomas says that to avoid the pursuit he had to cover double the direct distance, but this must be an excessive estimate, though he rode his favourite Arab which had once carried him 120 miles in 24 hours without a rest. His camp and appurtenances were all captured, but his men refused the offer of service in the Mahratta army. Several of his officers tore their clothes and vowed they would beg their bread as fakirs, but would never serve again as soldiers.

The movements of the enemy were now so dilatory that Thomas had time enough to cast and mount 8 pieces of cannon and put the fort of Hansi, which had only 2 serviceable guns left, into a state of defence. Distrusting the Muhammedans after his late

experience, he consigned the defence of the citadel to Rajput soldiers. He also took the precaution of filling up the wells in the line of the enemy's advance and fouling the tanks with beef and pork. Although Thomas had fortified the outworks strongly, two of the storming parties under Skinner and Lieut. McKenzie met with little resistance, but the third under Capt. Burnear, a capable French officer, was repulsed with heavy loss, its leader himself being amongst the killed. The walls were, however, soon breached, and a heavy battery directed against the fort. Birch twice beat Skinner back with great loss, hurling down powder pots and burning thatch upon him. Once he levelled a double-barrelled gun at him, but Skinner escaping hurled a javelin back, which pierced his hat. Skinner got in eventually and soon they held complete possession of the town; but they had lost 1,600 men in killed and wounded. So close was the hand-to-hand fighting that Skinner's brother Robert cut at Thomas with his sword. Even yet the citadel held out, and the heavy battery made no impression on its solid earthen walls, and had supplies been sufficient and his troops loyal, Thomas might have defied his foes for an indefinite period. But Bourquien preferred intrigue to further fighting, and shooting messages on the arrows offered Thomas' men six months' pay and permanent employment to surrender. What followed can best be told in Skinner's graphic words: "Thomas was not ignorant of these intrigues and kept himself on his guard. He had still about 1,500 faithful and trustworthy soldiers, who were posted with himself in the inner fort. On our side Bourquien was the only French officer, the rest were country-borns and English, who felt indignant at this underhand treachery, and agreed that it would be disgraceful if through such intrigues Thomas should be taken prisoner and put into confinement; for Bourquien had declared in bravado that so he would use that blackguard Englishman when he got hold of him. This was language which we did not admire; but knowing Bourquien to be more of a talker than a doer, we managed to persuade him into offering terms, assuring him that he would himself gain a higher name by inducing Thomas to capitulate than by catching him by treachery. It was one day after tiffin, when the wine he had drunk had put him in high spirits and good humour, that we plied him thus, and at last he called out in his broken English, 'Well, gentlemen, you do as you like—

I give power, he be one damn Englishman, your countryman, that treat their children very ill.' He meant that the country-borns were very ill-used in not being admitted into the Company's service.

"We lost no time in making use of this power, but sent Capt. Smith into the fort to treat with Thomas. That gentleman received him with great joy, and told him of the treachery that was brewing among his men ; on which Smith said that he was sent by the whole English officers (meaning Europeans and country borns) to save him from dishonour. Thomas thanked him and begged he would return and say that he would accept of any terms the officers should make for him. With this reply Smith returned ; and, after some trouble, we prevailed on Bourquien to grant the following terms—namely, that Thomas should be permitted to go free, with all his private property, that is, ready money, wearing apparel, shawls, jewels, and all household stuff ; and that one of our battalions should escort him safe to the Company's territory. That his soldiers should be allowed to march out with their private arms, but that all arms belonging to Thomas should be left in the fort.

"These conditions being signed by Bourquien, Smith was sent next morning with them into the fort, and Thomas was glad to agree to them. It was settled that the fort should be given up in two days ; and meantime, a cessation of hostilities on both sides was proclaimed. A meeting took place between Thomas and Bourquien, at the bungalow of the former, on the bank of the Umtee tank ; and all the officers, except myself who was left in command of the trenches, were permitted to go and see him. He received them all very courteously, and was particularly gracious to my brother, whom he embraced and showed him the cut he had received from him on his belt. After spending two hours together, during which time Bourquien and he became great friends, he returned to the fort. Bourquien then invited him to dine with us all on the 21st, which Thomas agreed to ; and all the officers were permitted to come to dine in camp, the trenches being left under charge of the native officers. Hearsey and Birch spent the whole day with us, talking of our various exploits ; but it was about 7 in the evening when Thomas arrived with about 50 of his sowars, much affected, as it appeared, by his misfortunes. About 8 we sat down ; and after dinner

did all we could to cheer Thomas, taking great care to avoid all conversation about our attacks, or anything that might give him offence. By 11 o'clock all of us had got pretty merry with drinking bumpers to such toasts as 'General Perron,' 'George Thomas,' etc., and Thomas was quite happy; when, all of a sudden, Bourquien called out—'Let us drink to the success of Perron's arms.' At this we turned up our glasses; and Thomas, on hearing and seeing this, burst into tears and putting his hand to his sword called out to Bourquien that it was not to him but to his own ill fate that his fall was due, and (drawing his sword) 'one Irish sword,' said he, 'is still sufficient for a hundred Frenchmen.' Bourquien, in terror at this, jumped from his chair and ran out of the tent, calling for his guard. Then Thomas' sowars, hearing the hubbub, also rushed in; and we apprehensive of a row called out to them to keep off, as it was only the Sahib that was drunk: while Thomas, in the midst of us, kept waving his sword and calling out in Hindustani to look how he had made the d—d Frenchman run like a jackal! It was not without much persuasion and no small fear of some accident that we got Thomas at last to sheath his sword. We then got the soldiers out of the tent; and, when Thomas had sat down, we explained to him that the wine had made Bourquien forget himself, but that he must not regard it as an insult, but agree to make it up. To this he at once consented, and, going to seek Bourquien, we brought him in, and he immediately shook Thomas' hand, and told him he was sorry for what he had said.

"A few more glasses now went round: and perceiving that they were getting still more 'jolly,' I rode off to the town and cautioned the men not to *challenge* Thomas' sowars, for that their master was drunk. About midnight Thomas arrived by the Bursee gate, where there was a guard of a naik and 6 sepoys, whom I had omitted to caution; so, when he came close, the sentinel challenged. Thomas' men replied 'Sahib Bahadur,' as he was usually called by his men. The sentinel replied that he knew of no Sahib Bahadur, so that he must stop until he got permission from his officer to pass. Thomas, who was much in liquor, now turned round to his sowars and said—'Could anyone have stopped Sahib Bahadur at this gate but one month ago?' 'No, no,' replied they; on which he dismounted, drew his sword, and making a cut at the poor sentinel smote off his right

hand. Up got the guard immediately on this, and gave the alarm ; but fortunately I was only a few yards distant from the gate, and on hearing the noise ran up. There I found Thomas walking up and down with his naked sword in his hand, and Hearsey and several of his sowars, who had dismounted, endeavouring to lay hold of him. At length a risaldar, named Mir Muhammadi, caught hold of him from behind, when the rest ran in and taking his sword from him sent for his palanquin, and had him carried into the fort. Next morning, having come to himself, Hearsey told him what he had done, on which he sent for the soldier he had wounded, and gave him 500 rupees. He also wrote an apology to Bourquien, expressing his concern for what had happened. On the 29th Thomas marched out, and encamped near us ; and on the 1st of January (1802) he marched with a battalion of ours, under Capt. Smith, who escorted him safe to Anupshahr. He carried with him about a lakh and a half of rupees in ready cash, and above a lakh more in shawls, jewels, and other property."

So passed George Thomas from the stage of Indian politics. He reached the British frontier in the middle of January, and finding he had sufficient to promise him the comforts of life at home, proceeded towards Calcutta to embark for Ireland. *Dis aliter visum*. He died near Burhanpur, where he lies buried, on August 22nd, 1802. Within 18 months of this event, Lord Lake had broken the Mahratta power in North India, and by the treaty of Sirji Anjengaon signed on December 30, 1803, Thomas' kingdom had passed along with Scindia's possessions west of the Jamna into the hands of the British, by whom they were made over to various chiefs who had remained loyal in the contest with the Mahrattas. Almost the whole of Thomas' dominions, however, soon repassed to our direct control.

Thomas was no administrator ; he never rose above the Mahratta tactics of supporting the civil power by military marauds ; but his career shows that he was a commander of intrepid spirit, and of considerable military genius. He was, for the times, humane and treated his forces with that wise generosity, which had long characterised the British government in its Indian possessions. The pensions paid half-yearly to the heirs of men, who fell in his service, were fixed at half the pay of the deceased and absorbed 40,000 rupees a year. We have seen how he treated the unfortunate sentry, whose hand he cut off at Hansi. In

Udaipur he advanced money for the carriage of Ambaji's sick and wounded. In his earlier days in Mewat he had converted his own tent—the only one in the camp—into a hospital and sold his horses to procure blankets for the men. On Hopkins' death, Thomas sent his sister, who was an orphan, Rs. 2,000 with the promise of more if that sum was insufficient to supply her wants. His treatment of Appa Kanda Rao, of Sahib Singh's sister, of Rai Alias and of the Begam Sumra were all marked by a devotion and chivalry unknown alike to Mahratta or Sikh. It speaks volumes for him, as Skinner says, that the Begam who had treated him so ill when her servant had often intrigued against him, afterwards, when independent, should have pleaded with him to reinstate her in the possessions from which Sombre's son Zafar Yab Khan had ousted her—and did not plead in vain. His actions may not have been purely disinterested, but neither were they dictated by sheer rapacity. He was a man, too, of observation and discernment. The account which he dictated to Capt. Franklin* abounds in curious and accurate information regarding the Sikhs and the different Rajput States with which he had come in contact. He made some acute suggestions to explain the superiority in physique of the Rahtors of Jodhpur to the Cuchwahs of Jaipur, and gives an interesting account of the "mosquito" that afflicted the horses of the neighbourhood of Bhatinda. He spoke, read, and wrote both Hindustani and Persian, Capt. Franklin tells us, with uncommon fluency and precision, and indeed wished to dictate his memoirs in the latter language as more familiar to him by constant use than English. Yet the map that was prepared from his materials is curiously inaccurate; but for that perhaps the responsibility is not his.*

Thomas' temperament was characteristic of his countrymen. Quick to anger, he was not slow to forgive. His biographer states that "a quickness of temper liable to frequent agitations, and the ebullitions of hasty wrath not unfrequently rendered his appearance ferocious; yet this only occurred in instances where the conviviality of his temper obscured his reason; and for this, on conviction, no man was ever readier to make every

* *Military Memoirs of Mr. George Thomas, who by extraordinary talents and enterprise rose from an obscure position to the rank of a General in the service of the native power in the north-west of India,* by Captain William Franklin, London, 1808. Reprinted. London 1808.

acknowledgment and reparation in his power." With Skinner's account before us we can read between the lines, but there is not a word in the memoirs themselves to suggest that Thomas frequently indulged in liquor to excess. The best testimony to his character is the impression he left in the minds of the people, for though more than a century has passed since his downfall, "Jarg Thomas" is still remembered, and it is always with respect and affection that his name is mentioned.

E. JOSEPH

Punjab.

A WILDERNESS.

No chorus of sweet music hail'd the Dawn
 Who in her Quaker robes awaited Day,
 Save the first rippings of a breeze new born,—
 Which with the light pursued its endless way,
 Both harbingers of one about to shine,
 Who now behind a curtain hides his face
 Kissing the Earth's cold cheek incarnadine,
 Ere soaring through immensity of space.

Songless the birds, but each one in its note
 Gave signs of joy as the grey darkness fled,
 While rays diaphanous from worlds remote,
 Reveal'd the glorious pageant overhead,
 Whence sprang the Morn, a child of hopes and fears
 Father'd by Sun, and rainbow'd without tears.

Oxford.

VIOLET DE MALORTIE.

THE MENTAL TAPESTRY OF A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

WONDERFUL are all Thy works ! Wonderful are even Thy shadows ! Wonderful are even the shadows of Thy shadows. Am I a walking shadow or a wandering light or a god or demon in prison ? Whatever I am, I turn to Thee. Guide me aright and lead me on, O kindly Sun of Suns.

Words, it is said, are shadows of a shadow-world. Strange that even such shadows are subject to law ! There is a science of Philology, and there is a science of Semantics ! What is the testimony of Philology to Thee ? It says it has two engines of discovery, and what are they ? They are :—

“(1) Phonetic change proceeds according to laws, which admit of no exceptions.”

“(2) Apparent exceptions are produced by the cross-action of a psychological influence—analogy.” Can it be that when these are the engines of discovery in the realm of the shadows of a shadow-world, that world itself is subject to no law, or has laws admitting of exceptions. No law, that is really a law, has any real exceptions : it is the mind that produces apparent exceptions.

Both Philology and Semantics are very imperfect. The former says that when it attempts to define the original meaning of the moods and the tenses, it passes into a “region where, in spite of assiduous investigation in many quarters, during recent years, the scanty amount of light thrown on the problem has only served to make the darkness visible.” The Philologists are nevertheless not deterred by such difficulties. Karma is more than a word, more

than the meaning of a word. Should we give up, then; the study of Karma ?

There are conscious sound-changes and unconscious sound-changes. The former imply freedom, and are analogous to Kriya-man Karma. The latter are universal at a given time and within a given area, exercise a permanent influence on the language, and are produced when the basis of articulation is changed. When is it changed ? When there are mixtures with immigrants speaking a different dialect, for example, by intermarriage. What governs such mixtures with immigrants ? Science does not know, just as it knows nothing of Prarabdh or Sanchit Karma.

The roots of verbs are momentary or non-momentary. So even the shadows of a shadow-world adumbrate Eternity and Continuity ! The roots of verbs are, also, concerned with the apparent and the real, the casual and the universal, the Conscious and the Unconscious, otherwise called the Super-Conscious ! The Noumenal Life that winds and unwinds the clock-work of phenomenal life, breathes meaning even into words, and such wonderful meanings !

The ideas expressed by the cases are of a very concrete character, while those expressed by the forms of the verb are of a subtle nature. Language, like the human body, has its *Sthula* and *Sukshma* Sharira, and it has a *Karana* Sharira as well. There is a law underlying the development of phonetic changes, and the development of the meanings of words. A lawgiver is therefore at work, and He is the One whom I long to realise.

The very imperfect science of Semantics has discovered one important truth : " Iterative meaning frequently passes into an intensive meaning." Iteration has, therefore, something to do with intensity. The repetition of the Holy Name, so often recommended, assumes a new meaning in view of this fact. Steep yourself in the Name with love abounding, love having " no written or spoken language"—love incommunicable as God, except to God Himself, until the Name becomes the One signified by it, in your soul of souls. Said a lady to her lover : " If I loved a man, I should

love him so completely that I should never think of anything in which he had not the first and greatest share. I should see his kind looks in every ray of sunshine.—I should hear his loving voice in every note of music,—if I were to read a book alone, I should wonder which sentence in it would please him the most—if I plucked a flower, I should ask myself if he would like me to wear it—I should live *through* him and *for* him—he would be my eyes and heart and soul ! The hours would seem empty without him.’ May I bear such love to my God. May it know no change and no end. May it strike out a chord of perfect music. May it be the mainspring of all my actions. May it be the very centralisation of my life. May it come to me, if I deserve it, through the Holy Name, even through the shadow of a shade. What an immense potentiality lies hid even in such shadows !

Iteration and intensity go together. How are species formed ? Our Sankhya made a deeper analysis than Darwin. Under the influence of that mighty Sun of Suns, the Spirit, Nature is transforming herself into the Eater and the Eaten, the Seer and the Seen, the Thinker and the thought on, the Doer and the done on. The subject has a strange responsive power, the object is busy bringing out that power, in order that there may be more and more transformations. “When there are sufficient differences in structure (not merely minute variations) and (by iteration and intensity), such differences have hereditary constancy, species are formed.” Whence comes the hereditary constancy ? From the phenomenal life, which is but a shadow of the Noumenal Life.

Does the evolving power cease, when a species is formed ? Most certainly, No. “Species are only *Relatively* fixed entities, because variability or the capacity of varying is presumed to exist in every organism, though as long as the conditions of life are unchanged for any number of generations, no variations may be expected.” Let the conditions of life undergo a change, and their action is sure to call forth a response, resulting in adaptation and fresh types. Whence comes the variability ? From the source of the hereditary constancy, from Purush-Prakriti, the Purush representing the constant quantity, the Prakriti the variable.

The world has been believing that might is right and acting on that belief. Iteration and intensity go together, and a type has been formed with its distinctive Karma. The Phœnicians—the Englishmen of antiquity—held this belief and acted on it. Herodotus says that the Phœnicia-Carthaginian force under Hamilcar, which attacked the Greek colonies in Sicily, consisted of 3,000 ships and 300,000 men. The battles of Himera and Salamis were fought on the same day, and the Karma of the Phœnicians overtook them. Believe in might being right, and other believers in might being right eventually overthrow you. Who are you and who are they? Incarnations each of an infinitesimal part of a single bubble in the Ocean called Purush-*Prakriti*, endowed with the power of initiating and iterating and intensifying action, and shaping your little cell, and choosing your own environment, but under the shadow of the law of Karma.

Astronomers can detect new solar systems forming before men's eyes, and one day a balloonist or an aviator may plant his flag on another world, and the nations may fight for the new world, as they fought for America or India. The evolving power is not dead, though many old kingdoms are apparently dead. Has the evolutionary process favoured the upholders of the doctrine that might is right? Their might was shown to be not right, for they and their worldly wisdom ceased to be. But it will take centuries to form a new environment and centuries to form a new type. We must think other thoughts, hope other hopes and believe other beliefs.

In the Bhṛigu Valli of the Rig Veda, an ancient Seer sang :

Yatò vāchò nivirtantè, aprāpya manasà saha,
Anandam brāhmanò vidvān na bibhēti kutashchanam.

"Seek the good things of the world," says the materialist.
"Be a killer of Desire (*kamāhat*) says the sage. "It is good to have land and riches, commerce and shipping," says the materialist.
"The wisest thing you can do is to desire Desirelessness," says the seer. "The good things of the world are not to the peaceful and to the feeble, but to the warlike and to the strong, not to the

sluggard, armed with a pseudo-scientific formula pronounced by a sapient theorist, but to energetic and ambitious men of action, armed with common sense." "Yes", replies the sage, "action is a good thing for eventually it teaches the value of Renunciation. Lose all and you will find all." "Wealth and power can be preserved only by military strength. Wealth is a bad substitute for power, for power can be easily converted into wealth, while money bags do not defend themselves. The law of the survival of the fittest and strongest applies to man and to his political associations." "Fitness and strength are relative terms," comes the answer, "and for the illumined ones of the earth, fitness and strength lie in weakness and humility. Lands and riches, armies and navies, are nothing to them, for these do not destroy fear, and can never satisfy, in the long run. A grain of love is more valuable than the mightiest military strength, for it takes you to the source of all strength." The thought of the Vedic singer is not dead. There are still men and women who believe in the ancient ideal, and wear "the great girdle of God."

Do away with Abanker, and what an Abankari you really become, for when there is no egoism, He shines within, and He can say "I am the Sun, I am the Stars, I am the All." Similarly do away with all desires, and you obtain His perfect happiness. Did not a wise man of the 19th century write "Alas! is there anything so disenchanting as attainment!"

In vivid dreams we see a world of our own. When the dreamer awakes, the dream melts into nothing and becomes *asat*, *avastavik*. Are the nations, who long for commercial supremacy and worldly wealth, dreaming or awake? Three thousand years of recorded history have built up a Sankalp Mandap, like the world of our dreams. The Asiatic also had such a Sankalp Mandap. Might was right, and, alas, might is still right, in spite of the teaching of Buddha and Jesus. The Illumined Ones, the Awakened Ones are not heeded by the dreamers.

Dream on until you awake to the reality. Every dream is merely wakefulness in the making.

What a little world this is! Is there nothing better worth striving for than this possession? Is it not, after all, a mere husk concealing

the seed of the Spirit ? Can the husk be ever superior to the seed ? Why not awaken the spirit within by ceasing to listen to the clamant roar of our passions and earthly desires, or directing them in spiritually fruitful paths ? But how mighty they are ! Whence comes their might ? From accumulated Karma.

With what joy, the Sun is giving us what is its life—its light With such joy, should I give my life in the name of Him, the Holy One. To show my love, I should be a kamahat. Love of Him should make it a joy to give up things desired. Love of Him alone can break the bonds of Karma, and give that vision, which alone can make us realise how the One is the Many and yet not the Many.

Why do we say this world is, comparatively, a mirage ? Because it is a world of Time and Space, a dance of atoms, a dance of death, a shadow of the spiritual world of Love, a garb subject to decay, while the life within is that which has had no beginning and can have no end.

Oh threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise !
One thing at least is certain—this Life flies,
*One thing is certain and the rest is lies,
The flower that once has blown for ever dies.

So says Omar Khayyam. I doubt the truth of the last line unless by death is meant transformation. This little world, and all the creatures on it, talking of armaments and military strength and mighty empires, are but a little cloud in the sky, a very small phase of the Chit ākasha, which itself remains really undisturbed. Why not long for That, rather than for the cloud.

Every cloud becomes a trailing glory, when that behind it is detected. The Sufi saw his Beloved in every beautiful creature. He had thus many mirrors, wherein he "gazed and grew happy and good." Love creates such mirrors, and makes our virtues "go forth

of us," and distil out the "soul of goodness in things evil." It says:—

ای مرده دل بیدار شو
در یاد حق دلدار شو

M. Filon says: "We find ourselves in a country (India) where people venerate an aristocracy of beggars. It is this magnificent error that has delivered her into the hands of her European masters, without any attempt at defence. The energy of a race is only the sum-total of individual efforts. A nation that consists of enterprising men is an enterprising nation. On the other hand, a society that does not reckon a single man of ambition, in which no one uses his talent or wealth with a view to personal advancement, is condemned to stagnation: it marks time whilst other nations move forward. Such is precisely the lot of India, where nothing has moved, nothing germinated or grown in the course of centuries." Does enterprise consist only in seeking the good things of the world? Do the Christian nations revere Christ, because He sought the good things of the world, or because he sought the good things of the Spirit? Do they ever stagnate who can command the peace that passeth understanding? Do they not truly move forward, who experiment in the world higher than the physical world, experiment often with loss of wealth and fame and everything dear to the worldly? Which is the best individual effort? That which aims at laying by a treasure in heaven, or that which runs mad after the treasures of the world? The aristocracy of beggars may have their compensations!

Dr. Cuthbert Hall says the Eastern mind has always sought to arrive at a philosophy of life, while the leaders of Western thought have cared more to apply their philosophy to the practical problems of life. Generalisations as to the thought and the deeds of the East and the West are very dangerous, and are generally untrue, for there is the Supreme in every one, whether that one is in the East or the West. It is only a few who care to probe things to their core, and such probes are not the monopoly either of the East or the West. There have been, and there are, enterprising men

in the East, as well as in the West. Deeper laws than M. Filon knows of, underlie the waxing and waning of empires. They surely do not wane, because a few find the so-called good things of the world not worth striving for. The majority of every race want them, and it is only after possessing and enjoying them for a long time that a few learn to despise them. Ask the millionaires if they are happy. Ask the kings and emperors if they are happy. Ask the great ministers if they are happy. It is not wealth or power or learning that makes for happiness or blessedness. Truly "nothing is sweeter than love, nothing stronger, nothing higher, nothing broader, nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller or better in heaven and in earth, for love is born of God, and can rest only in God above all things created." India fell not because it loved, but because it did not love. It sinned against the laws of love. It sinned against its women and sinned against the conquered race and the lowly classes. It also acted on the maxim, "might is right," and Nemesis brought it its due.

A cultured Hindu lady doctor asked me to meet an English friend of hers, who had been kind to her in England, and had been a great worker all her life in various departments of philanthropic and progressive work. She was a very earnest lady, and the sorrows of baby-wives, of whom she had heard from some missionaries, brought tears to her eyes. But she did not mind telling me that Krishna was "vile and vicious," and her soul shrinks on hearing Christ's name coupled with Krishna. Christ was to her, she said, "the carpenter, who was God in the flesh, and who so loved that he died for us."

She was a great Bhakt of Christ, and believed in Him as the only God, and not as one of the many manifestations of God. She said: "Don't judge of France by Paris," and yet she judged India by what she had seen of the Devadasis in the Southern Presidency, and by what she had heard from missionaries and a few lady doctors. She had an idea that all Hindus worshipped demons, and they were a cringing race, whose salvation lay only in becoming Christians. She was sure no Englishwoman who believed in Christ would work gratis for any Hindu educational institution, unless she

was allowed to proselytise. Strange are the forms in which "might is right" asserts itself. Suppose a Hindu lady had used language, as harsh, about any one dear to the English lady's heart or spirit, what would the latter have thought of her? Does any religion say, "Hurt others' feelings by calling their deities vile and vicious." We Hindus have truly sinned: let not the Christian nations imitate us as sinners.

There is a terribly indecent passage in the Hatha Yoga Pradipka. It shocks the reader at once, but if he has patience, he finds it explained by the writer himself, and then he opens his eyes and begs the writer's pardon. Fanatics may see nothing right in such devices, but it is a fact that almost every nation has resorted to them in one form or another. Why then be so uncharitable as to fall foul of a whole nation on account of a single cult?

Mr. G. A. Gaskell believes that in the Zend Avesta "dog" means "will" and "the dog with four eyes" means the perfectly regulated will functioning in what the theosophists call the lower quaternary. It is a good thing, therefore, to be a dog with four eyes, and it is good to flay our corpse, for corpse, he says, means the personality, the desire-body, and "flaying" means the disruption of the personality. It is good, also, to have flocks and herds, that is, high capacities or fruits of wisdom, and it is good to have plenty of plants, that is, virtues, and plenty of water, that is, truth. Our higher self is the Sun, our emotions are the Moon, our mental faculties are the Stars. We have to contend against "the raging fly Nasu," that is Time, and against the "greedy ravens," that is the elemental forces of the lower planes of nature, (though in Jewish symbology ravens meant the servants of a Seer). It is better to presume that things believed in by millions of human beings have a meaning than that the believers are merely demon-worshippers! Who again are the demons? Does the Sun of Suns not shine on and in them? Is it impossible for them to change the doings of their Manas? Can they never alter their desires? There was an early Catholic missionary, who characterized Buddhism as a Satanic imitation of Christianity!! And he has had

strange re-incarnations ! He also exemplified the type of the aggressive believers in the right of might.

The worshippers of Krishna may well say :

" Oh Krishna, Krishna, how they have crucified thee ! In the Vishnu Purana, thy Rás is shown to be " simply the pure love of innocent and simple girls of the forest for an exceedingly handsome, accomplished and heroic boy." In the Harivansa, " it is a maddening love of youthful maidens for a young man." In the Bhagvata, " it is the deep love of passionate and sprightly girls for a passionate youth." In the Brahma Vaivarta Purana, " it is gross carnality." There were worshippers of rain, and you told them " why not worship a hill also " and, it is said, you introduced hill-worship ! As well say that Guru Nanak introduced the worship of the Manes, because standing in the Ganges, he poured water in the direction of his distant fields, when questioned about such worship. You rid the world of a tyrant, Jarasindhu. You showed the utmost forbearance to Shishupala, and even these good acts are misinterpreted. You did your best to prevent a war between the Kurus and the Panchalas, and after the wicked among the former refused to listen to you, you preached the duty of a Kshatrya to Arjuna. You became his charioteer, and what is it that they do not ascribe to you ? In those days there were no distinct lines of cleavage in the body social, and Drona, a Brahmin was a warrior. Drishtadimumna killed him, as he would have killed Drishtadimumna. But later generations thought the Panchalas had committed Brahmahatya, and a poetaster wrote a yarn to show they had done no such thing. He made it out that Drishtadimumna had not killed Drona, by inventing the story as to Ashwatthama, and as Krishna was God Himself, he thought, there was no harm in giving him a part in that invented tale, a part, which he thought, did no discredit to Krishna ! What a terrible crucifixion ! So about the death of Duryodhana and a hundred other things. Oh Krishna, Krishna, how they have crucified thee ! "

Despise not the small things of the earth. Despise not even a poetaster or a mere compiler. The Mahabharata is a huge compilation. If a new place of pilgrimage was to be created or a new

legend or cult given currency, a poet or poetaster belonging to the Vyas family could be procured for the purpose. There are so many strata in the epic, and there are strange repetitions and inequalities. The lotus within it is the Bhagvad Gita.

Life, says the Prashnopanishad, is a shadow of Atma, and
 “Mano kritena āyat asmin sharirē.”

How does the shadow of Atma come into this body? By the doings of the Manas. The doings of the Manas, according to the Gita, are the work of Kama, and Kāma comes from Rajas, and Rajas is from Prakriti. Therefore, Prakriti, the source of duality, the power that gives us the illusion of Time and Space, chains us to these by desire. Like a woman in an interesting condition, she has many desires. The shadow of Atma gives life to her desires and brings fulfilment. In this “bourne of Time and Place,” desire sets the wheel of Karma in motion, and hence the doings of the Manas attract phenomenal life, and the wheel goes on until by desiring the Shadow-maker only, Who is above Time and Space, we pass out of the sphere of Prakriti. This occurred to me lately, when reciting the Upanishad perhaps for the hundredth time. The line had been a puzzle to me, but repetition brought this solution. The mind never lost sight of the puzzle and eventually came the reward from the Lotus within.

There is a rudimentary Manas in every plant, for there is Rajas even in it, and iteration of rudimentary desires leads to their intensification and the formation of habits. “The root of a plant attaches it to the earth. But the plant exerts itself wholly with one sole aim: to escape above from the fatality below, to evade, to transgress the heavy and sombre law (condemning it to immobility), to set itself free, to shatter the narrow sphere, to invent or invoke wings, to escape as far as it can, to conquer the space in which destiny encloses it, to approach another kingdom, to penetrate into a moving and active world.”

Is the fact that it attains its object not as surprising as though we were to succeed in living outside the time, which a

different destiny assigns to us, or in making our way into a universe freed from the weightiest laws of matter?" So asks Maurice Maeterlinck. "The flower," he truly writes, "sets man a prodigious example of insubmission, courage, perseverance and ingenuity."

My soul be like a flower. Array thyself in beauty and send forth thy perfumes to attract the liberator, the Guru, who is to bring to thee the kiss of the distant invisible motionless lover from a world where Time and Space are mere illusions. Go through your experiments, even though they may be risky, to pass from the realm of law into the realm of love.

The plant has its ballistics and its aerial navigation, so has the Yogi. The maple and the lime tree have the aerial screw. The thistle, the dandelion and the salsafy have their flying machine. The momordica has its extraordinary squirt—the eriophilous plants have their hooks. There is not "a single seed but has invented for its sole use a complete method of escaping from the maternal shade," and "if we had applied to the removal of various necessities that crush us, such as pain, old age and death, one-half the energy displayed by any little flower in our gardens, we may well believe that our lot would be different from what it is."

The Archimedean screw was a great discovery, but it is now found that the screw had been discovered by even "ill weeds like the wild lucerne or medic (*medicago*), long before the illustrious geometrician and physician of Syracuse. The weeds had not only discovered it, but endeavoured to apply it, not to the raising of liquids, but to the art of flying. "They lodge their seeds in light spirals with 3 or 4 convolutions, admirably constructed to delay their fall, and, consequently, with the help of the wind, to prolong their journey through the air. "One variety, which bears a little yellow ball, the size of a pea, has even improved upon the apparatus of the red one by furnishing the edges of the spiral with a double row of points, with the evident object of hooking it in passing on either the clothes of the pedestrians, or the fleece of the animals. It clearly hopes to add the advantages of eriophily, that is to say the dissemination of the seed by sheep, goats, rabbits and so on, to those

of anemophily, or dissemination by the wind." Truly, there is Atma in all.

(To be continued.)

A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

A PRAYER.

I need you, dear, I need
 The thought of you, the dream of you,
And all day long the sight of you, to cheer,<
 In sunlight, and in shadow,
Night and morn.
 My heart would break if you were
Nowhere near.
 So much I love, so much I need you, dear.

M. L. FORBES.

Myssoorie.

PRO AND CON.

Snow on the precipice
 Gleaming apart,
 Why does your splendour speak
 So to our heart ?

Flowers that the summer in
 Glory attire,
 Why does your loveliness
 Silence desire ?

Lords of the starry vault,
 What is your spell ?
 Mortal solicitude
 How do you quell ?

Little is left to us,
 Promises fail ;
 Whether ambition or
 Folly prevail.

Yet to our youth if in
 Mountain or flower
 Mystical Nature once
 Opened her power,

Moments again as her
 Deepening gloom
 Swallows up manhood in
 Age and the tomb.

Moments shall show us that
 Treasure again,
 Kept as a portion for
 Men that attain ;

This is the stream that the
 Souls of the blest
 Drink ever thirsty and
 Ever refreshed ;

Music and odour and
 Light, as it flows,
 Minister rapture and
 Holy repose

Happy for man if a
 Wandering beam
 Carry his eyes to that
 Life-giving stream.

Precipice, floweret
 Stellar sign,
 This is your power, your
 Secret divine !

Well in the hour, ere the
 Vision be past,
 If we embrace it and
 Cling to it fast !

* * * *

Ill-judging brach, to grant this costly favour
 To yon gaunt cur, thy fellow in distress,
 Bethink thee with what added pangs and labour
 Fate shall amerce thee for thy wantonness.

Thee solitary now and needing little
 The dust-heap and the dung-hill scarce supply
 With scraps enough of foul contested victual
 Not to exist but only not to die,

Scorn and disease make now thy portion bitter,
How shall it be, when, in another moon,
Flung on the street thy weak and baseborn litter
With fretful whines thy dry dugs importune ?

Hast thou not Reason in thy breast half-shapen
To show thee many easy ways of death ?
Yet man himself — he scarce dare draw the weapon,
He clings to misery, appetite and breath.

I, that rebuke thee, once in the far Carnatic,
Before a granite rock my tent unfurled,
Where the dead past, in graven lines emphatic,
Spoke in the name of Reason to the world.

Not from the lips of cold ascetic rigour,
Not from the weakness of defeat or shame,
But from the mid-day strength of manhood's vigour,
Virtue and lineage and wealth and fame.

All these were thou's who on that rock unshaken
Inscribed the judgment of enlightened eyes,
That mortal life, its measure duly taken,
Lies as a thing of naught before the wise.

Hence no appeal of sensuous illusion,
Of prayers or tears or kisses put aside,
Held them one moment from the stern conclusion
Reason required of them, to die, they died.

If human anguish need to-day, to teach it,
A harsher lesson for a coarser day,
Stand forth, O paniah, men's type and preach it,
Such in their cowardice as thou art they !

J. N. FRASER.

Bombay.

THE LEGENDS OF BUDDHA IN INDO-HELLENISTIC ART.

A SŌKA, the great Buddhist Emperor of India, reigned for forty-one years (273-232 B. C.), during which period it is believed that Indian architecture and sculpture originated. In his *A History of Fine Art in India and Ceylon*, Dr Vincent Smith says—"Nothing deserving the name of a work of art has yet been discovered, which can be referred to an earlier time." He has divided the history of Indian fine art into several periods, among which the first is the Asokan art which reflected the gay, sunny spirit of the earlier phase of Buddhism, and is characterised by a naturalistic style of modelling, which does not mark the later Brahmanical art. An exceptionally beautiful example of the Asokan period of Indian art is a torso in red sandstone, probably representing Buddha as Prince Siddhartha, which is said to have formerly crowned one of the numerous separate columns erected by Asoka at Sanchi, and now forms one of the treasures of the Indian section of the South Kensington Museum in London.

The next period of Indian art is that known as the Gandhâran or Indo-Hellenistic. Dr. Smith ascribes the *floruit* of Gandharan sculpture to a period between A.D. 50 and 200. Its provenance was North-Western India, which was known in ancient times as Gandhara, and of which the capital was Peshawar. The existence of this school of Indian art first became known to Europe when, in 1870, Dr. Leitner brought to England his large collection of Græco-Buddhist sculptures, which proved, beyond the shadow of a doubt, to the European art-world that, during the early centuries of the Christian era, North-Western India was the seat of a school of Hellenistic sculpture of considerable artistic merit. European art critics for a long period considered these products of the Indo-Hellenistic school to be the only Indian sculptures worthy of the name of art. But their opinion in this respect has now veered round; and these works, which were, at one time, rated very high, are, at present, considered tame and lifeless, notwithstanding their superficial air of Grecian grace and dignity.

Though their resemblance to Hellenistic work is evident enough, they do not disclose any real feeling for the characteristic qualities of Greek art.

The most important collection of sculptures of the Indo-Hellenistic school of Indian art, in this country, is that exhibited in the Museum at Peshawar. As will appear from the excellent handbook to this collection published by Dr. D. B. Spooner, the Curator thereof, the Museum includes several collections, among which the principal is the series of sculptures (exhibited in cases I to XI) excavated in 1907 from the small village of Sahrabahlol situated on a high mound about 7 miles to the north-west of Mardan. This place appears to have been an important seat of the Buddhist cult in ancient times, for the central mound, on which the existing village is situated, is surrounded by many smaller ones, which show evidence of having been the sites of stupas. The next collection, known as the Rawlinson Collection, consists of the sculptures (exhibited in case XII) which were presented to the Museum by Major C. B. Rawlinson, C.I.E., formerly Deputy Commissioner of Peshawar. Then there is the Pipon Collection (exhibited in cases XIV to XX) which is made up of the sculptures presented to this institution by P. J. G. Pipon, Esqr., I.C.S., formerly Assistant Commissioner, Mardan, and Deputy Commissioner, Peshawar. Then come the fragments of sculpture (exhibited in cases XXV to XXVIII) which were unearthed in the course of excavations carried on by Mr. Marshall, the Director General of Archæology, and Dr. Vogel in 1903 at the places known as Palatu Dheri and Ghaz Dheri, both near Rajjar. These sculptures are known as the Charsadda Collection. Cases Nos. XXX to XLIV exhibit the sculptures discovered in the course of excavations carried on at Takht-i-Bahi in 1908. The work of digging, on this occasion, was confined only to the lower court of the many little stupas, between the upper court and the monastic quadrangle. Similarly, the fragments, recovered from the same site in 1909 in the course of operations undertaken for the purpose of clearing the extreme eastern portion of the site and the outer face of the main wall to the south, are exhibited in cases Nos. XLVII and XLVIII. The monastery at Takht-i-Bahi was a very important seat of Buddhism, and must have been occupied for centuries, most likely throughout the greater portion of the entire Gandhāra period, as is testified to by the wide range in artistic execution displayed by these sculptures.

It is well-known to all students of Buddhism that a good deal of legendary lore has gathered about the life of Buddha. A few of these legends have furnished *motifs* for the scenes depicted on some of the sculptures in the Peshawar Museum, thereby testifying to the popularity of the same in the then Buddhist world and the firm hold they had taken of the imagination of the followers of the Great Teacher. It is

therefore, necessary to recapitulate here a few of these legends, in order that the reader may be enabled to understand how these wondrous carvings illustrate the same.

According to the latest researches Buddha was born about 563 B.C. and died on the 13th October 483 B.C. His birth is said to have been prophesied by various dreams and visions, the interpretation whereof occupied the attention of the astrologers of that time. His birth was also accompanied by numerous supernatural phenomena. It is said that Siddhartha himself resided in the Tushita Heaven just before his re-birth on this earth, and, for a long time, pondered over the question as to who among men were worthy of being his parents. Ultimately, he decided that he should be born of Māyā, the queen of King Suddhodana, the Sākya chief. His capital was Kapilavastu, which has been identified with a site in the Nepalese Terai about seven miles to the north-west of the Nepalese village of Nigliwa, which is thirty-eight miles north-west of the Uska station of the Bengal and North-Western Railway. The Lumbini or Lumbuna grove has been identified with a spot three or four miles to the north of the village of Nigliwa; and the old town of "Napika," with its relic-mound and its inscribed Asokan pillar, is situated about five miles to the south-west of that village. Agreeably to his decision, Siddhārtha descended from heaven and entered the womb of Māyā through her right side, under the form, as it appeared to the slumbering queen, of a white elephant with six tusks. Here he remained until the hour of birth arrived. It might be stated here, *en passant*, that, in India, the white elephant is a favourite symbol for the divine spirit.

When the time of birth approached, it came to pass that the queen was making herself merry in one of the royal gardens in the suburbs of Kapilavastu, known as the Lumbini Garden, and the little baby, who in aftertimes was to be renamed throughout the world as the great Buddha or "the Enlightened One," is said to have been ushered into existence as the queen was standing under the shade of a Sāl tree.

Then astrologers were engaged by the King to cast the child's horoscope. Observing that the infant's body bore the 32 major and the 80 minor marks of a "Great Being," they pronounced that the boy would, without doubt, become a Universal Monarch or a perfect Buddha, the Saviour of the world, as the marks of both were the same. They further said that, if he was destined to become a great Buddha, four presaging tokens would make his mission plain. He would see (1) an old man, (2) a sick man, (3) a corpse and (4) a holy recluse; and, if he would fail to see these tokens, he would be simply a Universal Monarch. But when the Rishi Asita, who was attracted to the capital from a great distance by the visions he conjured up by the exercise of his

miraculous powers, came and beheld the child, he declared him to be the real Bodhisattva, that is to say, the future Buddha.

King Suddhodana, who was a little too worldly, was alarmed by the prospect of his son and heir abandoning the throne and going forth as a poor mendicant to lead the life of an ascetic. He, however, thought it a very easy thing to keep these four presaging tokens from the young prince's observation. With this object in view, he ordered three magnificent palaces to be built—the Palace of Spring, the Palace of Summer, and the Palace of Winter. These palaces, as we learn from the *Lalita Vistara*, were the most beautiful ones ever erected on earth, rivalling in splendour even Vaijayanta, the immortal palace of Indra himself. The prince was installed in these palaces; and every effort was made to inspire him with a love of the things of this world by indulging him in every kind of luxury and pleasure. At the same time, strong ramparts were erected all round Kapilavastu to keep out all old and sick men and recluses.

When the prince was old enough to marry, a *Svayamvara* or an assemblage for marriage by athletic competition was held, wherein he beat all the rival Sakya youths in a series of games and contests and won, by way of prize, the hand of Yasodharā in marriage. Thereafter he lived with his wife and the other ladies of his household in the greatest happiness within the precincts of his palaces, as his father, remembering the prophecy that he would abandon the sovereignty and become an ascetic, did not allow him to go outside the palace-walls.

At last, however, the time for the great renunciation arrived. According to the behests of the gods, Prince Siddhartha induced his charioteer Chandaka to convey him on a pleasure-trip beyond the precincts of the palace. Just as the former was driving along, the gods, in order to attract him to spiritual things, showed him an old man, very decrepit and infirm. This was followed by a second spectacle, namely, that of a man very ill and emaciated with pain; and then by a third vision of a loathsome corpse. Very much grieved by the sight of these woeful spectacles of human misery and suffering, the prince asked for explanations and, as the result thereof, came to learn about the truth of old age, sickness, and death, which overwhelmed him with sorrow and made him profoundly meditative. Last of all, the fourth vision, that of a holy recluse wearing an ochre-red cowl, appeared before him.

"Who is this," enquired the Prince of the charioteer, "rapt, gentle, peaceful in mien? He looks as if his mind were far away elsewhere. He carries a bowl in hand."

"Prince, this is the New Life," said the charioteer. "That man is one of those whose thoughts are fixed on the eternal Brahma. He seeks the divine voice. He seeks the divine vision. He carries the

alms-bowl of the holy beggar (bhikshu). His mind is calm, because the gross lures of the lower life can vex it no more."

"Such a life I covet," said the Prince. "The lusts of man are like the sea-water—they mock man's thirst instead of quenching it. I will seek the divine vision, and give immortality to man!"

In the meantime, King Suddhodana, very much alarmed by the woe-begone appearance of his son, posted additional armed guards to keep watch and ward over the palace in which the latter was living, and ordered all the allurements of sense to be constantly presented to him, in order that he might not find occasion to ponder over the grim realities of life. But the gods so inspired him with a feeling of abhorrence for the things of this world worldly, that, at midnight, having taken a last loving look of his wife Yasodharā, and his son Rāhula, and accompanied by his charioteer Chandaka, he bade farewell to the "pride and pomp of circumstance," which awaited him as heir-apparent to the throne of Kapilavastu, and left his paternal home, bending his steps towards the wild mountain solitudes of Rājagriha, where he intended to commence that life of severe asceticism and ennobling piety, which forms the theme of admiration of 300 millions of men. This is Buddha's great renunciation, which is so often and so pathetically narrated by the Buddhist annalists, and has so often furnished the subject for wondrous carvings by the different schools of Buddhist sculptors.

Henceforth he lived for some years as a mendicant seeking, like the Brāhmans, the way of salvation by fasting and practising severe austerities. After carefully enquiring into the merits of the various theological systems then in vogue, and after having practised the various forms of asceticism prevalent among the Hindus of his time, he gave up their methods of attaining to salvation. It so happened shortly afterwards that the true way of obtaining salvation flashed across his mind, while he was engaged in meditation beneath the Bodhi-tree at Buddha Gaya; and he attained to that enlightenment, by which he ceased to be a Bodhisattva and became a perfect Buddha.

Very shortly after the enlightenment, Buddha proceeded to Sarnath near Benares, where, in the Deer Park of that place, he preached his first sermon and thus entered on his rôle of the Great Teacher. This incident is known as the "Turning of the Wheel of the Law," and forms the stock subject of carving among the Buddhist sculptors.

The sculptures in the Peshawar Museum are, so to speak, the whole life of Buddha in stone. They portray some of the leading legends connected with him. Queen Maya's dream intimating to her the impending conception of Buddha, is depicted in the three sculptures Nos. 138, 251 and 350. It has been so often depicted in the sculptures that

the incident at last came to be believed in as having actually happened. The infant Buddha is seen coming down from the Tushita Heaven in the guise of a white elephant, which ought to have six tusks according to the accepted legend. His divine character is indicated by the halo surrounding him. Mâyâ is represented as lying asleep and, as the legend narrates that the elephant entered her right side, her head is placed to the spectator's right, thereby rendering her right side accessible to the approaching elephant. Dr. Spooner says: "A curious exception to this otherwise universal rule in Gandhâra is seen in sculpture No. 251 in the Rawlinson Collection, when the sculptor having placed the head to the left, has been forced to draw the queen with her back to the spectator to avoid breaking with the tradition." The other female figures standing to the right and left are the palace-guards keeping watch over the sleeping queen.

As was to be expected, both the king and the queen consulted the astrologers about the significance of this supernatural dream. This scene is carved on the sculptures Nos. 147 and 251, the king and the queen are represented as sitting side by side with their faces expressive of great attention towards a Brâhman on the left, who remains seated before them, while interpreting the meaning of the dream and presaging the birth of the wonderful child. It is very probable that the Brâhman depicted in the sculptures is the Rishi Asita. In some cases one or more guards or other palace attendants are introduced into the scene.

The birth of Prince Siddhârtha, who afterwards became Gautama the Buddha, forms the stock-subject of carving with the sculptors of the Indo-Hellenistic School. It is depicted on no less than four sculptures (Nos. 127, 359, 1241 and 1242) in the Peshawar Museum. As already stated before, it was while Queen Mâyâ was disporting herself with her waiting-maids in the Lumbini Garden, that the birth of the prince took place. In the aforementioned sculptures, therefore, she is represented as standing in the centre of the group, with her right hand lifted up and holding a branch of the *Sâl* tree, which symbolises the garden. She is supported by her sister Mahâprajāpati, while attendants, whose numbers vary in the different sculptures, are gathered behind them. The supernatural child is shown as emerging from the queen's right side; while Brâhmâ and Indra are standing in a reverential attitude to receive him.

The casting of the horoscope is portrayed on sculptures Nos. 131 and 675. The sculptural representation of this event, when the Rishi Asita prophesied the divine nature of the child to the king and the queen, differs in one respect only from that of the interpretation of the dream. The composition of both the events is the same. But in the sculptural

representation of the casting of the horoscope, the seated Rishi is represented as holding the child on his lap.

Another stock-subject of carving with the Buddhist sculptors is Prince Siddhārtha's first writing-lesson. It is depicted on the three sculptures Nos. 131, 151 and 347. While studying with the children of other Sākya noblemen in the school, young Siddhārtha displayed his divine nature by giving proofs of his knowledge of more systems of writing than were known even to his *guru*, the learned Viswāmitra. In the sculptures referred to above, the prince is represented as seated with a writing board on his knees, while the other scholars and the *guru* are grouped around him variously. The sculpture No. 347 is of additional interest in that the writing-board represented herein shows a few Kharoshthī characters, which the infant prodigy is supposed to have written.

The Cycle of the Great Renunciation is depicted on no less than eight sculptures bearing Nos. 134, 154, 345, 457, 572, 784, 1265 and 1267. The moral pointed out by these carvings, which portray the life of voluptuous ease led by the prince in the early part of his career, is the greatness of the sacrifice made by him in bidding farewell to the "pride and pomp of circumstance," which awaited him as heir-apparent to the throne of Kapilavastu, and in wending his way alone to seek salvation in the wild mountain solitudes of Rajagriha. M. Foucher, in his great work, "*L'Art Gréco-Bouddhique du Gandhara*," says that these scenes might easily have degenerated into the grossly erotic; but this they have not done. The Prince is generally represented seated on his couch with his queen Yasodhara by his side; while quite a bevy of waiting-maids is grouped around them usually playing on different musical instruments. This is the first scene in the so-called Cycle of the Great Renunciation. After seeing the visions of old age, sickness and death, followed by the spectacle of the holy recluse, he had been convinced of the vanity of worldly things and overwhelmed with great sorrow for the miseries of mankind, in consequence of which he longed ardently to find deliverance for all men from this horrible chain of birth and rebirth with its accompanying suffering. At this stage, the gods arranged that he should wake up one night and see the ladies of his court in the "repellent abandon of satiated sleep," which scene is also portrayed in the sculptures of the Indo-Hellenistic school, and sometimes in a very realistic way. On seeing this, his heart was filled with feelings of disgust; and his mind was made up to flee from Kapilavastu. In the sculptures depicting this flight, he is shown mounted on his faithful horse Kanthaka with the groom Chandaka in attendance. The horse's feet are depicted as being upheld by the spiritual beings named Yakshas, in order that the guards might not be alarmed by any

possible noise ; while in some of these carvings, the evil spirit Māra, with bow in hand, is represented as trying to induce the prince to give up his intentions, and offering him the sovereignty of the world as reward therefor. The female figure on the right in sculpture No. 572 is the *genius loci*—the City Goddess of Kapilavastu—(a conception that is peculiar to Greek art) who, in saddened tones, addressed the prince as he passed through the Gate of Benediction .—

“ Oh, thou who hast the face of a lotus, _
 Without thee this city is desolate !
 The prophesy of the Rishis has been made false ;
 They said that thou shouldst be a Chakrapala,
 Great Tree of all the Virtues !
 If thou departest, thy house will wither,
 Thy race become extinct !”

And then, accompanied by millions of gods and celestial nymphs flinging flowers, Buddha entered upon his divine mission.

One of the most valuable sculptures in the Peshawar Museum is that numbered 799, which portrays the Ascetic Buddha (*vide* the beautiful phototype facing page 67 of Dr. Spooner's handbook.) Only one other statue of this kind is known, namely, that which was discovered by Sir Harold Deane at Sikri and which is now in the Lahore Museum. But the same subject is occasionally depicted on bas-relief. No. 799 represents the emaciated Buddha with the eyes sunk low in their sockets, the shrunken lips showing the teeth within, and the bones of the ribs standing out prominently, and is intended to recall the six years of fasting and austerities which he practised as a Hindu ascetic during that period of his life, which is just subsequent to the Great Renunciation and prior to the attainment of Enlightenment. The scene carved in relief on the pedestal of this figure does not appear to have been depicted in any other sculpture of the Indo-Hellenistic school, hitherto discovered. It portrays, appropriately enough, the second long period of fasting, which Gautama underwent, namely, the seven weeks fast immediately after the attainment of Enlightenment, and recalls the story of the two merchants, Trapusha and Bhallika of Orissa. It is said that when the time came for the Buddha to wake up from his seven weeks' trance after the Enlightenment, a caravan belonging to the two aforementioned merchants happened to approach the grove wherein he sat. Being cautious men, they had placed two bullocks at the head of the caravan, in order that they might go on before and give warning of any approaching danger. As soon as the bullocks came near the grove, they are stated to have shown signs of fear, and to have refused to advance any further. Nay, they even lay down on the ground ; while

the other oxen also refused to budge any further and paid no heed to the whackings of their drivers. It was even found that the wheels of the carts had become mysteriously fixed, thereby stopping any further advance of the caravan. Just at this moment a stranger (who was no other than the Genius of the grove in human form) arrived there and told the terrified merchants of the Buddha's presence there and his need for food. Thereupon they approached his seat under the guidance of this spirit and gave him offerings of honeycomb and wheat, which he received in the four-fold bowl he had just accepted from the guardians of the heavenly quarters. The accuracy with which this story is carved on this pedestal is remarkable, every detail thereof being faithfully and most skilfully depicted.

The uppermost panel of the sculptured fragment No 787 portrays Buddha's approach to the Bodhi Seat or the Seat of Wisdom. The seat itself is shown to be already bestrewn with grass, thereby showing that it is ready. The expectant Earth goddess is carved on the front face of the seat with merely her head and shoulders rising above the ground—which is another indication of the influence of Greek art, while the small figure in the back ground is the Spirit of the Bodhi-tree. The right-hand side of this sculpture has been unfortunately lost. But the left displays a divine couple now identified as the gods of the *Suddhāvāsa* Heaven.

The temptation of Gautama by the evil spirit Māra is depicted on the five sculptures numbered 128, 343, 352, 355 and 1232. For just before the attainment of Supreme Enlightenment, as the *Buddhisattva* was sitting beneath the Bodhi tree, Māra the Satan of Buddhism, fearing lest he might succeed in accomplishing his object and thus not only save himself but open up the way to salvation to numerous other men, approached him and attempted to induce him to abandon his purpose. He is said to have tempted him with the offer of power, and with the offer of pleasures, even going the length of ordering his own daughters to disport themselves before him. But the *Buddhisattva* rose superior to his allurement. Thereupon Māra summoned his demons and made a fierce onslaught upon Gautama, trying to displace him from his seat. But Gautama only touched the ground with his right hand and invoked the Earth-goddess to bear witness to his right to remain where he was. At last Māra's myriads, being utterly unsuccessful, had to beat a hasty retreat. It was on the following night that Buddha attained Supreme Enlightenment, and passed from the state of being a *Buddhisattva* to the full and perfect Buddhahood.

Buddha's preaching of the First Sermon at the *Mrigadava* or the Deer Park at Sarnath, or the "Turning of the Wheel of the Law," as the incident is described by the Buddhists, is depicted on no less than eleven

sculptures bearing the Nos. 129, 145 (?), 349, 455, 760, 762, 767, 773, 786, 1250, and 1252. In these carvings, Buddha is represented as sitting in the midst of the five disciples, who had attached themselves to him during the time when he practised austerities as a Hindu ascetic, but who left him in disgust when he gave up asceticism and carved out a new path for himself. In almost all cases, the sacred wheel is shown usually on the front of Buddha's Seat, and sometimes along with the trident representing the three jewels of Buddhism, namely, the Buddha, the Doctrine, and the Community of Monks. The deer lying down on both sides of these symbols indicate that the place, where the First Sermon was practised, was the Deer Park.

One of the most noteworthy acts of Buddha was the conversion of Kāśyapa. Very close to the place where he had practised penances, there lived a family of well-known Hindu ascetics with a very large number of followers. The eldest member of this family was Kāśyapa. After the commencement of his ministry at Benares, Buddha went to this ascetic's hermitage with the view of converting him and his followers to his own religious views. One of the miracles performed by the Great Teacher, in order to carry out his purpose, was the victory over the Serpent, and is now depicted on sculptures numbered 136 and 769. It is said that, in one part of the hermitage, there was a temple, wherein dwelt a very venomous serpent. The Hindu ascetics were so afraid of this monster that they had altogether ceased to worship in it; and no one even ventured to come near it. To convince them of his divine powers he asked for permission to live in this temple. Kāśyapa at first tried to dissuade him from his purpose, saying that, if he would do so, he would certainly be killed by the serpent. But all his efforts were unavailing. At last, he was obliged to yield to Buddha's entreaties. The Great Teacher accordingly took up his abode in the much-dreaded temple. As soon as he was seated therein, a halo of light of such brilliance began to emanate from his body that even the dreadful monster was overawed thereby. At last the serpent, overcoming his now-futile anger, humbly crept into Buddha's begging-bowl. The ascetics, in the meantime, seeing the supernatural light coming out of the temple, thought that the place was on fire, and went thither with all possible haste with jars of water to put out the supposed fire. Sculpture No. 136 represents them as going up the ladders for effecting this purpose. In this connection it might be stated that the Great Teacher at last succeeded in converting Kāśyapa, with all the members of his family and the whole body of his disciples, to his own creed.

On one occasion while Buddha was seated at meditation in a lonely cave on the top of a hill in Magadh, Indra was seized with the desire to pay him a visit. He accordingly sent his harpist, Pauchasikha, to

announce his arrival to the Great Teacher. In the central panel of the sculpture, No. 787 from Takht i-Bahi, is represented the foregoing scene. It shows Buddha as seated within this cave. The little lions underneath the seat, as well as the other animals in the background, symbolise the wild character of the spot and the peace which Buddha's presence caused to fall upon all creatures. The harpist is represented at the right of the cave, while the figure in a kneeling attitude to the left of Buddha is Indra, who is characterised in Indo-Hellenistic art by his singularly high head-dress.

The conversion of the Yaksha Âtavika forms the subject of another carving. It is said that a king of Âtavi, for the purpose of saving his own life, had undertaken to give one of his subjects daily to the Yaksha Âtavika who dwelt in a forest close by. In accordance with this agreement, all the inhabitants were, one by one, offered up as victims to that ogre until no one was left to sacrifice except the king's son, who was accordingly ordered to be taken away for offering to that monster. Just at this moment, Buddha went to the Yaksha's abode and, finding him absent, took his seat on the latter's throne. On finding him, the ogre was furious with rage, but was powerless to inflict any injury on the intruder. Ultimately, Buddha converted the demon. When, however, the king's attendants arrived with the young prince, the monster Atavika, instead of killing and eating him, took him up in his arms, and made obeisance to the Great Teacher. This is the scene depicted on sculpture No. 471.

It was customary with the Buddhist monks to go out a-begging for food. In accordance with this custom, Buddha also used to go out in search of food. On one occasion, as the Great Teacher was wandering about with the begging-bowl in his hand, he found two little boys playing in the street. One of these little urchins was suddenly actuated by the desire of giving him some alms; but, as he had nothing to give, he dropped into his bowl a liberal handful of dust. Buddha was so much moved by this pious act on the part of the little boy that, according to some authorities, he prophesied then and there that the childish donor would become a powerful Buddhist king. It is said that this child afterwards reigned under the title of Asoka the Great; and his companion became his minister. This incident is carved on no less than three sculptures numbered 150, 344 and 433.

Another quaint legend is narrated of Buddha. It is said that, while living in Sravasti (now identified with Saheth-Maheth in the United Provinces), he went to visit a certain man named Suka, who had a white dog. It so happened that, at the time of Buddha's visit, Suka was not at home, but that his dog was found feeding out of a dish placed on a couch. For some inexplicable reason, the dog barked furiously

at the sight of the Great Teacher. Whereupon he scolded his host's canine pet, and told the latter that he had fallen into that low estate because he had been rich. Hearing this remonstrance, the dog crept away to a distant corner as if thoroughly ashamed. When Suka returned and found his pet in this abject condition, he enquired as to what had happened. When he heard what had transpired in his absence, he was maddened with rage and rushed to assault Buddha. But he very meekly informed his infuriated host that the dog was his own deceased father reborn in canine shape and, in order to verify the accuracy of his statement, told him to ask the dog where he had buried his wealth in his previous birth. Puzzled as he was, Suka accordingly enquired of the dog who, to his astonishment, crept underneath the couch and began to dig the earth with his claws. When the place was dug up, the hidden wealth was discovered; and the truth of Buddha's statement was verified. This legend is the subject of the carving on sculpture No. 794.

The dog figures in another parable of Buddha. It is said that, once upon a time, there lived a wicked king named Usuratnam, who tyrannized over his subjects to such an extent that Buddha—who was at that time reigning in heaven as the god Indra, felt pity for them. Assuming the guise of a hunter, the Great Teacher came down upon the earth with the Deva Matali disguised as a huge dog. They, at once went to the king's palace, and the dog barked so lustily that his yelpings seemed to shake the royal palace to its very foundations. Being frightened, the king sent for the hunter and enquired of him as to why the dog was barking so furiously. The hunter replied that he was doing so, as he was very hungry. No sooner was this said than the dog barked once more—louder than ever before.

"Bring him food! Give him anything!" cried out the king in great terror. No other food being then available than what had been prepared for the royal table, it was offered to the dog who ate it up in no time, and then barked once more with his terrible voice. Thereupon all the food procurable in the city and the adjoining provinces was sent for and offered to the furious dog who, with his insatiable appetite, ate up the same and barked for more.

Thereupon the king fell down upon the earth with terror and enquired:—

"Will nothing ever satisfy your dog, O hunter?"

"Nothing, O king, but the flesh of all his enemies."

"And who are his enemies, O hunter?"

"His enemies," said the hunter, "are those who do wicked deeds, who oppress the poor, who make war, who are cruel to the brute creation."

The king, remembering his many evil deeds, was stricken with

terror and remorse. Thereupon Buddha revealed himself and preached the law of righteousness to him and his people.

There is a belief current among the people of the Swat Valley to the effect that floods occur there every twelfth year. This is accounted for by the following legend, the leading events of which are depicted on sculptures Nos. 336 and 428. In the days of yore there was a Nāga-King named Apalāla, who dwelt near the source of the Swat River to the north of the modern Peshawar district. Out of mischievous motives he used to inundate the country from time to time, which floods inflicted much suffering on the people. Taking compassion on them, the Buddha went to the Naga's dwelling-place and ordered his attendant Vajrapāni to smite the mountain-side with his mighty *vajra*. This was done, whereupon the Nāga-rāja was so much frightened that he came out of his pool and surrendered himself to the Great Teacher. The Buddha thereupon preached the Good Law and converted him. The latter promised to refrain from flooding the country side any more. But he pointed out to the Great Teacher that his own livelihood depended upon these inundations, for without them the grains, upon which he subsisted, would not be produced. On this, the Buddha agreed to his flooding the land once every twelve years.

Last scene of all, that ended the strange eventful history of the Buddha's life, was his death which took place on the 13th October 483 B.C., at Kusinagara, identified by some with Kasia in the United Provinces. It is said that he fell ill owing to his having overgorged himself with an indigestible food offered to him by one of his devotees. He was ill only for a short time and passed away surrounded by his followers. The death or the Mahāparinirvāṇa of the Buddha is illustrated on the three sculptures numbered 130, 775 and 1319. The number of his attendants varies in the different sculptures. The fainting figure before the couch represents Ananda, the beloved disciple, who is said to have been overwhelmed with grief. The royal figures in some of the carvings represent the Malla chiefs of Kusinagara. The cremation of the Buddha's body is depicted on the sculptures Nos. 484 and 1319, which represent the funeral pyre in full blaze and the attendants pouring water on the fire to extinguish it. Thus

—in fullness of the times—it fell,

The Buddha died, the great Tathāgato.

Even as a man 'mongst men, fulfilling all :

And how a thousand thousand lakhs since then

Have trod the Path which leads whither he went

Unto Nirvana, where the Silence lives."

A TUSCAN FESTIVAL.

SOME thirty miles south of Florence, in the very heart of Tuscany, on a triple-crested hill stands the old city of Siena, one of the most fascinating and picturesque of all the hill towns of Italy, and until recently one of the least spoilt. Fortunately, most of the streets still retain their old-world character, though a new quarter is springing up, and electric trams from the suburbs traverse the Via Cavour and the Via di Citta, and will doubtless soon find their way along some of the other ancient thoroughfares, but the narrowness and steep incline of many of the streets will, it is hoped, save them from such modern "improvements."

One of the glories of Siena is the fine Cathedral, built of black and white marble with its elaborately sculptured facade, graceful campanile and wonderful pavement of marble inlay; if you are fortunate enough to visit the building during the month of August, when the wooden covering is entirely removed, you see spread out before you representations of prophets and sybils, allegorical subjects and scenes from the old and new Testaments. "Qui si trova, qui si lascia," said the old sacristan to a visitor, and this is indeed true, for nowhere else is there anything quite like the marvellous production of thirteenth and fourteenth century art. But it is not only in its ecclesiastical architecture that Siena excels, but also in secular buildings, nearly every street can boast of its palaces; as you walk along the narrow and tortuous thoroughfares, you look from the small dark shops on the ground floor to the upper storeys, where are gothic windows and graceful ballustrades; you peer through dim portals into cloistered courtyards, all speaking of the departed grandeur of noble families and rich merchant princes who built their houses to endure when they themselves should have passed away. Most of these buildings

date from the thirteenth century, the time of Siena's greatest prosperity and glory

At the junction of the three hills in a shell-shaped depression, is the Piazza del Campo, the site of the ancient Roman Forum for centuries the market-place of the town, the centre of its life and activity, the scene, not only of jousts and tournaments, but of many a bloody faction fight and fatal quarrel

On the south side of the Piazza stands the Palazzo Pubblico built of red brick with delicate white marble slabs to the window at the eastern window rises the graceful Mangia Tower, more than three hundred feet high with a beautiful white marble arched top, which branches out like the bell of a flower at its foot is a small chapel open to the outer world a portico which was built as a votive offering after the great plague of 1348 when 30,000 of the inhabitants fell victim to the dread disease The semi-circle of the curved side of the Piazza is lined with palaces built in the same style as the Palazzo Pubblico In the open space between the famous Pomo di Siena takes place twice every summer, on July 2nd and August the 13th both being days connected with festivals in honour of the Virgin The name *Palio* is of course derived from *Palium* which after passing through various transformations came at last to mean the banner presented to the winner in a race and finally was applied to the race itself, and now includes the process on which precedes it

In very early days Siena consisted of three fortresses, built on the three crests of the hill and a survival of their tripartite division is observed even now in the three districts called *Terzi*, each *terzo* is again divided into *contrade* or wards seventeen in all It is generally thought that these *contrade* were formed in the middle ages with the main object of providing public games and amusements, at all events some of the earliest mentions of them are in connection with *palii* bull fights, tournaments and such like events Each *contrada* is named from some natural object and all, with one exception, have some living creature as a symbol, the ward of the shell alone is content with an inanimate sign, amongst the others are the wolf, the eagle, the owl, the caterpillars, the dolphin, the goose and the griffin, etc. These *contrade* play a very important part in the general life of the city, as well as providing actors in the *Palio*, there are certain wards which are

friendly with each other, while between others there exists such enmity that they might almost belong to different nationalities.

In the middle ages many Italian cities, notably Florence, Pisa and Perugia held similar sports and *Palii*, but it is only at Siena that this particular form of amusement has survived. It can be traced back to the thirteenth century, though the form and place have varied; at one time the races were run outside the city walls, and both donkeys and buffaloes were ridden instead of horses, but the sports were invariably connected with some festival of the Church and retained a semi-religious character. The modern *Palio*, as it exists to-day, has been very little altered since the seventeenth century, and is associated with two days kept in honour of the Virgin, the feast of the Visitation and that of the Assumption; but in the latter case the *Palio* is held on the 16th of August, the day after the Church festival, in order that the specially solemn services may not be interfered with.

At the beginning of August preparations, both religious and secular, are set on foot, as well as the wooden covering being removed from the pavement of the Cathedral, the walls are decorated with the banners of the *contrade*. The centre of the great Piazza del Campo is railed off, so as to leave a track for the procession and race, the brick roadway being covered thickly with sand; stands are erected outside the shops, and old palaces and other buildings are decorated with bunting; there is a general sense of excitement and anticipation in the air.

Of the seventeen *contrade*, only ten are allowed to join in the race, the track not being wide enough to allow of more competitors, but all the wards send companies to form the procession. Seven of the *contrade* run in turn each year, the other three are by chosen lot. Some days before the eventful 16th, twenty or more horses are ridden round the Piazza on a trial trip, out of these ten are chosen by competent judges, though it by no means follows that the fleetest or best are selected, but those are picked out which seem to be the most equal in their powers; each animal has a number painted on its hind quarters; the numbers, one to ten, are placed in a glass urn; in another are the names of the ten *contrade*; first a number, then a name is drawn, and *contrada* and horse are allotted to each other, the captain of each ward leading away his good or bad steed as the case may be. Every afternoon for three days before the 16th, a *pronta* or trial

race takes place ; the *fantini* or jockey always ride bare-backed, but only for the final palio are they provided with *nerbi*, thick leather whips, which they use, not only for their own horses, but for those of their opponents, and blows are showered on riders as well as on animals ; indeed, the race often becomes a mere fight, and it is not an uncommon occurrence for a jockey to be pulled off his horse altogether. Those behind the scenes assure us that the Palio is bought and sold before ever the race is run ; the *contrade*, with the largest number of rich patrons, makes sure of the prize, or attempts to do so, by bribing the possessor of the best horse not to win ; but the horses sometimes have their own views on the subject, and the bargains made are not always strictly adhered to. The procession which precedes the race is composed of contingents from the seventeen wards, each company having a drummer, a man in ancient armour on horseback, pages bearing lances, spears, crossbows, battle-axes and other antiquated weapons, and flags, the race horse led by the jockey and two banner bearers, about thirty characters in all, dressed in mediæval costumes, each *contrada* having its distinctive uniform and combination of colours.

The procession is formed in the Cathedral Piazza, but prior to this each horse has been taken to its own Parish Church to be blessed. The writer was fortunate enough to witness this extraordinary function at the August Palio of 1912, in the little octagon Church of San Giuseppi in the *contrada* of the Onda. Two horses, a brown and a white one, were brought into the sacred building and adorned with beautiful blue, white and silver saddle cloths, and plumes of the same colours were fixed to their heads, small boys were running about, beating drums and patting and caressing the horses.

A priest appeared with a book ; the white horse was led up in front of the altar, and several prayers were read, one invoking the aid and protection of St. Anthony, the animal was blessed and sprinkled with holy water, after which to the rattle of drums and shouts of " Viva " the jockey led his steed away, and with the rest of the company of the Dolphin joined the other *contrade* at the Cathedral, where the whole procession was blessed *en masse* by the Archbishop. By this time the Campo was crowded with spectators, visitors having flocked in from long distances, and apparently the entire population of Siena had congregated in

the Piazza, every balcony was occupied and the track itself was thronged. Presently four mounted carabinieri in their best holiday uniforms rode very slowly round the course, by degrees the way was cleared and the crowds found what standing room they could get within the barriers; then a band of scavengers with long wooden shovels, which looked as though they had come down from Roman times, swept up every piece of paper and rubbish from the track, and all was ready.

The great bell of the Mangia Tower began to boom, a cannon was fired and a herald announced the Palio. First came a mounted official bearing the white and black flag of the commune, followed by trumpeters; after them the procession of the seventeen contrade, entering the Piazza from the Via Casato, and winding slowly round the course till they reached the Palazzo. As the banner-bearers of each contrade passed the judge's balcony a halt was made, and they went through a wonderful display of flag exercise, twisting the banners round their necks and bodies, over their heads, between their legs, all this while keeping the device visible, finally they threw the banners twenty or thirty feet into the air catching them again by the pole; ringing shouts of applause greeted any specially skilful handling. As each contingent reached the Palazzo, they were stacked against the building forming a many-hued mass. The sight of the long line of brilliantly coloured costumes, winding round the Campo, was indescribable; the effect was that of a huge kaleidoscopic ribbon, ever moving and scintillating, increasing in length and brilliance as each fresh contrade entered the Piazza, adding another combination of colours to the dazzling spectacle; and meanwhile, the great bell continued tolling, seventeen drums were being beaten, and thousands of people were shouting as only Italians can. Then came bands of boys with garlands, which they stretched across the track in a floral rope, and the *carroccio*, possibly a copy of the old war-chariot of Montaperto, brought up the rear; it was decorated with the banners of the contrade, and towering above them, the Banner, the Palio itself embroidered with a figure of the Virgin, the pole surmounted with a silver bason. When the chariot reached the judge's balcony, the Palio was lifted from its place, and was handed up to the judges to be awarded, at the conclusion of the race, to the captain of the winning contrada.

After a short pause another cannon was fired, and from the

courtyard of the Palazzo the ten horses mounted by their jockeys rode up to the starting point. It was a difficult matter to get the impatient horses between the two ropes stretched across the track, and before the signal was given for the front rope to be lowered some of the animals were leaping over it; one came down altogether and the rider was rolling on the ground; a second man was apparently unhorsed, but there was a strong suspicion that he had really thrown himself off in order to stop the race and have another chance; if only one rider is thrown at the commencement, the race goes on, but if two come to grief, the rule is that a fresh start should be made; so the other eight who were well on their way were recalled by a cannon signal, and once more all retired to the courtyard, where, no doubt, a little strong language was exchanged between the *fantini* before they and their steeds presented themselves again at the starting point. This time there was better success, though it was a somewhat confused mass of men and horses, heads and heels, which flew past as soon as the rope dropped. Three times round the Piazza is the limit of the race; the roadway affords various points of difficulty and danger; at one place there is a sharp turn on a slope, where a side street diverges, down which a horse sometimes bolts or pitches the jockey against the stone wall; in order to prevent fatal accidents, mattresses are fixed to the houses at this point. Before the second round, the white horse of the Onda which we had seen blessed at San Guiseppe, was riderless, but continued the race quite happily on his own account; no doubt he had the best of it, for though he did not come in first, he escaped the blows which were showered on those who were carrying riders. The *contrada* of the Lupa was the winner on this occasion, but the Oca thought they ought to have won as they had paid heavily for the honour, and in anticipation of victory, new costumes had been made for the procession. As soon as the race was over and the banner had been awarded to the captain of the Lupa, the two jockeys had a stand-up fight on the course, and one of them received such rough treatment that he could not show himself in public for some days, and the victorious *contrada* dare not have the open-air banquet which usually follows the race; however, a distribution of the wine which should have graced the feast took place in the Church as a place of safety from hostile attacks. Two weeks afterwards the Oca had a

supper for their contrada to compensate for the bitter disappointment in losing the race ; long tables were spread in the street and the horse, who ought to have won, had his own little manger at the head and presided over the feast with great dignity.

Word pictures give but little idea of the fascination and excitement of this old-world institution ; one must see the Palio in its own setting of mediæval surroundings to appreciate its unique character.

M. CONSTANCE GELDART

Oxford.

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

MAN prides himself to be the "lord of the creation" and regards all other animals as inferior to him. Yet he is made to humble before the wisdom of Providence, when he observes the activity, the intelligence, the strong memory, and the migratory habit of the avifauna, and is often led to exclaim, "Had I the wings of a dove." His attempt at aeroplane is a mere copy from the fowls of the air; "the copyist, however, had not equalled the inventor." The aerial oars of birds, moved by muscles of wonderful adaptation, helps them on to clear many hundreds of leagues an hour, and thus perform peregrinations to distant lands. His mechanisms are nowhere when compared with the flight of these fragile winged travellers for, "in the one is seen the finger of God, and in the other the mighty intellect of man"!

The ornithology is an excellent study by itself, but very few people take to it. In this short paper I propose to say something as to why, whereto and how birds migrate.

It is a well known fact that wherever the seasons are marked, some birds come in spring time and leave for warmer lands before the coming of the dreadful winter. The visits of birds are much praised, especially in the West, and the arrival of the swallow is an indication of summer, that of the cuckoo the spring. Poets have described this bird as the "harbinger of spring when Heaven repairs their rural seat." It might seem to some that no such marked migration of birds is seen in India. But closer observation would reveal to us that though the climate is not marked, such as spring, summer, winter and autumn, yet the migration in India is as regular and punctual as in Europe and America. The sowing time here is very regular, and at the finishing season we see the gardeners busy with their slings and mud-pellets to ward off the invasion of birds.

There had been many fantastic theories in vogue, regarding the sudden appearance of birds during certain seasons of the year. Some thought that these birds must have been hiding themselves at the bottoms of pools and streams; others said that they rested in the sleepy hollow. This idea is contained in an old rhyme for children:

“ The Bat, the Bee, the Butterfly,
The Cuckoo, and the Swallow,
The Corncrake, and the Nightingale,
May all sleep in the hollow.”

This theory of *hibernation* disappeared like the mist before the sun, and it has given place to new ones.

The reason for the migration of birds is not far to seek. From their periodical visits when the climate is genial and all insect life is abundant, we infer that climate and food supply are the two main instincts of self-preservation that induce them to wander from place to place. While birds wish for such freedom and enjoyment, how hard and tormenting would they feel if kept under captivity in a cage! The geologists, in trying to find out the cause for the migratory habit of birds, are attempting to prove that those places to which they migrate had been the permanent homes of their ancestors, by referring to the geological ages; but their attempts are without much success. By their failures we would not be wise, if we disregarded their theory of the “inherited habit.”

Migration in birds is a social habit, and they always go in flocks. For example, the swallow would never be found single, but are found to be in pairs or in flocks; also the common house crow, which takes the oblation thrown them, invites its comrades to partake of it.

Let us now turn our attention to the mode and trend of the migration. The trend of the migration is towards the equator in winter, and towards the poles in spring or summer, and when they thus go to seek for more fertile and genial lands, they always go in myriads. The places which they visit year after year are shown by the elder birds of the company. It is also curious to note that they have a programme, from which they never deviate and never visit unknown lands. Dr. Jenner, by his

experiments upon certain birds, found that the same bird visited for three or more successive years with admirable memory and regularity.

The time best suited for their travel is the evening, for they oftentimes extend their journey into nights. Whenever they travel on moonlit nights they are silent, but noisy during dark nights so that they might not scatter themselves. It is a wonder how these fragile creatures travel vast areas without missing the way. Have they got compass to lead them in the aerial ocean? Do they find any difficulty in crossing from the polar to tropical regions? No; their strong memory, guided by the landmarks, such as mountains, rivers, and lakes, help them to push on their journey without the least difficulty. Many a time have I had the opportunity to note the avian display of birds. While they are speeding their journey high up in the air, the ground beneath is shadowed, and looking up we see the myriads moving about without exercising their wings. After a time they are found to descend a little, when lo! all on a sudden they flap their wings and ascend higher and higher. Alas! how many of the young and old ones get quite exhausted and fall down only to die. Their fate must be cruel if the journey is one that entails crossing the sea. They look out for some ship, and if there be one, they fall down over its deck. If any sympathising passenger gives them some water to drink, they revive and fly away to join the main flock. The number that perish in a journey cannot be estimated, and a good lot of them fall a prey to the lighthouses. The birds being attracted by the giant light become elated, play round the light, dash themselves over the hot glass planes and eventually die.

No sooner do they reach the haven than they begin to choose mates for themselves. So they break into outbursts of songs. Some of them sing only for occupation or excited by a spirit of rivalry. The "chirpings" of the swallow, the deafening "Caw, Caw" of the crow, the harsh "Pi-hu, Pi-hu," of the peacock, the strident "Tshow, Tshow" of the Indian Roller, the "Ku-il, Ku-il" of the koel and the musical strains of the nightingale, thrush and skylark, are intended to captivate the other sex. Generally it is the male bird that sings to charm the female. The female rarely sings in response or to soothe her love-laden heart.

To make a special study of them we should learn the places

where they usually retreat and seek for them. The habits of birds vary according to the life that each of them leads. The storks and vultures repair to a tall tower, the coots and cormarants haunt the marshy plains, the pelicans and waterfowls are found along the margins of lakes and rivers, the crows repair to a big tree, the skylark is found soaring over the meadows, the thrush and the nightingale pour forth their strains in woods and gardens, and the house swallow is chirping in our courtyards.

In conclusion, the ample scope for bird study in India is due to the varied climate that it has, and I wish to conclude this article with the remarks of Mr. Douglas Dewan, I.C.S., F.Z.S. :—

“ Verily is the Indian avifauna one of the superlatives. Judging from what I have read of the feathered folk that inhabit other parts of the world, it seems to me that the birds of India are more interesting than those of America, Africa or Australia, and infinitely more so than those of the poverty-stricken collection found in Europe. This opinion, I would add, is shared by Mr. Frank Finns, whose knowledge of the birds of the world is as great as any other man living.”

Madura.

V. THIAGA RAJAN

CONCERNING SOCIALISM.

THE word "Socialism" has made itself tolerably familiar of late years, and probably we all have an idea, clear or otherwise, as to its meaning. It is not a word or a thing which admits of very easy or accurate definition ; it suggests different ideas to different minds. To some it is but a vague impulse towards what is figured as a better state of society. To the more conscientious and elevated type of mind, it stands for human brotherhood, while to the less so, it represents the spoliation of their richer brethren. Very few attempt to realise it as an established state of society, many simply evade difficulties and objections by assuring us that everything will be settled when the time arrives.

The more coherent exponents of the Socialist doctrine, however, give us to understand that their aims are the substitution of collective for private ownership of land and capital, and the complete organisation of industry in place of what they call the present economic chaos. We are to produce goods for use instead of for profit ; in short, the nation is to be re-organised on the model of a particularly happy and united family.

If asked why any such change is required at all, they point to the undoubted evils of destitution, degradation and consequent crime, which exist among us. They point, that is, to the "submerged tenth," and perhaps do not always sufficiently consider the case of the nine-tenths who are not submerged.

After thus clearing the ground, Socialists pursue two distinct lines of argument. In the first place, they bring forward various considerations to show that Socialism will be a highly desirable state of society, and, in the next place, they adduce arguments to prove that we are evolving towards Socialism, whether we like the prospect or not. This latter mode of proceeding is especially that of the so-called *evolutionary* school of socialism, who have parted company with the more extreme revolutionary agitators.

The evolutionary socialists, however, are endeavouring to keep the pace, when they indulge in such confident predictions.

as to the ultimate triumph of Socialism. The movements of societies are not yet reduced to an exact science. The study of Sociology is in its infancy, and has by no means attained such perfection as to enable us to forecast the future course of events. We may discern existing tendencies, but cannot aver with any certainty that they will run their course unchecked.

It may be interesting to examine how the demand for Socialism arose, and why it became so pressing and insistent during the course of the nineteenth century. The fact is that the last century was an extraordinary and quite exceptional age; and that is why it gave birth to demands and proposals of reconstruction hitherto almost unheard of except as matters of abstract speculation.

Greater changes took place towards the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century than had ever before occurred in the known history of man. A great revolution in the methods of industry was effected, which completely threw into the shade any merely political revolution. Scientific discoveries swept away methods that had served mankind for thousands of years, and inaugurated a new era of industry and of relations between employers and employed. The application of steam power to machinery and the innumerable inventions and improvements which have followed in its train, have abolished in all industries the old hand-workers (manufacturers, in the literal sense of the term), and introduced the system of gigantic factories, in which vast bodies of men work for an employer.

Of course, in the old communities there were employers and employed; but the relations between them were more intimate and more human. A manufacturer or tradesman would live a family life with his workmen or apprentices; and the latter, if possessed of sufficient talent or industry, could generally look forward to being in time their own masters. There was no sharp conflict of interests between the two classes; in fact, they formed one class rather than two.

The use of steam power in factories and in locomotion has quadrupled the population of England; but it has abolished the old human relations between employers and employed, and introduced instead a purely monetary relation, or, as economists call it, the cash nexus. A sharp separation between the two industrial classes was the natural result, there being, on the one hand, a small body of "masters," and on the other, a vast mass of workers, personally unknown to their employers, and spoken of by them as "hands."

The new discoveries certainly opened "a career to the talents." Fortunes were made by men like Robert Owen and Richard Cobden, who had started life entirely destitute of means. The English

reaped the great advantage of being the first in the field in the new world, which had opened before them.

A mad struggle for wealth ensued, in which great abuses arose and great crimes were perpetrated by individuals. The new conditions introduced new modes of oppressing men (and what was worse, overworking women and children) which the law had not contemplated, and with which it was powerless to deal. Moreover, even such laws as bore upon the subject fell into disuse, as it was the fashion to consider them obsolete; for the reigning philosophy of the day, the so-called Manchester or *laissez-faire* school, deprecated interference with trade on the part of the law. It was then held that the best policy was to leave individual citizens to pursue their own way in commercial matters and to work out with their fellows any disputes that might arise. In those days there were no factory laws, and the oppression of men, the degradation of women, and the torture of children went on unchecked. Just at the moment when the commercial relations between men were becoming infinitely more complex, and new legislation was imperatively called for to deal with the new state of things, individualism ruled rampant, and the new captains of industry wielded greater power combined with less responsibility than a mediæval baron. In the name of freedom of contract, the industrial struggle was long allowed to rage unchecked, the legislators and the economists alike ignoring the obvious fact that there can be no freedom of contract for those who are dependent on the pleasure of others for the right to earn their daily bread. They are perforce compelled to accept the best terms they can get.

But so far from new laws being made to cope with the industrial revolution, some of the old fashioned laws of England, that might have served the turn, were allowed to fall into disuse, and have never since been revived. For instance, there were laws against artificial raising of the prices of commodities, by what is now called "cornering" them. Probably the last time such a law was enforced in England was in the year 1800, when a hop merchant of Kent, named Waddington, was sent to gaol for several months for endeavouring to buy up all the hops on the market, so as to raise the price. The Lord Chief Justice, Kenyon, commented severely upon the case, although it was a trifling one indeed, compared with the enormous operations of similar character, which pass unpunished in the modern business world.

That there are many evils in the existing state of society may be admitted without accepting the remedies proposed by Socialists. Socialism, in the sense of a cut-and-dried scheme suddenly applied, is absolutely impracticable. It would be too violent a breach with the past; and such breaches are practically impossible. The French

Revolution was the most violent attempt at a clean sweep ever made by a nation ; and it was a failure so far as severing connection with the past history of the country was concerned. Most of the abolished institutions had to be restored ; and the spirit of the administration, which was always bureaucratic, remains so to this day, under all changes of form.

So much for revolutionary socialism ; as for the evolutionary type, we can only judge of it by the goal at which it aims. It will be a matter for our descendants to decide rather than ourselves.

Mr. H. G. Wells, our socialist novelist, somewhat gives his case away by admitting that socialism would be unworkable, until we attain a much higher morality than we possess at present. When we have reached this higher plane, many of our social evils will disappear—all those at least that spring from our moral imperfections. But it is useless for us to think of legislating now for such superior beings. They will be much more competent than we can be to make their own regulations, when they have evolved. Any scheme, which requires for its working beings of a type much superior to the existing race of men, may be ruled out of the sphere of practical politics.

What, then, is the state at which the Socialists aim as their final goal ?

All land and capital would be in the hands of public authorities, being held either by the State as a whole, or by municipal corporations, county councils, etc. Personal property would be allowed to remain, but no capital would be allowed to be used for the carrying on of private businesses. All printing and all public buildings would be in the hands of governing bodies, so that it is difficult to see how liberty of writing, or of public meeting, could be preserved. Indeed, some socialist writers admit this difficulty ; only they hope some way out will be found.

Everybody will be paid a salary by the State ; but here Socialists differ as to whether inequalities will be allowed, or everybody be paid alike. The more rational method would certainly seem to be payment according to merit and quality of work. But M. Sydney Webb, who is a great authority among the Socialists, gives his opinion as follows :—

“ The Socialists would allot to every worker an *equal wage*, whatever the nature of his work. This equality has an abstract justification, as the special ability or energy with which some persons are born, is an unearned increment due to the effect of the struggle for existence upon their ancestors, and consequently, having been produced by society, is as much due to society as the unearned increment of rent.” Here Mr. Webb plays into the hands of the enemy in an extraordinary manner for so able a writer ; for he admits that good has resulted from the struggle for existence—a good which we shall have to do without under Socialism. And it follows that if our ability declines, our industrial

productivity must diminish, and our country fall behind in the international struggle

A stronger argument on the socialist side is that all ought to get the benefit of the immense productiveness of machinery. It is undeniable that the workers have not reaped by any means a proportional benefit. It has been estimated that in the United States, while the total increase of power due to machinery is 3 000%, the workers have only benefited to the extent of 20%.

It is further pointed out that the claim that capitalists make for their earnings, that they are wages of ability, or of superintendence, is largely nugatory, because now a days capital is frequently owned by shareholders who take no part in the management. It is often asked, could not all joint stock companies such as railways, banks insurance companies, and other big commercial concerns in which the owners stand as de from the management proceed just as well if they were owned by the State? Much might be done in this direction without going all the way in State Socialism.

One of the most serious objections to Socialism is, that it would lead to lack of energy and initiative on the part of individuals. Everybody would look to the Government instead of relying on his own efforts. If we once removed the motive of self interest, we would probably find that our social system had lost its spring. Self-interest acts like a natural force, like an impetuous Niagara, for getting the world's business done, and with human beings constituted as they now are it is difficult to see what other force could take its place. Love of his fellow, or a sense of justice to them would not be strong enough to inspire the average man with sufficient inducement to do his best. When we consider how automatically and almost mechanically the ordinary man rids himself of work when he can safely do so, we must admit that it will not do to rely on conscientious motives of a high order in our reconstituted society. All the attempts at communistic settlements have failed, mainly through the mutual jealousy and suspicion prevailing among the members, each fearing lest the others should gain some advantage over him.

* Thus there are grounds for Herbert Spencer's opinion that Socialism rests on a false psychology, and this view is confirmed by an eminent French psychologist, Gustave Le Bon. The loss of individual initiative would be a serious misfortune for any nation.

No Government can get more sense, ability and conscience out of a nation than there is already there. If there is sufficient of these to make a heaven on earth, they will do so without Socialism. But as long as human nature remains the imperfect thing it is, Socialism is bound to fail in its magnificent promises. As Spencer phrases it, "there is no

political alchemy by which you can get golden conduct out of leaden instincts."

There is a Latin saying, *Humanum paucis vivit genus, i.e.,* "The human race lives by but a few of its members." In spite of the modern tendency to decide everything by mere numbers, the distinguished few are really far more valuable than the undistinguished many. The human race advances through the exertions of a few great men; and if they are discouraged, decline must inevitably take place. Socialism would tend to encourage mediocrity, because everybody would be relieved of personal responsibility. As long as people did their work in a passable manner, however perfunctorily, the State would be bound to provide for them.

Any system to be successful must allow scope for the development of its great men. By them the society really live. Numbers are a poor test of the value of any opinion. Leaders are always necessary; even the most revolutionary mob has to select leaders. The ideal state of society would be one in which everybody was sure to have full means of developing the best that is in him. Any modifications of society with that object would be in the right direction. Individuals should be encouraged to assist themselves, but not to rely upon governmental authorities.

Education should be provided, not on a cast-iron, uniform system, but adapted to the needs and position of the pupil. Strong measures would have to be taken with unworthy or incompetent parents, who would forfeit the care of their children. In a fair competition, the cream must come to the top.

Salvation for the working classes can only come by the further development of co-operation. Foreign writers, such as Taine, the great French critic, have often admired the spirit of self-help prevalent in England, where people form voluntary unions and associations, and get things done without troubling the Government. The socialist movement is departing from this good old English tradition, and adopting the bad habits of continental nations, which their own best writers deplore. The voluntary socialism of the early part of the last century was more in accordance with English traditions than the exotic State socialism, which has lately been so much in evidence among us.

THE MAID OF FRANCE.

(Concluded from our last number.)

THE Maid was a strict disciplinarian. She attempted to put down the practice of swearing profanely. She could not enforce discipline except by aid of religion. Hers was to be a holy war. Like other commanders of companies, she had her standard; St. Margaret and St. Catherine bade her take a standard, and bear it valiantly, and thereon was to be painted the King of Heaven. She told the Dauphin about this command very reluctantly, and she did not know its mystic signification. "The world was painted on it" (doubtless the globe in the hand of the Lord); there was an angel at each side; the stuff was white linen *semé* with fleur de lys; and the motto was *Jesus Maria*. The angels were represented not as her guardians, but for the glory of God. The Maid always bore her standard when in action, that she might strike no man with the sword; *she never slew any man*.

The numbers of the relieving army were approximately 4,000 men, and when they left Blois, the clergy went in advance, singing *Veni Creator Spiritus*. Twice a day all the priests that were with the army assembled under her banner where they sang hymns, and no man-at-arms might join in unless he was clean confessed. Thus some measure of discipline and decent behaviour was introduced by the Maid.

"Had they died on that day they had won the skies,
And the Maiden had marched them through paradise!"

On the 28th April this strange force arrived opposite Orleans. Into the wearying details of the engagements at Orleans I do not propose to go. Some few remarkable incidents, however, must be mentioned. (1) A letter was sent to the English bidding them to retire from the siege without further ado. She will drive them out of France, if they disobey; if they obey she will be merciful. Charles, not they, will hold the realm. Charles is true heir; God wills it, and *the Maid reveals it to him*. If they (the English) do right to the Maid, they "may come with her where the French will do the greatest deed that ever was

wrought for Christendom" (a Crusade). The English simply laughed over the epistle, and the soldiers under Talbot de la Pole and other captains, though demoralised and terrified by the slim armed figure, that with a clean girlish voice bade them begone, could still insult Jeanne in the most ribald terms. (2) The entry into Orleans was easily effected by noon-time and the Maid retired for a little rest when the English attacked St. Loup—an important outpost. The Maid had not been informed of this attack, but, "she leaped from her sleep with great noise." "In God's name," she cried, "my Council has told me that I must go against the English; but I do not know at what particular point." Her Voices sometimes woke her, and in the moment of waking she but partially heard, or but partially understood them. The Maid was quickly harnessed in her armour, and unnoticed by her comrades she ran downstairs and cried to her page "Ha! you will not tell me when the blood of France is being spilt? Bring my horse." And with her banner in her hand she galloped straight through the town in the direction of the remotest gate, where the noise was loudest, the sparks flying from the stones beneath her horse's shoes as she rode. Her men soon joined her. In the gateway they met citizens bearing a sorely wounded man. "I never see French blood spilt but my heart rises for horror," said the Maid. The French raised a shout on her arrival, and the port was at once taken. Jeanne preserved the lives of the English prisoners. (3) There was no fighting for some time after this and Jeanne again summoned the English to withdraw. She dictated the letter in the usual terms ending, "This is the last time that I write to you. I would have sent the letter in more honourable fashion" (the note was attached to an arrow, and shot across), "but you keep my herald Guenne. Return him, and I will return the prisoners taken at St. Loup." The English picked up the arrow with the note bound to it, and shouted, "News from the harlot of the Armaquacs!" Hearing this insult Jeanne wept, calling the King of Heaven to her aid. But she was comforted and dried her tears, "because, as she said, she had tidings from her Lord." (4) On May 6, after hard work in the capture of Le Blance and Les Augustine, the Maid felt weary, and was slightly wounded in the foot. Before retiring for rest she told her people "Rise with the dawn to-morrow, and you will do even better than to-day. Keep close by me; because to-morrow I will have much to do, more than ever I had, and blood will flow from my body above my breast." The next day's dawn brought her, indeed, her crowning victory. At sunrise, on May 7, Jeanne heard Mass; and then led her men to attack the outposts of the important bridge forts or Tourelles. If these fell, the English had

no room to stand upon. The attack began early in the morning, each company under the displayed standard of its captain. The assault was made from every side. "And well the English fought, for the French were scaling at once in various places in thick swarms, with such hardihood and valour, that to see them you would have thought they deemed themselves immortal. But the English drove them back many times and tumbled them from high to low, fighting with bow-shot and gun-shot, with axes lances bills and leaden maces and even with their fists, so that there was some loss in killed and wounded." Ladders were rising, men were climbing them, the ladders were overthrown, or the climbers were shot or smitten, or grappled with and dashed into the fosse while the air whirled to the flight of arrows and bolts, and the smoke rose sulphurous from the mouths of guns. The standard of the Maid floated hard by the wall, till about noon-day a bolt or arrow pierced her shoulder plate as she climbed the first scaling ladder, and the point passed clean through armour and body, standing out a hand's breadth behind. She shrank, but refused to be "chained" by a song of healing. It is probable that she soon suffered her wound to be dressed with olive oil and renewed her fight. The English believed that they, having drawn her blood, had spoiled her witchcraft. But her place in the front rank was not long empty. There she stood under her banner and cried on her French and Scots, but they were weary, and the sun fell and men, who had said that "in a month that fort could scarce be taken" lost heart as the lights of Orleans began to reflect themselves in the silvery waters of the Loire. "The place, to all men of the sword seemed impregnable," says a contemporary. "Doubt not, the place is ours," cried the clear girlish voice. But Dunois held that there was no hope of victory this day," he gave orders to withdraw across the river to the city. Three or four general assaults had been given, but to no purpose. "Then the Maid came to me, and asked me to wait yet a little while. Then she mounted her horse and went alone into a vineyard, some way from the throng of men, and in that vineyard she abode in prayer for about half a quarter of an hour. Then she came back, and straightway took her standard into her hands and planted it on the edge of the fosse. The English, seeing the wounded witch again where she had stood from early morning, shuddered, and fear fell upon them." By this time those who loved her had rallied and were round her, "Watch," said Jeanne to a knight at her side, "watch till the tail of my standard touches the wall!" A few moments passed. "Jeanne, the flag touches the wall!" "Then enter, all is yours!" Then, heedless of arrows and bullets, the multitude rushed *en masse* on the wall; every scaling-ladder was

thronged, they reached the crest of the fort, they leaped or tumbled into the work; swords and axes rose and fell. "Never had living men seen such an onslaught." The English ammunition was exhausted, or time failed them to load the guns; the bolts and arrows were expended: the yeomen did their best, but at last the English turned and fled to the draw-bridge to enable them to find shelter in the stone fort of Tourelles; but the drawbridge was cracking under their feet enveloped in fire. Jeanne saw the fire and the peril, and had compassion on the brave, brutal Glasdale, who had threatened and insulted her. "Glasdale," she cried, "Glasdale! Yield thee, yield thee to the King of Heaven! You called me harlot, but I have great pity on your soul and the souls of your company!" In her pity and courtesy the Maid bade her insulter yield himself, not to her or to any knight, but to the King of Heaven. But the English, disputing every inch of ground, had scarcely reached the Tourelles when they found themselves assailed in a new quarter from the front, from Orleans! The impregnable fortress was thus assaulted on both sides; and the drawbridge giving way, the English company under Glasdale and Poyning fell into the stream. Armed *Cap-a-pie* as they were, the weight of their armour drew them down: steel, fire, water had conspired against them. Jeanne saw this last horror of the fight; she knelt, weeping and praying for the souls of her enemies and insulters. In that night of terror not one of the stout defenders of the Tourelles escaped, all were slain, drowned, or taken and held to ransom. The joy-bells of Orleans sounded across the dark Loire, lit with the red flames; the Maid had kept her word—Orleans was delivered, and the tide of English arms was rolled back. The victory, her companions in arms attest, was all her own. They had despaired, they were in retreat, when she, bitterly wounded as she was, recalled them to the charge. "Within less than a week of her first day under fire, the girl of seventeen had done what Wolfe did on the heights of Abraham, what Bruce did at Bannockburn, she had gained one of the "fifteen decisive battles of the world."

The news of "the right glorious Pucelle" spread far and wide. The general estimate was: "We piously believe her to be the Angel of the armies of the Lord." The Maid's plan was Orleans first, then Reims, then Paris. She had plenty of time for her task, if only the Dauphin could have been roused. He dawdled, first at Tours, then at Loches, and the early days of June had come before anything was attempted. "Noble Dauphin," she said, "hold not such long and wordy councils, but come at once to Reims and be worthily crowned." The English must be driven from their holds on the Loire, before the chicken-hearted Charles could be prevailed upon to proceed to Reims.

This Jeanne undertook in company with Duc d'Alencon. The details need not be recounted. It is enough to notice that besides driving the English northward, Jeanne effected a great moral revolution among the French armies. War had degenerated into "a sense of vulgar brawls." The only way to succeed in shaking off the English yoke was a combined effort, a union among the zealous nobles, concentration and resolute fighting. She soon showed the chivalry of France how she understood fighting. Her influence promoted union and concentration; she had and she exercised the great military gift of encouragement by leading, as Skobelev led, by her own dauntless example, by her undefeated tenacity. "She was much superior to the men of war in courage and good will," says M. France, and these qualities are of supreme value to a leader. Her skill is a marvel like that of the untutored Clive, but nobody knows the limits of the resources of nature. At Jargeau, a dispute arose among her men as to the possibility of storming the town. The Maid said, "success is certain. If I were not assured of this from God, I would rather herd sheep than put myself in so great jeopardy." Thus addressed, the army rode on. In the midst of the fight the Maid was climbing a scaling-ladder, standard in hand, when a stone crashed through the flag and struck her *chapelaine*, a light helmet with no visor. She was smitten to the earth, but sprang up crying. "Amis, Amis, Sus, Sus!" "On, friends, on! The Lord has judged the English. Have good heart! Within an hour we take them!" "In an instant the town was taken; the English fled to the bridges; over a thousand men were slain in the pursuit," says d'Alencon. After the surrender of Jargeau and some other places, the famous victory of Pathay left everything smooth for the French. Talbot of Shrewsbury was taken prisoner in this battle. "You did not expect this in the morning?" asked d'Alencon. "Fortune of war!" answered the brave Talbot. If from Pathay the Maid had marched straight on to Paris, it would have meant victory as far as one can judge: but it would have also meant disregard of the Dauphin, of his Council and his favourite La Tremoille. Moreover, the purpose of the Maid was fixed; she would first lead the Dauphin to his coronation, and then, at once, would march on Paris. But even after Pathay, the Dauphin lost a fortnight in starting for Reims. The powerful personality of Jeanne compelled the citizens of this historic city to open the gates to their rightful King, and but for her the Dauphin would have sneaked back to his old abode. Charles was crowned on July 17, on the day after his arrival. When the Dauphin had been crowned and consecrated, the Maid kneeling, embraced his knees weeping for joy, and saying these words, "Gentle King, now is accomplished the Will of God who decreed that I should raise the siege of Orleans and bring you to this city of Reims to receive your solemn sacring, thereby

showing that you are the true King, and that France should be yours." "And right great pity came upon all those who saw her, and many wept." *Nunc dimittis*! Great pity came upon all who saw her, and heard her simple words. She had, in less than three months, fulfilled the dream of her sacred childhood, she had accomplished the tasks which were all that she seriously professed to be in her mission. *Nunc dimittis*!

The shadow had already begun to go back on the dial. She was no more to be accepted and trusted—the politicians took the game in hand, and slow was the deliverance of France that the deliverer foretold and foresaw, but never saw. In less than three months after the Maid's coming, the cause of England had become all but desperate. The prestige of Charles was so enhanced that, despite his delays, the lameant recovered towns around Paris, and soon fully choked the life-breath of the capital. A curious little domestic incident occurred at Reims. The father of the Maid, Jacques d'Arc, came hither to see his daughter in her glory, and received a considerable present in money from the King. Jacques appears to have thought that he could get more enjoyment for his money in Reims, a town famous for its wines, than at home in Domremy. So he stayed on till September 18, taking his ease at an inn. The good town paid his bill and provided him with a horse for his journey back to Domremy. "One cannot but suspect that there were convivial elements in the character of this austere sire."

The shadow fell across the path of the Maid and her friends on the very day of the Coronation (July 17). It had been intended that the King should, on July 18, march against Paris. But on this very day of July 17 came to Reims an embassy from the Duke of Burgundy, professedly to negotiate peace. Long and wearying discourses were held, in which the French side was easily gulled. Jeanne smarted under this campaign of dupes and sometimes wished that God's will had set her free to return to her father and mother. Often she was weary, often in prayers and in tears.* But her tenacity was indomitable; her will was perhaps the greatest marvel among the many marvellous endowments of this girl of seventeen. The abjectly sluggish character of the King was at this time as far below as the energy of the Maid was above the ordinary level. After a good deal of dallying, on August 28, to conciliate the Duke of Burgundy, Charles recognised him as holding Paris against the Maid, while the Maid was allowed to attack Paris. Her victory in these circumstances would have been a miracle, and an event most untoward for her King, whose sole aim was to conciliate the Duke of Burgundy. Charles, therefore, prevented the accomplishment of the miracle. Among the many marvels of the year 1429, the diplomacy of Charles VII was, perhaps, the most marvellous. The

inner circle of the Council clearly thought that no sacrifice was too great to offer at the shrine of Burgundy, and they did offer the Maid and her prestige.

Only a show of an attack on Paris was made. No serious assault was intended by the leaders. Their plan was rather to injure Paris by a commotion within, than by armed assault. They simply looked on to see whether or not the Maid's demonstration would be backed by an Armaquac mob within the town. The day went by as at the Tourelles (Orleans), the Maid at the fosse, with her standard in the heat of the fire, calling the people to yield. Thereon a bowman, with the coarsest insults, aimed and sent an arrow through her leg, while with another he slew her standard-bearer. Though she was wounded and unable to move, yet only her voice pierced the night. Still she called out that the place was theirs for the winning. But the leaders had not her intentions, had not her tenacity. The retreat was hasty and disorderly; "and thus was broken the will of the Maid," says d'Alencon. With this retreat the victories of the Maid were almost ended. But the impetus which she had given to French energy, survived not only her victories but her life.

Meanwhile the King moved about from place to place, going everywhere except to the front. For this Autumn campaign the King raised a force which he would not pay or victual. Enthusiasm in the loyal provinces had been frittered away by the dawdling French diplomatists. As for Jeanne, to strike at Paris, to be in "France," the old Ile de France, was always her desire. She fully understood the necessity of weakening "the heart of the mystic body of the kingdom." Her military instinct was correct, but she was unsupported. Her allotted year, she knew, was almost ended, and now her Voices informed her, not of her death, but a myriad times worse, of capture; and the English had already threatened her that they would burn her to death if only they could lay their hands on her. Would not the bravest man, with the prospect of death by fire in case of his capture, would not Ney or Skobeleff, Wallace or Gordon have blenched? But the Maid rode on, first in the charge, last in the retreat. There is no other such tale in history. She was the bravest of the brave.

The Burgundian truce turned out to be a hoax, as Jeanne had rightly expected; and the French retiring before Anglo-Burgundian advances on the Loire, returned to Compiègne with an aim to fall on the rear of the Burgundians. On May 23, the Maid entered the town unopposed. This was her last day under arms. About five o'clock in the evening she, with some 400 to 500 men, ventured on a sortie, a sudden attack on a small outpost of the Burgundians; but she had

soon to retreat finding odds against her. All her men fled, except D'Aulon, her two brothers and two or three more, and they were all quickly surrounded by hostile forces, Burgundians, Picards, Englishmen. The Maid was dragged from her horse by an archer. Many a time she had implored her Saints that, when taken, she might meet instant death. Now, and it was like her, she tried to secure her death by refusing to surrender. But the Maid was too great a prize to be allowed to die. This was the glorious end of her glory in arms. She, with certain foreknowledge of her fate, had accepted her doom, being, like Bayard on a later day, a willing sacrifice for the people, whom she had led. She was the Flower of Chivalry, brave as d'Argentine at Bannockburn, but brave for a nobler end than the winning of deathless renown.

The soldiers, with shouts of joy, led the Maid to their quarters. The Duke of Burgundy, who had come up too late for the fighting, went to see her, and afterwards wrote jovous dispatches containing the glad news. The capture rejoiced the hearts of the false French, and of the Archbishop of Reims. The University of Paris, violently Burgundian, asked that she might be handed over to the Inquisitorial mercies and the "justice of the Church." The English had, from the first, proclaimed their intent on to burn Jeanne d'Arc alive, if they could catch her. But the first persons to take practical steps towards burning the Maid were the French doctors and priests, lights of the Gallican Church. The long period of her captivity was the greatest trial for her; therefore, after long argument with her Voices, which dissuaded her, she leaped from the tower of her confinement, and by some miracle broke no bones of her body. She was found insensible. In November she was brought to Rouen and placed in a dark cell, "fettered and in irons." Here she was guarded by the English soldiers of John Gray and William Falbot; and this daily and nightly companionship with English archers was the most hellish part of the infamous cruelty of the English. She often bitterly complained that her English companions used to bully and ill-treat her. Stafford drew his dagger to despatch her: she desired nothing more, but the astute Warwick stayed his hand. When an Earl thus forgot himself, we may imagine the ribaldry of her daily and nightly companions, "five English soldiers of the basest degree." People used to go to stare at her and banter her. Jeanne endured the irons, the chains, the hideous company of many men, because she refused to be on parole not to attempt an escape. This is one more example of her matchless courage and resolution. For five months she bore things intolerable rather than give her faith to any man, rather than abandon the chance of resuming her task. Great in everything as she was, we here see her at her greatest.

On January 3, 1431, the Maid was consigned to Cauchon, the Bishop of Beauvais as judge in her case. "It is our intention to repossess ourselves of her, if she be not convicted of her many crimes of High Treason to God," Henry VI is made to say. If not convicted, she could still be drowned by the English and on this understanding the Bishop of Beauvais conducted her trial. Though in the hands of the Church, she was still kept in the harshest military prison.

The mock judicial trial has been one of the most memorable ones in the history of the world. Nothing shook her strength and courage. Her genius rose to every occasion. One examiner asked her, if she had been present when English blood was shed. 'In God's name, yes! How mildly you talk! Why did they not leave France and go back to their own country?' Thereon a great English lord in a very English way cried "she is a brave girl! If only he were English!" The chivalry of England had made its nearest approach to appreciating the flower of Chivalry. When interrogated about the King's secret she refused to say anything and remained perfectly loyal to him though he had forsaken her. The Doctors of the Church finally asked her to submit to the Church militant (on Earth), but she preferred to submit herself to the Church Triumphant (in Heaven) and then a list of twelve frivolous Articles was made on which she was to be condemned, e.g. she would not renounce her belief that her Saints were good, she wore a male dress, and wearing it received the sacrament, she used the motto, Jesus Maria, she proclaimed herself a divine emissary etc. The puerile iniquity of the whole accusation is conspicuous.

Jeanne now fell dangerously ill. On April 18 Bishop Cauchon went to her cell with some of his detested company to try the effects of "a tender exhortation." She was asked to *abjure* i.e. express penitence for falsely forgiving the recitations of her Saints for making superstitious divinations etc. for in recently wearing man's dress contrary to the honour of her sex and after that to take an oath of obedience to the Church, and in return she would be given a mild imprisonment under the Church to work out her period of repentance. Whether Jeanne consciously and willingly repeated this tremendous catalogue of crimes, whereof she was innocent is not clearly recorded. She was told, "you must abjure at once, or be burned." If then she actually abjured, she perjured herself, and cannot be regarded as a person of "heroic" and saintly virtue. Says her biographer (Andrew Lang), '(considering her circumstances, her long sufferings, the mental confusion caused by the tumult, the promises of escape from the infamous company of base English grooms, and the terror of fire, I cannot regard her—even if she recited and set her mark to the long abjuration—as less 'heroic' than St. Peter was, when he thrice denied his Lord. It is cruel, it is inhuman,

to blame the girl for not soaring above the apostolic heroism of the fiery Galilean, for being at one brief moment less noble than herself." But as a matter of fact she did not abjure : at least so her judges believed. On May 28, 1429, the Maid in the presence of all declared, " If I were to say that God did not send me, I would condemn myself, for true it is that God sent me. My Voices have told me since that I greatly sinned in that deed, in confessing that I had done ill. What I said, I said in fear of fire." The first of the Apostles thrice denied his Lord, and that with no stake and fire before his eyes. Jesus Christ, after a life divinely supported, could say at the time of crucifixion, " My Father, My Father, why hast Thou forsaken me ; " and yet, though " forsaken " could go on to drink of that cup, obedient to that Will of His Father, and so did the Maid, " My Saints, why have you forsaken me ? " but nothing daunted she submitted to the Will of the Lord.

On May 30, the Maid was cited to appear at the Old Market to be handed over to secular justice. That morning she was told in her cell that death by fire awaited her. She is pitcously said to have exclaimed " Alas, will they treat me so horribly and cruelly, and *burn my body that never was corrupted ?* . . . Oh, I appeal before God, the great Judge, against these wrongs that they do me ! " To the Old Market, beside the Church of St. Savian, Jeanne was then taken. There were three scaffolds ; on one the Maid was exhibited, and preached at, as she had been preached at before ; on another the lay and clerical inagnates were assembled ; on the third was an elevated mass of plaster, above it were the faggots and the stake. A placard was exhibited here with the words : " Jeanne, self-styled the Maid, liar, mischief-maker, abuser of the people, diviner, superstitious, blasphemous of God, presumptuous, false to the faith of Christ, boaster, idolator, cruel, dissolute, an invoker of devils, apostate, schismatic, heretic." There were sixteen terms of reproach, and every one of them was the blackest of lies. A kind of paper mitre, as was customary, was set on her head, with the inscription " Heretic, Relapser, Apostate, Idolator." A sermon was then preached to which she listened patiently, her warfare being over. Cauchon read the sentence. " Then she invoked the blessed Trinity, the glorious Virgin Mary, and all the blessed Saints of Paradise. She begged right humbly also the forgiveness of all sorts and conditions of men ; asking for their prayers, forgiving them the evil that they had done her." The English grew impatient, and without any formal secular sentence, the Bailiff of Rouen waved his hand, saying, " Away with her."

She was led to the central scaffold. She climbed it as bravely as she had climbed the scaling-ladder at Orleans and Jargeau. She asked for a cross to gaze upon in her agonies. An Englishman made a little cross

of two pieces of a staff, and gave it to her. Devoutly she received it and kissed it, crying aloud on the Crucified : then she placed it in her bosom. She long embraced it, and held it while she was being chained to the stake. She was heard saying, "Ah Rouen, I fear greatly that thou may'st have to suffer for my death ! " " To the end she maintained that her Voices were from God, and all that she had done was by God's command : nor did she believe that her Voices deceived her." She may have seen her Saints even through the vapour of fire.

Last with a great voice she called "Jesus !" Her head drooped, and the Daughter of God went home to her Father's House. Her heart, *cor cordiam*, was unconsumed.

" That the world might have no relic of her, of whom the world was not worthy, the English threw her ashes into the Seine."

T. A. SHAHANI.

Lahore.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Life is growth, and growth cannot be without liberty. The child wants freedom no less than the grown up man, and the plant struggles for it as much as the human being. Liberty is a sweet word, and like all sweet things, liberty must be enjoyed in moderation : excess engenders pain. " Boys will be boys," says the kind-hearted parent ; yet he is sufficiently careful not to allow his children to play with fire. We are living in the days of bombs, and not merely of crackers and fireworks. Even before picric acid was known in India, administrators felt uncomfortable when students discussed racial politics, and racial politics is more intelligible to them than any other. Before the first signs of revolutionary movements showed themselves, students and teachers were advised to confine themselves to the atmosphere of pure study, and not seek the excitement and court the dangers of active politics. It is an old dispute ; if it ever was academic, it has latterly possessed intense practical interest. The father who has his son at college does not, as a rule, desire that he should be enticed away from his books by political meetings and other activities, which may interfere with success at examinations. But the publicist is more anxious that the torch of political advancement should be carried by young hands as well as old ; for it seems to be feared that the old hand will refuse to carry what in an earlier age it has not been trained to handle. In a country like America, where the government is vested in the people, and it becomes what the people make it, learned professors have advised university students that it is never too early to begin the study of politics, when they are able to understand them ; and an intellectual study cannot do much harm in India, if it is also intelligent and painstaking, though the

necessity therefor may not exist in this country for the reasons given in democratic States. But those who are responsible alike for the peace of the land and the educational advancement insist that the study must be of the class-room or the reading-room, and not of the workshop and the factory ; for in the neighbourhood of coal and furnace, there can be no contemplation and peace. And what about professors ? The pupil will follow the professor, and if the professor does not desist from active politics, the pupil will not see why a different rule should be made for him. So at any rate the Education Member of the Government of India seems to fear ; and when the Calcutta University made certain appointments of lecturers to advanced students, graduates and not undergraduates, the Governor-General in Council took exception to them, because it was said the lecturers had recently taken active part in political movements ; and he demanded that in future such appointments should not be made without his previous sanction. The Senate of the University has raised two questions and asked the Government to consider them—first, whether the Governor-General in Council has under the law the jurisdiction to interfere with the discretion of the Calcutta University, and whether it is not subject rather to the local Government ; and secondly, whether a distinction should not be made between innocent and objectionable politics, and if professors may be prohibited from taking part in any kind of activity, which may be described as political. The first question is entirely for the lawyers to decide, while the second is not technical ; but where is the line to be drawn between innocent and objectionable politics, and who is to draw it ? It may be doubted whether the Governor-General in Council would have expressed his dissatisfaction at the appointments merely on theoretical grounds, if in his opinion the politics with which the names of the lecturers were supposed to have been associated had been innocent ; and it may equally be doubted whether the University authorities would have made the appointments, if they had not taken a contrary view of their politics.

Quite a different kind of question, but one involving the liberty of the Press, was raised when a newspaper in Calcutta commented strongly, and in a series of articles, on the alleged methods of the police in a case still under magisterial investigation in the mofussil. The local Government moved the High Court to take notice of the criticism as contempt of court. It is a

weapon not often brought out of the armoury in England for the protection of the dignity of His Majesty's judges and those who appeal to them for justice. The articles complained that arrests and house-searches were being made on insufficient grounds, and that prisoners were being treated with unnecessary harshness, and the writer appealed to the Governor in Council to examine the evidence himself before sanctioning a prosecution and stop the alleged harassment by the police. Three learned judges of the High Court heard the motion and came to the conclusion that if the articles did constitute a contempt of the mofussil court, the High Court had no jurisdiction to punish it as such; and secondly, they did not constitute a contempt of the High Court, which might possibly have to hear the case in appeal. The mofussil courts have no power to punish a contempt of this sort, and it is quite possible that, as a result of the discussion, a new offence will be created or new powers will be given to the inferior courts to protect themselves and those who resort to the courts from adverse criticism, which may tend to lower the respect for the administration of justice, or influence the tribunal or the witnesses who appear before it. One of the judges has expressed the opinion that in no civilised country should a court of law be without the power of protecting itself and those who resort to it for justice. Another judge, however, seemed inclined to forgive critics in such cases. It is doubtful whether trained judges are swayed by newspaper articles, but juries may be influenced; and to the parties and witnesses, the police and the rest, criticism in newspapers, while an investigation or trial is pending, must be very annoying. If the police are charged with harsh and improper methods to secure a conviction, a jury may well receive the evidence for the prosecution with suspicion. The judges disapproved of the articles, as they were likely to embarrass the police, but they were not satisfied that the comments constituted the technical offence of contempt of court.



Strong protests have been addressed to the Government of India by political associations against the Indian and Immigration Act passed in South Africa. They the Empire. could not be stronger than the South African Government must have been led to expect. The Indians in South Africa apprehended that they would be obliged to renew

passive resistance, but as yet no news has been received in this country of the commencement of the campaign. The Act has been passed after long discussion and with full knowledge of the views of the Government and the educated classes of India. The only concession made to the Indians seems to have been the introduction of a provision that they may register their marriages in India to prove that they are not polygamous. The Government here may afford the necessary facilities to prove to the satisfaction of the authorities in South Africa that a person, who takes his wife there from this country has not married another wife, and the marriage is in conformity with the "principles of European civilisation." In other respects nothing appears to have been done to meet Indian objections. The Indians in Canada—mostly Sikhs—complain that the "continuous journey clause" has practically stopped further immigration, so that the men cannot get wives from India, and a deputation has been despatched to England and India to persuade the authorities in the two countries to intercede on their behalf, if possible. A public meeting at the instance of these delegates has already been held in England, and probably more will be held in this country. All that they ask at present is that shipping companies ought to issue tickets direct from India to Canada. It is not clear why such tickets are not issued, and why the Dominion Government insists that the voyage should not be broken. If the present mood of the Colonial Governments continues, the struggle of the Indians abroad may avail nothing. It is therefore asked by His Majesty's British Indian subjects, what is the meaning of "imperial citizenship," and what rights it conveys within the Empire. The fact is, it is a new phrase, borrowed from Roman history, and it has still to receive authoritative interpretation in the British Empire. That the connotation of imperial citizenship is still under discussion will be clear, from example, from Mr. Richard Jebb's recent book on "The Britannic Question," (Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.). He surveys the two alternatives—Imperial Federation, and Britannic Alliance, and considers what imperial citizenship would mean to India and other dependencies under each alternative. The discussion does not seem to be of any immediate consequence to India; Great Britain and the Colonies are now concerned with the question of imperial defence, and if the Unionists are returned to power, they may raise the question of preferential tariffs and

commercial protection. But in politics it is the boast of the Briton that he does not start with theories of constitution, but adapts the constitution of the realm from time to time to changing requirements. Mr. Jebb's presentation of the alternatives is clear and suggestive, and must stimulate thought wherever the imperial question is being discussed. If the present attitude of the Colonies towards Indians continues, the imperial organisation of the future may approach a Britannic Alliance, rather than an Imperial Federation; for India might be a dependency of Great Britain, and not Great Britain and the Colonies. It is doubtful whether Lord Morley contemplated that remote consummation, and much less a self-governing India in alliance with other parts of the Empire, when he enlarged our Legislative Councils and gave more powers to them. But under the alliance scheme, Mr. Jebb seems to be right when he says that it would give to the people of one country no right of entry to another country within the Empire. The ideal would be "not equality in rights of citizenship, but equality in rights of nation-States, the unit of the Empire being the nation-State rather than the citizen. This conception raises the question of the future of India more hopefully than does that of imperial uniformity of citizenship."



Some of the acts of heroism displayed at the siege of
Turkey and her Adrianople were pronounced to be unique
foes. in the military history of the world. The
collapse of Bulgaria in the hour of triumph
teaches a lesson, which is perhaps not less unique in
the political history of the world. A nation may truly
be said to exhibit its character more in the hour of
victory than in the field of battle. The excesses of the Bulgarian
soldiers alienated their own allies; indeed, they seem to know
only how to fight and to destroy and to give free rein to the
lower passions which are called forth when the blood is warmed.
If war is a blot on civilisation, the enormities committed during
the war in the Balkans may be said to constitute a disgrace to
civilisation. And Nemesis was quick in overtaking the guilty.
The strongest of the allies was so utterly demoralised that friends
turned into bitter enemies, and those who threatened to dictate
terms of peace at the capital of the Ottoman Empire are now threat-
ened with the prospect of being compelled to listen to terms of peace

in their own capital. More men have been lost in the internecine war between the "allies" than in their war with Turkey. Perhaps there is some justice in it ! The "allies" took advantage of Turkey's unpreparedness for war ; all is fair in love and war, and Turkey has taken possession of Adrianople when Bulgaria was not able to defend it. We are told that in the opinion of the Powers, this move amounts to an overt flouting of the treaty of London. Turkey is entitled to reply that Bulgaria flouted the treaty first, and retaliation became necessary. Bulgaria is prostrate and piteously sues for peace. She is attacked on all sides, and little sympathy seems to be shown to her. If the Powers backed up the victorious parties when Turkey could not resist, they are now called upon to consider why they should not back up Turkey in regaining the strategic positions, which are so essential to her for the defence of Constantinople itself. Well might the reoccupation of Adrianople have caused something akin to consternation in the capitals of Europe.



Whatever the final issue of the events in south-eastern Europe may be, the advance of Turkey into territory recently wrested from her will be felt by Moslems, at least temporarily, as a ray of sunshine shooting through the clouds, which have so long overhung the Ottoman Empire. Turkey, however, cannot entirely regain the position which she held before the war, much less can she recover what she lost in the war with Italy that preceded it. Then again, Persia is in a bed-ridden condition, and her condition causes so much anxiety. In these circumstances Pan-Islamism need not be actively preached to the Musalmans in any country ; the facts are so patent that they at once compel reflection, and thinking Muhammadans seem everywhere to feel that they can no longer afford to contemplate their past greatness and their present numbers, but must actively work for their salvation. That spirit was visible when funds were collected and a medical mission was sent to Turkey, during the war, and the same spirit of self-reliance and self-assertion has led the Moslem League to make common cause with the National Congress in many respects. At one time the Muhammadan Educational Conference was to Moslems what the National Congress was to the Hindus. They thought that education was their great need,

and not political privileges. They now feel that they have made a decent amount of educational progress, and they are steadily making more progress, and it is time to turn to higher ambitions and more advanced activities. At the last annual meeting of the League, a resolution was passed in favour of the separation of executive and judicial offices, and the Secretary has recently submitted to the Government of India a representation praying for an early initiation of that reform, which Sir Harvey Adamson almost "promised" to introduce, at least as an experiment in Bengal.

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MY THOUGHTS.

I think of thee at rosy morning's dawn,
I dream of thee, when all is hush'd and still,
The echo of thy voice, like music borne
O'er some calm lake, floats round me as it will.

All else is naught, and blotted from my sight,
Life is a void that lacketh shape or grace,
'Tis like a desert—lonely in the light,—
That would be peopled, with but one dear face.

I think, alas ! for thee all thoughts contend,
Pleasure is vain, but thou a vision blest,
O'er hill, and valley now my steps I wend,
Send me, dear love, forgetfulness and rest.

All is silent—distant seas withhold thee,
A stormy world between thy land and this,
In waves of ether let my soul enfold thee,
Thus we are one in peace, if not in bliss.

VIOLET DE MALORTIE,

Oxford.

THE INDIAN BEGGAR.

THE Indian beggar is the most interesting of world's ragged men. Of all the numerous progenies of poverty, he is the eldest born. Thus entitled to the benefit of the good law of *primo geniture*, he has inherited the vast estate of world's wretchedness. He is an eternal citizen in the kingdom of the Three Ladies of Sorrow. He is a melancholy landslip of humanity. Not even all the swallows could ever make a summer for him. Still for all these misfortunes, he can be a vivacious creature, keenly alive to the sensational properties of sunshine, to the gleam of a transferable silver coin. His versatility under adverse situations is simply admirable. His resources have always a classic greatness. His virtues are ever fugitive. Yet he is the last in the roll of sinners.

The recognised Indian beggar is always a valiant beggar. The truly disabled who have of necessity to beg for their existence are only a dying minority ill-equipped for the combat. The valiant beggar is the ornament to the profession, the aristocrat of the race. He lords it over his puny and crippled brethren. He has nothing but contempt for their obsequious methods. He is first and foremost a gentleman. He insists on an engaging, at any rate, an unmaimed personality as the criterion of fitness for any profession especially for begging, where people are apt to forget his presence. He has learnt from Carlyle the dignity of labour. Hence he is a hard fighter and sincerely believes in the battle of life, where laurels are not to be won with crutches or wooden legs or any such love of tomfoolery. He is more royal, outspoken and masculine in his several ways of begging. Every method has a history and peculiar features of considerable interest.

The Beggar with the Hat.—Human nature is human nature all the world over, though the glorified Mr. Rudyard Kipling may hold an opinion to the contrary. The beggar with the hat is the commonest figure in the East as well as the West. His is the most ancient and least expensive form of begging. He has numerous compeers and learned colleagues, who have made the profession a trifle congested and living a good deal precarious. His skill in begging is of a variedly interesting character. He has nothing to recommend him except his own fine physique. If it be a recommendation at all, a satirical recommendation indeed! A pertinacious humility and cunning cajoling are two of his traditional methods to enlist the sympathy of the reluctant householder. He trusts to his lungs to engage attention, and his voriferative power is at times indeed the envy and despair of orators. But a clever fellow systematises into harmony his incoherent appeals for charity into a prose-poem of tolerable music composed on the principle of a work-a-day metre. He is eloquently appreciative of the virtues of the passer-by and trusts for a pie or two on his reciprocal courtesy—nay even on his good-breeding. For sheer industry and patience even under distinctly discouraging circumstances, he is surely unmatched.

He is of an emaciated appearance. More often than not he lives on the verge of starvation. His cares by their very chronic character have almost passed off into a tranquil ease. He seldom turns out a rogue or a thief. He is generally a bachelor—after all, valiant beggars are some of the finest specimens of single-blessedness. He does the cooking himself and lives all alone under the shade of big Banian trees on the outskirts of the village. He has few relations to go back upon, and his birth is often obscure. Otherwise, he is an orphan—even from the cradle.

The Beggar with the Monkey and the Dog.—He is the most popular fellow. He is truly the demagogue of the polity of beggars. He is an expert at playing to the gallery. He tickles feelings and makes the best use of the human love of sensation. He knows the quarter to appeal to for a lucrative, at any rate, easy living. He enslaves children who go into ecstasies over his honoured arrival in a village, and fetch out their papas effectively by imitating the lion, or crying mellifluously like

a love-sick dove. He touches the pocket through children. Hence his method is the most infallible. He collects a crowd and delights the audience with his antics. He is generally a family man with wife—sometimes wives—and children. He weds any stray girl as fancy approves of or pleasure dictates. He dissolves the tie by the very simple method of desertion—on a dark night.

His two animals are the monkey and the dog. The former is well-dressed and adorned with tinsel. The latter is the horse of the former, as the monkey is a splendid equestrian. Little children cry out for joy when the dog and the monkey indulge in a homely fight at his bidding. The monkey mimics many domestic scenes and stages some impressive situations from Ramayana, such as crossing the Lanka.

Though the beggar with the monkey earns the most, he does not save much. He is an adept at kidnapping, and is up to any deed for money. Waylaying solitary men is his hobby and probably a recreation, too, whenever it is within his reach. He heaves only a sigh of relief when put in prison. The predatory and nomadic instincts are ever rampant wherever he may be, whether in a village or in a city. He is very fond of an exodus at least once in four years.

The Beggar with the Snake. He is an extremely grim fellow. His grimness is surpassed only by his industrious pertinacity. He is a "Kotava" by caste, and he announces his arrival at a house by a prolonged labial respiration bir, bir—r, the r recurring with infinite pathos and passion. He has a deep hoarse voice with a guttural emphasis in his address. He never goes out of a house empty-handed. Even a pie is welcome though not without a grunt. He never believes that the game is not worth the candle. His snake is a half-dead thing. He handles the slimy creature with perfect unconcern. Cobra is the variety generally exhibited. It dances to the music of his "*magadi*"—the snake-charmer's pipe. Even if married, he is an issueless fellow. People attribute this sterility to a curse of Adisesha—the Lord of Serpents—who has inflicted this punishment on all those who imprison or molest his most innocuous progenies in this world. Misery is truly writ large in the face of the beggar with the snake. He is grim and gruesome to look at. His wrinkles seem eternal. He knows not a day of joy. He does

not betray even the evanescent vivacity of his brethren when a pie is put in his hands. His is a life of perpetual gloom suggestive of mysterious wanderings in the night. He has dropped the pearl of his soul into a perennial stream of tears. Though he never suffers from actual starvation, his unhappiness is simply contagious and crushing. The iron has entered his soul, and it now gleams out of his eyes.

The Musical Mendicant.—Though it is music, it is not all sunshine for him. It is no life of milk and honey. His is perhaps the most cultured and refined life. He tunes his solitary string or parched vocal chord into a never-ending chorus of praise, but it is all a praise which pays ill the strenuous courtier. He walks his melancholy way like a petrified creature put in motion. Sometimes we come across exceptional vocal musicians of exquisite and penetrating power and tenderness. They still the ears with glorious cadences of heavenly beauty and compose the soul to a gracious slumber. But it is all an ill-rewarded music, which begins in rags but never ends in fine linen. Both sexes eke out an humble existence by this method, which has the only saving grace of being the most honourable. The writer of this paper remembers one moon-lit night when an ill-clad, emaciated boy of fifteen far from his home—a Keats, but a Keats with his Endymion wafted in the wind—filled the cool, silent air with music of entrancing beauty. Such a beggar is an asset to every nation, and India could ill-afford to ignore so precious a gem.

The Gypsy Beggar.—He is an erratic segment of a not altogether flawless circle. He is the prophet of the race, but little honoured in his own land. He is ever an unwelcome inter-loper in the hierarchy of beggars. His habits are exotic, his tastes alien, his talents and methods are voted altogether as dishonourable. His origin is obscure, and he is believed to be a happy ethnic landslide. Still, there is reason to suppose that he is of indigenous growth. Probably he is the fruition of the castaways of last generations. His history is what his memory could remember, his traditions what the exigencies of a nomadic life could permit. He lives in supreme self-contentment with little reverence for the past and much less for the present or the future.

The gypsy beggar is the lay extempore astrologer of Hindu

society. He believes more in his own cleverness than in the possibility of distant planets exerting any influence over human destinies. So, all his glib predictions are cunningly coined phrases of certain universal currency got out of a memory which is a rich store-house of such jewelled wampums. He is a very clever and amiable student of human nature, remarkable for his intuitive powers. He can feel your thought-pulses ten beats in advance. He is a keen observer of things. He is well-versed in all the weaknesses of human feeling. He is all sagacity when he is charting, in rotund phrases of mellow felicity, the immediate future of a "pumpkin-bellied" landlord, in whose house he has generously posted himself. He is a sweet talker, a consummate master of honeyed words, so long as there is a chance for alms. If he be repulsed, hard-fighter as he is, he reverses all his rosy predictions, and curses with all the solemnity of an injured sage, for which he is sometimes well-paid in ringing knocks and blows. Still, in adversity, the advertising energy of his little drum which beats the eternal "kudu, kudu," which means in Tamil "give, give," is immense. His resources bear almost a mark of great dexterity and talents. He plays also the role of a palmist, and makes innocent children victims to his quackery. But he knows and truly appreciates the knowledge that the primary value of palm is in its being a necessary and useful adjunct to the ~~the~~ mouth. He approximates best to the chameleon in his professional habits and tricks, in the variable versatility of his begging talents.

The Beggar with the Bull. -He is very nearly a cousin of the gypsy beggar but more royal in his methods of begging. His bull lends him an air of dignity. He has a keen partiality for old clothes. Rags have almost received a touch of divinity at his hands. But there is surely a motive behind. Rags are of greater value than anything he could hope to get as alms in silver or copper or paddy. The bull is trained to do tricks to the accompaniment of a jarring frictional note on a drum of fair size. The bull is decked in many colours, and it struts about evidently in conscious admiration of its own 'facile greatness'. Its intelligence and training are generally very much appreciated. The bull can salute and say "good morning" with faultless phonetic accuracy, phonetics as understood best in

the realm of cattle—a grunt which means many things. Of a considerable number of questions, it can single out easily, “Do you want old clothes?” and give a hilarious reply in the affirmative. With its nod of assent so gracious and so gentle is truly associated the Hindu idea of benevolence and kindness. The beggar with the bull is a trifle precarious in his habits. He is fond of liquor. He would pledge his soul to Satan for a draught of this celestial liquid. He plies the needle—he is an expert sewing-machine better than Singer’s—mends the rags and converts them into coin, which purchases for him toddy or arrack—the nectar of his life. He is also of wandering habits and constantly changes the theatre of his predatory activity to fresh playgrounds.

Six classes of valiant beggars have been described in the foregoing pages. The paper is by no means exhaustive, though it may claim to be fairly comprehensive. The history of valiant begging dates with the very origin of society. Unless we are much mistaken, the primary occupation of Adam and Eve, as soon as they were expelled from Eden, was a very vigorous form of valiant begging. Though its ethics may chagrin chicken-hearted economists, valiant begging is the very fountain-head of all our manly virtues. It thaws the heart and sets free the genial current of the soul.

Begging, as a profession, has a great educative value even in the objective sense. It is a stimulus to the heart, it is a tonic to weak emotions. It nurtures generous impulses. It is the custodian of kind and gentle thoughts. It humanises man. It is the whetstone of human heart and its touchstone as well. Our feelings would lose all their elasticity and graciousness if they were not ever kept awake by the artillery of eloquent appeals. If valiant begging disappear from our society, a picturesque side of human nature would be blotted out by unkind hands, and a poetic pendant of society chopped off by the prurient prose of economic pedantry.

We firmly believe that the liberated souls of the great apostles of Love all over the world have incarnated in daily life as valiant beggars. This may be a far-fetched idea. But still the possibility is not altogether improbable. For, where is the teacher who is not anxious to test the effect of his lessons?

In India valiant begging has ever been a tender plant nurtured with great and loving care. The stream of charity has

ever strengthened its roots. The six classes are its six fragrant blossoms. Just now the plant is running its period of delightful maturity. We are sure that posterity would take as much toil to nurture this tender plant and shield it from foul weather—the murderous attacks of dull, prosy, social legislators.

K. SIDHANATHA VENKATARAMANI.

Madras.

TO-MORROW.

Ah ! forget ; let us sail to the dreamland of Morrow,
The bourne of hope in the beams of the Sun ;
Let us leave in the East the old mountain of sorrow,
The night is all buried, the morning begun.

Come with me
To the sea
Of the future, Ah ! fly—
Be our quest
To the West
Where our dreams never die.

My comrade shall smile on each wavelet bridal,
Shall sigh with the zephyr in love with the foam—
Her rapturous whispering breathing an idyll
Of youth's flowing moment, when life was a poem.

Come with me
To the sea
Of the future, Ah ! fly—
Be our quest
To the West
Where our dreams never die.

R. ERNEST WOLFE.

INDIAN ANARCHISM.

THE average Anglo-Saxon is a confirmed opportunist, preferring to deal with circumstances as they may occur. Ignorance of history blinds him to the fact that all catastrophes are preceded by an endless chain of cause and effect; lack of imagination forbids him to forecast or provide for the future. Hence the full significance of the dastardly outrage at Delhi is not understood in England or America. The bomb which fell in Chandni Chowk is generally assumed to have been hurled by an irresponsible fanatic; but synchronous events prove that his action was the result of a wide-spread conspiracy against British rule. Two hours before the murderous attempt was made, the principal telegraph offices between Madras and Karachi were besieged by enquirers eager to learn whether news of an "accident" had come from Delhi. It is, therefore, certain that thousands of Indians, scattered over an area of 1,773,000 square miles, were cognisant of a plot to destroy Lord Hardinge. Is it not, then, amazing that no informer should have presented himself to claim rewards offered for delation amounting to nearly three lakhs of rupees? We admire the fidelity of those poor Highlanders who scorned the £30,000 blood-money, which they might have earned by betraying the hiding-places of Prince Charles Edward after Culloden. When we consider the destitution in which the middle classes throughout India are plunged, and the enormous value they attach to money, we must admit that wirepullers in the nefarious project have a degree of occult authority outweighing the temptation of wealth beyond the dreams of Indian avarice. It is no less remarkable that the police should have failed to secure any clue to the mystery. They arrested a man who had enquired

thrice for news at the local telegraph office, but released him in the absence of further proof of his complicity.

Admitting that an embryonic reign of terror exists throughout the Indian peninsula, the question arises :—What factors have conspired to bring it into being ? If history were not a sealed book for the politician, he would be aware that constructive periods alternate with periods of dissolution. A mass of tradition, belief, opinion, prejudice—call it what you will—gradually takes root in a community, producing organized systems of religion and government. But they carry in their bosom the seeds of a new crop of ideas, which are disseminated by solitary thinkers, slowly absorbed by the bovine multitude, and bear fruit in a revolution. Such was the French and Italian Renaissance which began during the fifteenth century. The intellectual forces thus let loose culminated in the British Reformation, and with it came a constitution in Church and State, which has weathered the storms of 350 years. The civilized world has now entered on another cataclysmic era. Every belief cherished during the nineteenth century is in the melting-pot. Society has lost its directing principles, and classes which had been the bulwarks display an ominous contempt for constituted authority. The syndicalist movement, which is rapidly spreading among wage-earners and militant Feminism, are equally manifestations of an all-pervading lawlessness. They aim at securing advantages for a specific section of the community at the expense of other sections and by illicit means. "Direct action" enabled the French General Confederation of Labour to hound the Senate into abolishing private registration offices ; it is employed by strikers who throw our entire economic mechanism out of gear ; it is the weapon used in the civil war declared by militant "Suffragettes." Religion, literature, art, and science display the self-same trend. It is the individual's protest against fetters laid by authority on his intellect and, kept within reasonable bounds, it undoubtedly makes for progress. This cannot be said of class-selfishness, which aims at material betterment ; because the sense of responsibility grows weaker when it is shared with a multitude of others pursuing the self-same end.

Anarchism assumes Protean forms, and defies analysis. There are metaphysical anarchists, who draw exhaustive

inspiration from J. J. Rousseau's epoch-making but utterly fallacious dictum, "Man is born good ; civilization has corrupted him." Then we have doctrinaires, who aspire to be men of action but are not men of the world. Arguing subjectively, they credit the average human being, enslaved by his animal instincts, with a degree of selflessness which comes only after a long course of intensive self-culture. There are syndicalists, who translate philosophic dreams into the economic sphere. Lastly, anarchism has a criminal following, which clings to it like the fiery skirt of Nessus, ever ready to make honest dupes subserve selfish ends. Its gospel is one of class-hatred : its weapon the revolver, bomb and assassin's knife.

When a community is infected by subversive doctrines, they indicate the existence of deeply-seated social disease. How does a physician act in the course of clinical practice ? He studies symptoms in order to detect the cause of his patient's morbid condition ; in a word, he diagnoses the case. His next step is to apply remedies calculated to counteract the mischief which may come to light. A genuine statesman is for the body politic, all that a physician is for the sick man. He asks himself : " What conditions have conspired to produce anarchism ? " and " What means should I take to extirpate it ? " It needs but a superficial acquaintance with twentieth-century civilization to suggest a reply to the first question. Every man capable of thinking for himself knows that the world's political and economic machinery is out of date and out of joint. Humanitarians deplore the contrast presented everywhere between insolent wealth and slavish destitution. They compare the world to an arena, within which wage-earners pursue a fierce struggle for life, while landlords and money-capitalists hold the gate and levy a heavy toll for entrance. They believe the motor-car to be a social dissolvent as powerful as was the abuse of sporting rights by the French nobility before 1789. Syndicalists are in overt rebellion against the tyranny of organised capital ; feminists make war on society in order to win the rights of citizenship for their sex. The fount and origin of anarchism leaps to the eye—it is artificial restrictions placed by class-made laws on opportunity, which generate a rankling sense of injustice in millions of human beings denied a place in the sunshine. It follows that remedies must be sought in national education.

calculated to breed citizens ; free access to land and capital for its efficient products, and equitable laws to regulate the distribution of wealth. That nation, said Ruskin, is the richest, which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings.

Indian anarchism cannot be treated as a thing apart from forces, which are shaking the inhabited world ; nor can it be extirpated by repressive measures, however severe. The vernacular Press, aided by our admirable postal and telegraphic systems, keeps malcontents in touch with the militant anarchism of Europe and America. We have provided Indians with a *lingua franca* in English, which has become a second mother-tongue for the " instructed " but uneducated masses. We have, in short, called an inchoate nation into being, which has acquired consciousness and longs to guide its own destinies. Now what does statecraft dictate in the face of this tremendous movement ? Self-preservation is, of course, the first duty of a ruling power. Emile Ollivier begins the last volume of his *Empire Libéral* with some pregnant remarks :—" The study of facts in history convinces me that no Government has ever yet been annihilated by external foes. They, indeed, help to sustain the edifice, like the flying buttresses of a Gothic cathedral. There is only one kind of death for a Government—suicide." Imbert de St. Amand has given the same thought in epigrammatic form :—" Governments perish because, having the force of right, they hesitate to use the right of force." The law of conspiracy has already been amended, and a measure is on the legislative anvil for lessening the intolerable procrastination of criminal procedure. The police administration, especially in its detective branch, will be reformed. Greater vigilance is exercised in the postal service with Europe and America ; Indian telegraph offices are now forbidden to transmit unauthorised despatches. But no statesman worthy of the name will rest satisfied with palliative steps. We must realise that the volcanic conditions prevalent in India are due partly to defects in our system of government, and, partly to those of the Indian character.

First and foremost is the mistake of confounding education with instruction. The one is a process capable of fitting every

child to perform the duties of citizenship, the other mere "cram" which often weakens the growing brain, and bears no relation to the exigencies of active life. Our Universities and Colleges turn out at least ten times as many graduates as India can absorb; while their degrees, from the matriculation certificate to the lordly M.A., are sought as passports to success in the matrimonial market. Thus thousands of young men are yearly cast loose on society saturated with literary "knowledge," but unable to earn their daily bread. Technical education hardly exists, and little or nothing has been done to evoke the æsthetic instinct, which is latent in every Aryan race. Owing to our neglect of arts and crafts the masses depend on agriculture, which is pursued by archaic and inefficient methods. So we find India exchanging raw materials and grain, which are sorely needed at home, for commodities which might and should be produced within the empire. For example, she exported in 1911-12 £19,626,000 worth of raw cotton, which came back to her in the shape of piece-goods and yarn manufactured in Lancashire to the tune of £33,000,000.

Again, the Government of India, and the army which must be kept up to support its authority, are enormously expensive. In 1911-12 civil and military administration cost more than \$105,000,000 a-piece: the "Home Charges," i.e., sums remitted to cover liabilities in England, amounted to \$93,000,000.

With the exception of anarchists, who are as yet an infinitesimal fraction of the population, "instructed" Indians are aware that the empire is far better governed than it would be under any native régime. But then, as Bernard Shaw writes in "John Bull's Other Island," it is useless telling a man, "Your teeth and eyes are defective; let me supply you with artificial ones." In nine cases out of ten he would reply, "Thank you, but I prefer my own." This attitude is intensely human. What would the average Englishman think if he found his tight little island governed by 70,000 Germans? He might grudgingly admit that their administration was a nearer approach to science than the indigenous article had been. But he would cordially detest the invaders, and seize the first opportunity of shaking off their yoke. So Indian anarchists are justified, from their own purblind point of view, in deeming the British Raj an obstacle in the path of national progress to be removed by

dynamite. It cannot be denied that we are encamped in the distant peninsula like our predecessors the Mughals. Nature forbids the Anglo-Indian to colonize it, or to take root within its boundaries ; there is no precedent of a purely white family maintaining an Indian domicile for three generations. His eyes are ever turned towards Europe, which the revolution in means of transport has brought to his very door. He is permeated with pride of colour, and often swayed by the commercial instinct, which uses fellow-creatures for personal gain. Materialism, with its low ideals, and mammon-worship are glaring enough in Europe. They repel the spiritual element in the Hindu character, which is inculcated by a profound philosophy, and kept alive by study of the *Shastras*, or sacred writings. Men whose ideals are self-renunciation and self-sacrifice see Europeans intent only on piling up fortunes to be enjoyed "at home." They see institutions such as the Asiatic Society in a moribund condition, and an ever-increasing gulf between the intellectual sections of either community

But the people of India are in part responsible for this fearful social disease. If Anglo-Indians are constituted as a caste, and consider colour to be a crime, their own social hierarchy is far more exclusive. Hereditary priests and warriors, who claim a divine descent and regard sixty millions of their fellow creatures as "untouchable," cannot reasonably complain of similar prejudices on the part of Europeans. Moreover, millions of Hindus born at the foot of the social ladder have acquired wealth by foreign trade, and a degree of instruction which has raised them to the level of the "twice-born." The resulting discontent is played upon by the Brahmins of Bengal and Maharashtra, who dream of restoring the theocracy destroyed by *Mlecchas*, or intruders outside the caste system. The seclusion and degradation in which women are kept render them an easy prey to the wiles of these subtle priests. If Indian wives and mothers are ranged against the British Raj, their teaching can hardly fail to influence the rising generation adversely.

The masses cling stubbornly to ancient ways, spending their substance on costly ceremonies, and maintaining a horde of 6,000,000 religious mendicants. The majority are in the hands of money-lenders, whose grip is strengthened by our courts

of law : who fatten on their labour, and keep them in abject destitution. Yet superstition teaches them to multiply in a ratio which has outstripped the means of subsistence. The steady rise in the price of necessities, which has been so marked during the last decade, is due to an increasing pressure of population on the soil which, again, yields less than a quarter of what it might produce under scientific methods. Lastly, the low standard of public health is an important factor producing anarchism. The persecution of witches during the Middle Ages, which sent so many millions to an agonizing death, the dancing mania, and many other vagaries of the popular mind, are attributable to the utter absence of sanitation. We see the self-same cause at work throughout India. Malaria, bred by lack of subsoil drainage, accounts for the neurotic tendency displayed in Bengal. Our most advanced province is a hotbed of anarchism, and five-sixths of the population suffer from chronic ill-health.

Such are the salient sources of a deadly social disease. I venture to hope that my attempt to trace them may furnish hints to statesmen, who are responsible for the well-being of 245,000,000 fellow-citizens.

ROMESH CHUNDER DUTT: A STUDY.

MORE than a year ago was published the "Life and Work of Romesh Chunder Dutt," by one who loved him well, his own son-in-law. It reminds us of another labour of love performed under similar circumstances seventy years ago, *viz.*, Lockhart's "Life of Scott." And who would seriously deny Dutt was the Scott of India? I shall not attempt to substantiate the claim in every title, but on one point at least we should all agree. Dutt in his lifetime occupied as exalted a position amongst us as he of Abbotsford among the Britons; and now that he has passed away, his memory remains to us a guide and a source of inspiration.

The life of a famous man like Dutt would in any country be considered a national asset; more so, then, in Young India, one of whose noblest sons he was. It is only natural in such a case that his own and succeeding generations should try with pious zeal to gather what his life-stream has left in its bed. Great actions pregnant with future consequences are not for every man to perform, yet in his limited sphere he did what he could for Bengal and Baroda, to which latter, indeed, he gave the last years of his life. But ideas are more powerful than tangible action, and longer-lived in their abstraction than when clothed and visualised in material form. And ideas, has he not left enough to us?

The life-work of Dutt, spent amidst such vicissitudes as fall to the lot of few of our great men, reads us many lessons. But there is one which to me seems greater than all the rest, one which Dutt himself preferred to the rest—the nobility of home-life. In this paper I shall mainly confine myself to it.

"Nature," says his biographer, "had designed Romesh Chunder Dutt to be an ideal father of a home, and his life in

his own family circle perhaps absorbed more of the real man than he was able to give even to his ambition of becoming an ideal citizen of the State." Let it not be thought even for a moment that any reproach attaches to the secondary rank assigned to ideal citizenship. On the contrary, it is the greatest lesson that Dutt has taught us, "an ideal father of a home." Of how many of our leaders, not to say of ourselves, can this be said? If the life of Romesh Chunder Dutt conveys any reproach to us, it is that we starve one side and an important side of our being for the sake of another, heart for the head, noble emotions for the intellect. Are we not all positivists, comtists, and do we not hold that the world is moved by emotion more than by intellect? Yet it remains uncontroverted that true home-life is rarely realised in India.

"His home was a perfect temple of freedom, where reigned sweetness, refinement and love. There were no false notes, no exaggerated sense of decorum or undignified familiarity." Again, "the particular charm of his social nature was unquestionably his geniality. His bright playfulness, the faculty of enjoying the brightness and sweetness of life, and infusing in others the same joyousness of spirit."

Here is something to make us pause and think. Should it after all be our ambition to place the more materialistic motives of life in the vanguard as we march to the fight, and be soiled more and more with the mire, in which we move about? I deliberately say "in the vanguard," for that is the tendency at present, and a tendency tacitly condemned by Dutt in the life he lived. What is all our struggle worth, if ultimately we cannot beautify our own temple at home? Prof. Har Dyal would have us move further and still further onwards, and not stagnate in the closed waters of contemplation. Let us by all means do it, but let us not in the press and hurry of the fierce struggle starve the nobler side of our existence. What is a man if not home-made, his ideas and his mental being moulded by the spirit that pervades his home life? Even granting the necessity of Prof. Har Dyal's demands, would we not be satisfying them fully by devoting more attention than at present we do to our homes, to our sisters and brothers, to educate them, to refine them? For, are they not the future citizens and the parents of future citizens? And by the law of heredity, would not the love

and care spent in adorning our homes act directly for the future prosperity of our Motherland ?

Leave the Upanishads and the musty philosophy and come out into the full blaze of Western civilization, says Prof. Har Dyal. More inspiring words were rarely written. But let us also remember there is a small voice crying within us. Empires are not built, still less nations, upon money-bags. Mammon is the last being to whom one would dedicate the "foyer domestique."

How to effect this great change is not for me to say. Even the why of it is difficult to explain. But I believe we are only paying for the cumulative force of past history ; paying for what our grandfathers did. They were priest-ridden (we are still so to a lesser extent), they sent their daughters to the fire-side, to cook, to draw water, and to scour the floor. Above all, they desired them to become mothers of large families, which they were unable to govern because they were ignorant. And their boys, well, we are their descendants with some education, well, ill or indifferently imparted and imbibed and paying for the sins of our fathers. Our homes dull and intellectually dead ; with no sympathy for whom we consider our inferiors and, if the truth be told, too craven to do our duty by them, to educate and uplift them. That is the why of it, why we frequent clubs and prefer the company of books and dabbling in politics to the society of our ladies. We are forced to employ ourselves outside. Our attraction for politics and excitement is not inbred in us, is not the logical result of our education ; it is forced upon us by the exigencies of the moment. What a pity that this should be so in India !

It is high time for us, the present generation, to be up and astir. If we are craven any longer, we shall be responsible for the sufferings of the countless generations to be. And in my opinion there is nothing so bracing to our spirit, so welcome and encouraging, as to read about the great son of India, who was "an ideal father of a home."

It is a very minor point and yet worth telling, that Dutt's biographer did not think it necessary to devote a separate book to this aspect of Dutt's life, but dismissed it in a solitary chapter thrown in at the very end of Book I. And yet it is the most precious part of the whole volume ; and we would fain have more

of the real man, the friend and father of his children, the devoted brother and one capable of feeling extraordinary affection for his friends. Dutt the statesman, politician, man of letters, is well known to us even without the book. If we may sum up his public life in a few words, we may say this : He was one of those who *make* history, *not* who *write* it.

Of Dutt as a father, one cannot write too much. He describes himself in a letter written to his prospective son-in-law and future biographer on the eve of his marriage with his fourth daughter, the date is 10th February, 1894 :—" I have more than my share--all my daughters are true friends of mine, my very images in feelings, sentiments, in their thought and in their heart. No man in the world is more blest in gentle and loving children than I am. I am proud of their goodness and love, I have dedicated my best works to them."

A perusal of the deplorably few letters published by the biographer clearly bring out all the lovable nature of the man. He is more than the loving father, taking a deep interest in the welfare of his children, writing to them regularly, giving them advice, exchanging with them poems, but also a friend treating them as equals. He discusses all the domestic affairs with them, from the marriage of a younger daughter or granddaughter to the decoration of the house and the games he played with the children. Nothing is considered trivial. Then, again, how frankly he speaks of his literary labours. His references to them read more like a loud aside than deliberate writing. He is equally open to his sons-in-law. I have already quoted from the letter to the biographer. To his second daughter he writes, " Tell Boli Narayan (the husband) there is no peace in life without some competence,—as we have found to our cost."

Dutt loved nothing better than to be with his children. During part of every year, they were all together, coming from the north, east, south and west ; and the father's heart overflowed with joy. Here is a letter written to his fourth daughter after her marriage with Mr. J. N. Gupta, M.A., I.C.S., the biographer—" I arrived here last night expecting to see you and Ganen in my house for the Xmas festivals. How bitterly I was disappointed not to find you, specially as I had made my boatman pull twelve hours in the hope of arriving in time to see

you I have a lot of things to tell you. Hurry on, start at once. I expect you to-day."

When he was in Baroda, he gathered round himself in his happy home friends of different communities, men as well as ladies, for "that was his constant aim," writes Mrs. Mehta; "with a child, he used to play like a child. The Garba parties and the musical evenings were very pleasant too. He always made us sing, "Bharatar Jay"; and he himself would always join in the chorus. Oh, the trouble he took to teach my husband to learn those few lines of the chorus! He would never miss a single social entertainment in spite of all the work he had to do at the office." Two of them he looked upon as grand-daughters, Mrs. Mehta and Miss Tyabji. How well his love was returned might be seen from a few extracts from their letters to him and one another. Mrs. Mehta, writing to Mrs. Bose, says "Oh, it makes me so sad to think of the happy days, for those days can never come back because the main link is broken. But I am sure there is one consolation. He has left us a legacy. It is the nobility of his character that we would never forget. Let us for ever remain as sisters." In 1905, he himself wrote to his grand-daughter — "My life has been full of such sudden changes from hard solitary toil to the joys of a dear loving home such as few mortals on earth are so proud of as I am; and then from a sweet home and a troop of loving children back to solitary work again. I must say I appreciate this change, and can sing with Byron's "Corsair".

"From toil to rest, and joy in every change."

There is an aroma about these letters, which comes of the genuine feelings that prompted them. At places they are so overlaid with a sad melancholy that it seems profane to disturb them.

It may now be asked if Romesh Chunder Dutt had any message for us. Yes, and it was, to quote from a poem he wrote on the birth of his fourth daughter

"Noblest human bliss is Love." α α

If space permitted, I would have said something of his noble, sacred and life-long love for that comrade of his youth, Mr. B. L. Gupta. It does one's heart good to read of that romantic

story. To him, Dutt addressed the following lines with which I shall conclude :—

“ Life is sweeter, life is dearer,
When true friendship links us nearer
Heart to heart, and hand to hand
As in youth, in age we stand.”

S. RANGANATH.

Madras.

HELPERS.

LIVES in unison with ours support us ; but lives at variance with ours teach us.

The clashing of opposing characters emits a spark.

A man is undone by his triumphs, and made by his defeats.

Encouragement urges a man a step higher ; but discouragement thrusts him to the skies.

Pain is a pause in life that asks a man what he is seeking, and why he is seeking it.

It is the downtrodden who help ; the stricken who heal wounds ; and the poor who give.

Gratitude rewards a man's charity ; but ingratitude magnifies it.

Immorality is a stern breeder of morality ; and dishonour is the foster-nurse of honour.

Religion and poetry are divine insanities, yet they preserve the balance of mankind.

Distress is the grit necessary for the formation of the desirable pearl of happiness ; yet men continue to look enviously at the pearl, while fearing the grit and avoiding the difficulty of overlaying it with patience.

Man is not the outcome of his circumstances, but of his conflicts with them ; yet he thanks life for her smiles and neglects to thank her for her rebuffs.

ELIZABETH GIBSON CHEYNE

Oxford.

THE TEMPLE OF DEVI.

Die Zeiten Der Vergangenheit.
Sind uns ein Buch mit sieben Siegeln.
Goethe-Faust.

A TALE OF INDIAN FOLK-LORE, OR OF HOW THE GODS
ONCE INTERFERED AND ABOLISHED A TAX.

Whoe'er has chanced to travel down,
Where Cauvery flows, and where the town
Of old Malamnai sometime stood,
Now covered o'er with heath and wood,
And, with the true old antique itch,
Explores each temple, grove, and ditch,—
The palms and temples of the south,—
And hears folk-lore from mouth to mouth,
Must sure have heard this story spake,
About a temple and a lake.

There stood a city in the prime,
Dim backward and abysm of time,
Beside a lake, whose waters clear,
Did lave the prince's palace near,
And mirrored in its rippling wave,
Each turret high and architrave,
And murmured music as they kissed
A little island in the midst.
Some said the lake was but the mouth
Of an old volcano long gone out ;
But others said the central fire
Can ne'er be quenched or e'er expire.
And then, to make their story good,
They said, 'twas writ before the flood,
How once when fire and lava came,

Loud bursting forth with smoke and flame,
A Yogi, with his magic wand,
Called forth the moon, and made it stand,
And how a mount, with thundering boom,
Dropped hither from the obcisan moon,
And stopped the crater like a plug,
And hundred fathom inward dug,
And what they called the island now,
Was nought but that moon-mountain's brow.
But whether this be true or nay,
Geologists may better say,
For they can many a wonder tell
By poring o'er a scurvy shell,
Or fossil leaf embedded thick
In coal mine, or a sandy brick,
Or tadpole mummied, or a frog
Dug up from some waste noisome bog,
Or curious flint, or arrow head
Fished up from ocean's oozy bed--
As pebbles found on hill or breere
Tell that the ocean once was there
Columbus, from a rotten twig,
Argued the earth was twice as big,
And round, which others said was flat,
And that he knew what he was at --
The sequel proved that they had lied,
When he sailed safe to th' other side
So Tyndal said the parallel roads
Of old Glen Roy were but the abodes,
Where ancient glaciers rubbed away,
And made this natural king's highway--
All safe and grounded inferences,
Barred by inductive gates and fences,
And good as proved, or almost all,
By method hypothetical.
And Malebrauche has said that truth
Is nothing, all is the pursuit,
And Bacon that a little mixture
Of a lie doth make a better picture,
Still there is never limit set

EAST & WEST

To human or inhuman wit,
And when a sophist seeks to prove
A pet idea he's learnt to love,
Then all creation moves so pat
With that one notion he is at,
Not logic, not cold reason's grip,
Nor e'en the pedagogic whip,
Shall ever hunt his system out,
Which with such pangs he brought about
He'll soar as in an airy skiff,
Or mounted on a hippogriff.
Now, on that island long ago,
They built a fane of stately show,
To Devi was the temple built,
A door-plate had her name in gilt,—
At first to soothe the nether fires,
And then for all the soul requires,
For when a myth is lost in age,
It trails a wondrous equipage,
Still grows by mere efflux of time,
At length it bursts its natal prime,
Then comes the poet with his pen,
And wonders works with wondering men,
And then the *guru* will unravel
From every word a dark parable,
And relics next are sought and found,
From over and from underground,
It matters not of wood or stone,
An old tooth or a marrow-bone,
A stick, a feather, or a shell
Answers the purpose just as well,
Or scare-crow made of clips and cuts,
Or scarab from a mummy's guts,
An old brick, or a fossilled bark
Scratched o'er with hieroglyphic dark ;
Till last the scientist doth come,
And fling it in a lumber room.
There for a long age shall it lie,
Till some old antiquarian's eye,
To whom—no matter what or which—

THE TEMPLE OF DEVI

Suffice 'tis old, all things are rich,
Brings it to light of day once more,
With hard words—esoteric lore—
And then 'tis fixed with props and stays,
And lo ! some hero's crowned with bays.
And what is truth said jesting Pilate,
And would not stay—till it was too late.
Where, where --the honest mind intent
To find the truth of what is meant—
O where is truth ? it vainly asks,
Where ends the face, where start the masks ?
And for his pains is sceptic dubbed,
By all the goody-good is snubbed.
Sure in this vortex there must be
Some grain of truth, though sophistry
Has hid her in so hard a shell,
And driven her to her ancient well.
Ah ! Coleridge, thou alone of men,
The sage, the priest—a denizen
Of the empyrean—thou hast said,
By wisdom and deep insight led,
“ Life is a vision shadowy of truth ”
'Tis all we know of what is worth.
Now in this city by the lake,
There ruled a king of handsome make,
His queen was chiselled fair and sweet,
But cunning Nature's highest feat
Was moulded in the form and face
Of their own daughter—who shall trace
With pencil, or from marble chip
So fine an eye, so sweet a lip ?
And words and letters are a mock,
Rude implements for such a work ;
And Nature, jealous of her charge,
Seemed to have ta'en her o'er at large,
And with simplicity endowed
Her infancy and maidenhood.
No gorgeous trappings did bedeck
Her faultless limbs and swanlike neck—

A silken sari Seeti wore,
And nothing less, and nothing more ;
And lightly she would trip alone,
With naked feet or sandal shoon ;
Her chief delight it was to pray
To Devi with the morn's first ray,
But first in twilight she would take
A dip within the limpid lake—
A Naiad in her under-dress,
Mid lotuses and water cress,
A Trilby in simplicity,
She stood in chaste virginity—
But never any dared to gaze
With ruffian passion in her face ;
Such prurient eye like his had died,
Who saw Godiva naked ride—
By magic rays from beauty chaste,
Old Faunus dies, and Satyrs waste,
But should one ray of earthly dye
Shoot forth from that same beauteous eye,
It summons grosser sprites from hell,
Than all the other rays can quell.
So light and airy was her tread,
Light as a sylph with wings outspread
She tripped it o'er the lotus leaves,
That trembled with the rippling waves,
And every morning thus did go
To that same fane of stately show,
O'er lotus leaves and flowers that swell,
Like Ariel from a cowslip' bell,
And there her chaste devotions paid,
O'er lotus leaves returned the maid.
Now that old king's whole soul was bent
On treasures, taxes, tithes, and rent,
And on his ryots he did sit
Like incubus, or ague fit ;
An old financier he had,
Bred to the science from a lad—
Nanak—with many a mazy scheme

Beyond the wit of man to dream ;
The tenant's rent on every rood
He'd raise, and prove 'twas for his good,
He'd take from him his half a loaf,
And show he's but a silly oaf,
Who could not see with half an eye,
He's richer by the half put by,
That food, and air, and earth, and water
Were proper and especial matter,
Whereon financial theorems
Are polished into rarest gems.
He long knew before Bacon's day,
Induction was the properest way
To grapple truth, and so he brought
This hand-lamp into all he wrought ;
No sphere of thought should be exempt
From practical experiment,
Economy political
Should be like that domestical,
For all the touchstone still should be,
" If it be so, then let us see " ;
With many a trial and mistake,
At last you make a proper cake.
To boil too much, or simmer soon,
A smutted ladle or a spoon,
Or adding this, or taking that,
How many a dish has turned out flat,
And artists, in an angry fit,
Have flung a saucepan or a spit
Out of the window, with an oath,
And sworn till they were hoarse o' throat—
The true adepts will still jog on,
And practice on their masters' tongue—
No matter how they dine or fare,
The right ingredients still are there ;
• So nostrums were on convicts tried,
Who pardon got—unless they died.
And thus he argued fair and wise,
Did nothing if not syllogise.

And then again he said 'twas clear,
A wholesome thing a sheep to shear,
For when you shear a scurvy sheep,
It after better health doth keep ;
Thus Hakims, when they fevers stop,
Straight send you to a barber's shop,
The razor to the skull applied,
No vapours can remain inside.
And so he lived from day to day,
Spinning his subtle webs away,
And raking up each scrap and mite,
And these he called his perquisite.
The king and queen did them bedeck,
With jewels rare from toe to neck.
Their palaces did grow apace,
And many a wheat-field did efface,
They put in practice literal
The saying hyperbolical,
That palaces are built upon
The ruins of a whole nation ;
A Solomon in glory was
The king, save that he found no cause
These things in sad despair to call,
All vanity, vexation all.
But Seeti fair was still to see
In virginal simplicity.
Her silken sari still she wore,
And nothing less and nothing more.
Still lightly did she trip along,
The trembling lotus leaves upon.
Chaste Devi was her only care,
She was, but knew not she was fair.
Says Shakespeare, what we only see
We are, but not what we may be,
And that old snake security
Is mortal's chiefest enemy.
The simple peasants stared amain,
To see the princess dress so plain.
How lovely would she look, they said,
With some bright jewel in her head,

And anklets, and a golden zone,
A nose-ring with a ruby stone,
Such as all royal damsels wear,
Else none would make out who they are.
At first young Seeti sore rebuked
All those who had such notions crooked,
But idle tongues will have their way,
They criticised her every day.
Ah, 'tis the curse of humankind,
The soul within herself is blind,
And strangely still it comprehends
All outward things, but her own ends,
An eye that sees, itself unseen,
Unless it hath reflected been ;
From all this mighty world abroad,
The myriad rays are on it poured,
Some raised to thought iridescent,
Some in the dark sub-conscious blent,
And there they germinate apace,
Their mazy currents none may trace,
Deep hid within a ganglion cell,
A concept in its diving-bell,
A mole that burrows underground,
And litters there all safe and sound,
A worm that leaves, where in it went,
A nothing but an excrement.
But hidden surges seethe and swell
Within the self-subliminal,
There motion is distilled in thought,
As in a chemist's dark retort,
But which will to the surface come,
By rising to the cerebrum,
Or devious, take another cut,
And lodge within the occiput,
Or which will sleep for ever dead,
Within its ganglion smothered,
This none may know, though ne'er so occult.
We only see the net result ;
This makes one soar, another stoop,
A genius, or a nincompoop ;

This makes a man of sense and worth,
And that a scoundrel from his birth ;
As great Lombroso late hath proved,
And Nordau his disciple loved.
So Seeti found—Seeti the fair,
Seeti dame Nature's special care,
And thus it seems that Nature still
Is something of a fickle jill,
To-day she'll give you all that's nice,
To-morrow a stepmother's slice.
As hath been said, fair Seeti scorned
With jewels rich to be adorned ;
But later somehow she did think,
'Twas sweet to hear an anklet clink,
And then by slow degrees she found,
She'd like to have a bracelet wound
Upon her shapely arm, and then
She doted on the grand Kardan—
Not long, her fancy was inflamed
To see her hair with stones begemmed ;
Such notions in her mind did fester,
And every day the king did pester,
With asking this and asking that,
At last the king impatient gat,
And called up Nanak to devise,
How Seeti's whim they might appease.
Sage Nanak sily scratched his head,
And ready with a scheme, he said,
"You know the people 'twas who first
Made Seeti for the jewels thirst,
That Seeti ne'er shall jewels lack,
I'll place a tax upon their back."
Then did he send parvanas round,
And from each man a pice impound,
Perpetual was the tax from thence,
And this would bring them to their sense.
With this he purchased, far and near,
Rich jewels, and such other gear,
And emeralds, and ruby stones,
Carbuncles bright, and golden zones ;

At sight of this, at sight of that,
Young Seeti's heart went pitapat,
She gloated on the glittering chattel,
As pleased as baby with a rattle,
Or girl that's newly got into long frocks,
Or boy with tin top or jack-in-th' box.
Next morn found Seeti at her bath,
With a gold anklet and a nath,
Narcissus-like she gazed upon
Her image in its watery form,
Then tripped it lightly o'er the leaves
Of lotus trembling on the waves ,
But all was changed, as in a sleep,
The leaves ducked down in ankle deep,
The lotus leaves did droop and sink,
As if they heard the anklet' clink,
Devi, she thought, was in a pet,
And this her loitering did beget
Next morn she earlier came, bedeck'd
With jewels thick from toe to neck,
Pure glittering gold, refined and sound,
In solid weight a full ten pound ;
The lotus leaves spread broad and fair
Upon the water deep and clear,
But ah ! the lotus leaves so round,
O'er which she erst did skip and bound,
When lightly in her sari dressed,
The sordid metal down depressed,
At once beneath the surface shrunk,
And Seeti in the lake was sunk.
Then king, and queen, and people came,
And searched, and called on Seeti's name.
They beat their breast, their hair they tore,
But Seeti ne'er returned more.
They looked toward the temple fair,
When lo ! the temple was not there.
'Twas said, the island went again,
Straight to the moon from whence it came.
Hence some still swear they there can see
A mountain, and a withered tree, ,

An old crooked woman seared and sick,
Still picking up of twig and stick,
A pariah dog with ribs agape,
That once, they say, had human shape,
Whose howls and wretched groans up there,
None save his earthly brethren hear,
And which they answer tune for tune,
As all have heard them bay the moon.
The king was wracked with fear and pain,
To see the crater ope again,
Nanak, he said, did this beget,
And thrust him from his cabinet.
In vain he pleaded in defence,
Contributory negligence,
A phrase on which the lawyers dwell,
When they some judge's head would swell.
Too late, like Wolsey, learn he must,
In prince's favours not to trust.
The city was abandoned then,
And soon became a wild beast's den :
And all for truth this story take,
About this temple and this lake.

B. G. STEINHOFF.

Nagpur.

THE STRENGTH OF THE SILVER CORD.

(A JAPANESE IDYLL.)

ON the low verandah of a Japanese house, John Orchard sat, lazily smoking and dreaming with a far-away expression in his half-closed eyes.

The sun had set behind the low hills which bordered Lake Hatshima, and the sombre hue of the pines threw into strong relief the delicate pink of a group of cherry-trees. The sunset afterglow gradually gave place to the silver pall of twilight, which crept remorselessly down—robbing the blossom of its colour, and turning the shell-pink petals into ghosts of their former selves, and they shivered and fell before the light evening breeze.

The fishing-boats drew near to the shore with their quivering burden of silver fish—the voices of the fishermen sounding almost an incongruous note in the stillness of the evening. But John Orchard saw nothing and heard nothing. His cigar, unheeded, had gone out, and yet he did not stir. Only when the moon had risen, and thrown her silver cord across the lake, did he rouse himself with a heavy sigh to gaze at the dimpling water.

So consistent with his thoughts was the flickering line of light that it failed to bring him back to the present. His memory had reverted to his last visit to Hatshima two years before, when he had occupied a little house just opposite this verandah. There it was that he had first seen Mitu San—with her pretty, dark shining hair, her laughing eyes, her lips smiling—Mitu San was always smiling—it must be indeed true that the Japanese feel no sorrow. He could see her carrying a little tray filled with dishes of raw fish, seaweed, and other delicacies. He could see her as she placed it on the low red lacquer table at his side and then knelt and touched the floor with her forehead

in a low reverential bow. Now she was laughing at his efforts to eat delicately and naturally with his ivory chopsticks. Laugh ! Yes, who could laugh like Mitu San ? It was like the ripple of a little stream bubbling down to the lake. Now she had lit his cigarette for him, and from an embroidered case had drawn her own little pipe or *Kiseru* with its minute apology for a bowl, filling it from her tobacco pouch embroidered to match the pipe case, tucking the tobacco firmly in with a tiny finger. Three puffs from her pretty red lips, and her pipe was empty and restored to its little case.

Now she would dance for him, singing all the while a story descriptive of the meaning of each movement—a quaint dance in which the feet took but little part, and which was accompanied by much waving of a large gold and silver fan.

But John was happiest of all when she would bring her *samisen*, an instrument somewhat like a small guitar, and sitting beside him would sing in low monotonous tones some song of her country, or, in particular, one composed by herself, which he had, roughly translated for his own benefit, though it lost much of its beauty and meaning in the translation :—

Clear as the moonlight drawn across the Lake—
Strong as the Love which conquers even Death—
So with my Silver Cord I bind thy Heart.

If, blinded by the world, thou didst forsake,
Thou couldst not wander far, for I have saith
My Silver Cord would draw thee to my Heart.

If Death shall come, of thee or me to take,
To chill us with his icy freezing breath,
The Silver Cord shall hold us—ne'er to part.

Sometimes when Mitu was singing this song, John would feel an indescribable tightening round his heart, and a sense of suffocation, so that he would fling out his arms—"Mitu, Mitu, stop, I cannot bear it," and Mitu, wondering, would silence the quivering strings of her *samisen* with her little hand, and would smile at him. Smiling, always smiling, ah ! little Mitu San, is it true that you feel no sorrow ? Even when the letter had

come which recalled him immediately to Tokio on important business, she still smiled. *He* had been so sorry to say good-bye to his pretty little play-fellow, but *she*—oh no! ever the cheerful little face and the sunny smile. Did he not notice that the hands, which he held, were cold and trembling, and that the voice which said "Sayonara, Sayonara," was very faint? John Orchard had yet to learn the strength of Japanese courage and to realize that the lips so bravely smiling were quivering in their effort to do so.

Where was Mitu now? Had her father succeeded in bargaining to his own satisfaction with the rich Japanese merchant who, struck with her beauty, would buy her for his wife?

At this point in his meditations John rose restlessly to his feet, and flung away his cigar. How long he had been sitting and dreaming there, he did not know, but the long line of moonlight lay bright across the lake. "Clear as the moonlight" he murmured, putting up his hand to loosen the collar which seemed as though it must choke him.

Hearing the "klop klop" of Japanese sandals, he turned to see a woman and two little children coming towards him. The rare sight of a foreigner in Hatshima was enough to rouse the curiosity of the little group. With little peals of laughter the children ran forward to look at him and then shyly withdrew behind their mother, re-appearing at intervals when they could summon up courage.

The mother, with deep bows and smiles, drew in her breath with reverential hissings, as if she would apologize for her children's behaviour.

The question nearest to John's heart sprang to his lips, and he instantly asked her as to the whereabouts of Mitu San.

"Oh most Honourable," she said, "I will tell you of Mitu San. She is no longer here. She has but lately struggled through the Turbulent River of Souls to the Region of the Blessed. Her story is a strange one. It is thought that the Gods were jealous of her wonderful beauty, for even the charm that she wore was unable to protect her from Death."

"What was the charm?" whispered John hoarsely.

"She wore round her throat a fine silver cord, which was only discovered after her death. It was long and very strong, but in spite of its length the God of Jealousy had drawn it so

tightly round her neck that her spirit was obliged to escape, and to fly away on the bosom of the Great River. And the day after her death was the day on which she was to have married Otomi, the rich merchant from Kobe. She was found in the little house opposite, and her fingers were still on the strings of her *samisen* as though she had been playing. Sayonara, Oh most Honourable, it is late and I must not stay longer. Sayonara."

With many bows the woman moved away with her laughing chattering children while John remained as if turned to stone.

The moonlight shone white on his face, and his eyes were fixed on the paper shutters of the house opposite.

Mitu dead ! and strangled by a silver cord she wore as a charm ! He had never seen her wear it. True, she had often sung of it. How did the words go ?

" If death shall come, or thee or me to take
My Silver Cord shall hold us—"

Was he singing the words or someone else ? If he were singing them himself, his voice sounded very far away. The sense of tightening round his heart and of suffocation was terrible now, and he wrenched his collar off and flung it away. A faint—very faint glimmer of light was shewing through the hitherto darkened shutters of the house opposite, and John could distinguish a sound like the distant tuning of a *samisen*. The light grew stronger and the music louder. A shadow fell on the shutter—Mitu's shadow—swaying backwards and forwards in time to the music. For she was singing, and he could even distinguish the words :

" Strong as the Love that conquers even Death—
So with my Silver Cord I bind thy heart."

John stumbled across to the house. " Mitu San, oh, Mitu San, I am coming to thee. Thy Silver Cord has drawn me to thy Heart," and with impatient hand he pushed back the shutter. Inside all was dark and still.

" This charm was not powerful enough to preserve him from death," said the Japanese doctor, as he loosened from John's throat a fine silver cord.

But John was happy, for the Merciful River of Souls had carried him gently and swiftly to the Region of the Blessed—and Mitu's Silver Cord had conquered even Death.

ALICE GORE.

England.

LIFE WITHOUT LOVE.

Nothing but an earthen jar
Floating down the stream ;
Nothing but a river bar
Shutting out one's dream.

Nothing but a broken spar
Tilting up so high ;
Nothing but a shooting star
Trailing down the sky.

Nothing but a hollow reed
Shaking with the wind ;
Nothing but a showy deed
Taking in the mind.

Nothing but a drop of dew,
Gem-like in the light ;
Nothing but a dismal view
Made to look so bright.

Nothing but an empty niche,
With its goddess gone ;
Nothing but the ancient hitch,
Since creation's dawn.

Nothing but a shattered hope
Sodden long ago ;
Nothing but a battered rope
Trodden limp and low.

Nothing but an aimless life,
Tossed up by the tide ;
Nothing but an edgeless knife
Closed and cast aside.

Nothing but a dungeon keep,
Dark and dank and dour ;
Nothing but a slave asleep,
Sullen, sad and sour.

Nothing but a barren land,
With a stony ground ;
Nothing but a mass of sand
Stretching all around.

Nothing but a charnel heap,
Piled with dead men's bones ;
Nothing but a pest-house deep,
Filled with dying moans.

Nothing but soft sighs and tears '
Deep-drawn sobs and wails ;
Nothing but dark doubts and fears
—Nothing else prevails !

Vanitas Vanitatum !
Within and without ;
Vanitas Vanitatum !
All through and throughout.

Lucknow.

M. C. ROY.

THE MENTAL TAPESTRY OF A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

Continued from our last number.

IN the Gorges du Loup, Maurice Maeterlinck saw a huge centenarian Laurel-tree, and the account he gives of its heroism explains why the laurel was sacred to Apollo, and was thought of so highly in Greece: "A bird or the wind, masters of destiny, had carried the seed to the flank of the rock, which was as perpendicular as an iron curtain, and the tree was born there, 200 yards above the torrent, inaccessible and solitary, among the burning and barren stones. From the first hour, it had sent its blind roots on a long and painful search for precarious water and soil. But this was only the hereditary care of a species that knows the aridity of the South. The young stem had to solve a much graver and more unexpected problem: it started from a vertical plane, so that its top, instead of rising towards the sky, bent down over the gulf. It was, therefore, obliged, notwithstanding the increasing weight of its branches, to correct the first flight, stubbornly to bend its disconcerted trunk in the form of an elbow close to the rock, and thus, like a swimmer who throws back his head, by means of an incessant will, tension and contraction, to hold its heavy crown of leaves straight up into the sky."

"Thenceforward all the pre-occupations, all the energy, all the free and conscious genius of the plant had centred around that vital knot. The monstrous, hypertrophied elbow revealed one by one the successive solitudes of a kind of thought, that knew how to profit by the warnings, which it received from the rains and the storms. Year by year the leafy dome grew heavier with no other care than to spread itself out in the light and heat, while a hidden canker gnawed deep into the tragic arm

that supported it in space. Then, obeying I know not what order of the instinct, two stout roots, two fibrous cables, issuing from the trunk at more than two feet above the elbow, had come to moor it to the granite wall. Had they really been evoked by the distress, or were they perhaps waiting providently from the first day, for the acute hour of danger, in order to increase the value of their assistance? Was it only a happy accident? What human eye will ever assist at these silent dramas, which are all too long for our short lives?"

The cosmos itself is a great drama in which the Immanent One puts his shadow, life, in innumerable players including the luminaries, the winds and the seas. The best actor is he who meditates on his part and identifies himself with his hero and holds the mirror up to Nature. If it is an unforgettable pleasure to witness a drama of a great master faithfully rendered, what must it be to witness God's own dramas rendered faithfully.

The Laurel-tice, which Maeterlinck saw, was a first-rate faithful player. "On the tortured and, so to speak, convulsive trunk, the whole drama of its hard and tenacious life" was written. The leaves, stalks and roots, and not merely the seed or the flower showed "traces of a prudent and quick intelligence" and of "magnificent struggles towards the light." How much it has to teach us!

Brandis writes the history of a root which, in penetrating into the earth, had come upon an old boot-sole; in order to cross this obstacle, it sub-divided itself into as many parts as there were holes left by the stitching-needle; then, when the obstacle was overcome, it came together again and reunited all its divided radicles into a single and homogeneous tap-root. Surgeons similarly tell us how a bullet lodged in a man's heart was made innocuous by a natural process within the heart itself. Surgery, at least, lets Nature act.

There is an interesting aquatic plant, an hydrocharad, called the Vallisneria. "The two sexes live apart at the bottom of the pools. At the wedding hour, the female plant slowly unveils the long spiral of its peduncle, rises, emerges, and floats and

blossoms on the surface of the pond. From a neighbouring stem, the male flowers, who see it through the sunlit water, rise in their turn, full of hope, towards the one that rocks, that awaits them, that calls them to a new world. But when they have come half-way, they feel themselves suddenly chained: their stalk, the very source of their life is too short. They will never reach the abode of light, the only spot in which the union of the stamens and the pistils can be achieved. Is there a more cruel inadvertence or trial in nature? Picture the tragedy of that longing, the inaccessible that is almost attained, the transparent fatality, the impossible with not a visible obstacle. It would be insoluble, like our own tragedy on this earth, were it not that with a magnificent effort, the finest, the most supernatural that I know in all the pageantry of the insects and the flowers, the males, in order to rise to happiness, deliberately break the bond that attaches them to life. They snatch themselves loose from their peduncle and, with an incomparable flight, amid bubbles and gladness, their crown of petals darts up and breaks the surface of the water. Wounded to death, but radiant and free, they float for a moment beside their heedless brides, the mysterious impregnation is accomplished, after which the victims drift away to perish, while the wife, already a mother, closes her corolla, in which lives that last breath, rolls up her spiral, and descends again to the chill and bluey depths, there to ripen the fruit of the heroic kiss." Strange are the manifestations of the Responsive Power.

Strange are they, specially when the Responsive Power becomes a genetrix. How marvellous are the great systems of floral fertilization. How delicate is the play of the stamens and the pistils. How seductive are the perfumes! How harmonious and dazzling the colours? How entrancing the nectar to the messenger of love! What wonderful correspondences again between the botanical world and the animal world. Yet all these are the product of a mere Shadow of Atma, the Fatherless, the Motherless, the shadow animating the mind unable to soar above duality, and forced to resort to similes and analogies. How transcendently lovely then must be the Atma!!! May it not be (as Browning and the Sufis teach) that the shortest way of

getting to Him is by Love—for He is Love? And may it not be that a taste of human love is necessary to His Seeker?

Whence come the graceful movements of love in the *Nigella Damascena* with its "Venus' locks, the light, tenuous tangled leaves, which surround the corolla with a "bush" of misty verdure"? "At the source of the flower," we read, "the five very long pistils stand closely grouped together in the centre of the azure crown, like five queens clad in green gowns, haughty and inaccessible. Around them crowd hopelessly the innumerable throngs of their lovers, the stamens, who do not come up to their knees. And now in the heart of this palace of sapphires and turquoises, in the gladness of the summer days, begins the drama without words . . . the drama of useless, motionless waiting. But the hours pass that are the flower's years: its brilliancy fades, its petals fall, and the pride of the great queens seems at last to bend under the weight of life. At a given moment, as though obeying the secret and irresistible password of love, which deems the proof to have lasted long enough, with a concerted and symmetrical movement, comparable with the harmonious parabolas of a fivefold jet of water, they all together bow down, stoop forward, and gracefully cull on the lips of their humble lovers the golden dust of the nuptial kiss."

The Beginningless is working his wonders in the shadows of shades, in history, and in animals and plants. Everywhere are his finger-prints, my soul. Everywhere his eyes are beckoning to thee. Remember the Unseen, the All-Seeing. Infinite is the variety of life. Infinite are the wonders of life. I bow to Vichitrata Kalpna Kumari—daughter of Hiranyagarbha—who plays in the three worlds as if they were three little apartments in her house. Even out of simple iterations she produces so many types.

The Jain is also a type like the believer in "might is right," His ancestors and his sect have been believing since many centuries that there are vegetables which have a multitude of Atmas, e.g., potatoes, onions and ginger, and others, like the leaf of a

creeper which have individual Atmas. The former, they say, should not be eaten. Then there are creatures, moving and not moving, and none of these, say they, should be hurt, if it has the five senses. What then about those which have only four senses, or three, or two or have only one sense. The Yatis (Sadhus and Sadhavis) must not kill any of these, but the lay Jains are enjoined merely to abstain from killing them, as far as possible. What a difference there is between a Jain brought up in this creed, and a meat-eating, beefy, stout superintendent of a slaughter-house, whom I once saw. The result in both cases is a result of iteration. The latter has heard it said again and again that meat is good for man. His ancestors and his people held this belief and acted on it for centuries. He cannot understand how any one in his senses should object to his taking beef or pork.

On the other hand, the Jain shudders when there is any talk of taking animal life, and he is ready to put himself to great inconvenience to save the lives of the most undesirable insects. He goes in for the very minimum of harm to animal and vegetable life, compatible with his own existence, while the meat-cater looks upon his scruples as mere moonshine.

There is not merely a Babel of tongues but a Babel of beliefs. The causes are simple, the results complex.

Who can apply the futile argument
Of finite beings to infinity?

He might as well compress the universe
Into the hollow compass of a gourd,
Scoop'd out by human wit.

George Eliot says truly that our deeds are like children born to us—they live and act apart from our own will. A scientist writes: "We are what our forefathers made us plus the action of circumstances on ourselves, and in like manner our children inherit the good and evil, both of body and mind that is in us. Upon us, therefore, rests the duty of the cultivation of the best and of the suppression of the worst, so that the world may be the better for our having lived in it." The Jain is what his fore-

fathers made him. The beefy superintendent of a slaughter-house is also what his forefathers made him. Says the latter : "I owe a duty to my body. I must keep it strong and sound, and I believe a meat diet will keep it so." Says the former : "the very sight of meat is enough to make me ill. How then can it keep me strong and sound?" Physicians, alas, have yet to learn that what is meat to one is poison to another, on account of the mental attitude of the latter. That dominant factor was ignored in the first campaign against the plague, and it is being ignored again and again, by materialistic physicians. They are beginning to see that a suggestion repeated a hundred times produces a physical effect, but they cannot yet understand that the anti-toxins and the new serums they have suddenly become so fond of, are not likely to have the same effect upon the man who looks upon them with horror and the man who has a liking for them and faith in them. The re-iterated suggestions of centuries are not taken into account.

Dr. Parkes made numerous observations and experiments on soldiers living on a constant diet with and without the use of alcohol, and one of the conclusions he arrived at was that the heat of the body was really unaffected by the amount of alcohol given, and therefore "the apparent heat after the use of alcohol must be owing to subjective feelings connected with the quickened circulation, rather than to an actual rise of temperature." Have subjective feelings no therapeutic influence? Can any science of Pathology be perfect, which takes no account of them?

Sir Oliver Lodge says : "Let us learn by the testimony of experience—either our own or that of others—that those who have been still are, that they care for us and help us, that they too are progressing, and learning and working and hoping, that there are grades of existence stretching upward and upward to all eternity." The Jains say the Tirthankars who have been still are. The Catholics say their saints who have been still are. There must be, apparently, a Babel of tongues as well as a Babel of beliefs in that other world of the Tirthankars and the Catholic saints.

"Brethren, meet together, talk together, let your minds apprehend alike. Common be your prayer, common be your assembly's end and aim, common be your purpose, common be your deliberations. I advise you to have a common policy. Common be your desires, united be your hearts, united be your intentions, so that there may be a thorough union among you." So said an ancient Rishi, in the Rig Veda (10-191-2.4). He spoke to his world, and what is that world's reply? What has become of that old ideal of Adwait and Abhedha? Is not ours "a life of conventional propriety, of surface decorum, of refined self-indulgence or respectable-worldliness?" Do the old Hindu Rishis care for us and help us? Are they too progressing and learning and working and hoping?

Thirty millions of suns, each probably having its own system and, supposing them each to be the size of a pin's head, they are fifty miles apart! "What does it all mean?" cried Herbert Spencer, on receiving some photographs of the nebulae from an astronomer and after remaining abstracted and absent-minded during his lunch. To us the idea is quite familiar. The Yoga Vasishtha says the whole Jagat (Cosmos) is a little cabinet in the Chidākash. I bow to the Anádi Ananta Chit Shakti Rupini.

Na dukham asti, na sukham, shantam, shivam, ajam, jagat.

A Mali in the public Gardens said to me one day: "Jhangal men Mangal hai," when I questioned him about a finely chiselled cabinet—the skeleton of a kernel. How true! He is illiterate, but even a born philosopher could not have made a better remark. Truly the Luminous, the Auspicious, the Blessed One shines forth from every Volume of Nature, whether called a Jain or a Jew, Christian or Mussulman, Vegetable or Animal.

What is the most interesting thing in life? Love, says Herbert Spencer. He is a strange witness, but this is what he said if we are to believe the authors of "Herbert Spencer's Home Life." Did he, eventually, realize his own limitations? Did he perceive that love is useful for going out of one's self and breaking the bonds of egoism.

" Jagat Pasu, Ahamkal Kasai," sings a Sikh Guru. The Cosmos is the Beast, Egoism, which is Death, is the Butcher. The Death of Egoism, therefore, means life for the poor Beast. " Instead of being made, make yourself " by killing Egoism.

Enter the path ! There is no grief like Hate.
 No pains like passion, no deceit like sense,
 Enter the path ! Far hath he gone whose foot,
 Breaks down one fond offence.
 Enter the path ! There springs the healing stream
 Quenching all thirst, there bloom the immortal flowers,
 Carpetting all the way with joy—there throng
 Swiftest and sweetest hours."

There is certainly One who is unaffected by Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication and Division. We are shut in by earthly boundaries. We are where we deserve to be. We can shape our lives " with sunshine or with shade," if we care to, but cannot easily get rid of the limitations of Time, Space and Causality. No two fingers are alike, and no two Egos are alike. What is best, levelling up or levelling down ? Can the Socialists effect a distribution of " a man's brains, his character, cleverness and wit, a woman's grace, charm and beauty ?" Can they divide "culture, courtesy, appreciation, gentleness, perception, tact," or " truth, justice, moral courage, generosity and unselfishness ? "

" The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre
 Observe degree, priority and place,
 Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
 Office and custom in all time of order."

That is what Shakespeare says. And yet Coleridge's lines—so strangely resembling the famous line in the Kathopanishad as to what is *here* being *there*—are also true :

" All that meets the bodily sense, I deem
 Symbolical. A mighty Alphabet
 For infant minds."

Hence it may be better to *direct* than to *suppress* the passions. There are *white* passions and *red* passions and *black* passions. Let the black be made red and the red white.

" Out of God's boundless bosom, the fount of life, we came ; through selfish, stormy youth and contrite tears—just not too late ; through manhood not altogether useless ; through slow and chill old age, we return whence we came, to the bosom of God once more, to go forth again with fresh knowledge and fresh powers to nobler work. Amen. " To God's bosom we go, says the Chhandogya, " every time we sleep soundly." In His bosom we rest, even when we are outwardly awake but when inwardly the Manas is asleep. Where are we, again, when the study of the mighty Alphabet is over, when the word is not mistaken for the thing, " the quality for the substance, the Nomen for the Numen ?"

" Words, we are told," writes Romanes, " are the fortresses of thought. They enable us to make every intellectual conquest the basis of operations for others still beyond. Moreover thought and language act and react upon one another, so that the growth of thought and language is coral-like. Each shell is the product of life, but becomes in turn the support of new life. In the same manner each word is the product of thought, but becomes in turn a new support for the growth of thought." Pythagoras invented the beautiful word Cosmos. The six Hindu Schools of Philosophy have given us numerous counters of thought. How rich are we in abstract terms! Sayce says truly that " the number of abstracts possessed by a language is a good gauge of its development." The greatest conqueror was he who gave us the word Atma. Blessings be also on him who gave us those fortresses of thought, Parinam, and Karma.

If every organism is " a unity of organisms, organic in all its parts, animated by a life, which, though embraced in a wide circle, is still centred in itself"—if life can thus individualise, though remaining pervasive, why may I not call Him the Synthesis of Individuality and Pervasiveness, of Personality and Immanence—of Cosmic and Individual Intelligibility and Transcendence.

If " in that which is in any sense self-determined, the intelligence recognizes its counterpart," why may not a Yogic

beginner recognize his Atma in Him, who manifests Himself under apparently self-imposed limitations.

“ No absolute defeat of the spirit--no defeat that does not contain the elements of a greater triumph--can properly take place in a world, which is itself nothing but the realisation of spirit.” But what is victory and what is failure ? What is perfection itself ?

Herbert Spencer tells us : “ Under all circumstances we call that good which is fitted to the purpose for which it was intended ; we call that perfect which is perfectly so fitted.” So the very idea of good involves teleology, and who knows God's intentions ?

(To be continued.)

A SINNER AFTER TRUTH

THE TREND OF THE TIMES.

Let us not inhabit times of wonderful and various promise without divining their tendency.

We think our civilization near its meridian but we are yet only at the cock crowing and the morning star.

—Emerson.

SOCIETY, like a wave, is ever in perpetual motion basking on the sea of time. The aspect of the wave determines for the time the tone to the sea. Whether shoreward proceeding or seaward receding, the billows of the ocean, as they play on the bosom of the waters, wear a thousand aspects—light, heavy, calm or furious. So is society in the long roll of ages either barbarous or civilized, rich or poor, mystic or material. Change of aspects is the inevitable phenomenon of nature : but the essential verities of nature are permanent for ever. They suffer no change. Behold the myriad coloured lights attendant on the sinking sun : and yet the immutable heavens stand adamantine in their native tranquillity !

The story of man, as he travels through the "grey lampless depths of time" is one continual process of change. He has seen bright days, bitter days, golden days, bronze days, iron days, all sorts of days. To use a metaphor : Many a web is woven in the loom of time : and the webs are the ages. One age is eminently classic, another romantic, a third sceptic and yet another scientific. He has passed through all of these and many more. Each age succeeds the other as legitimately as do the waves of the tidal sea.

But there is a thread running straight through all the labyrinthine courses of nature. The change, it has been ascertained, is from the simple to the complex, from homogeneity to heterogeneity. * It is the burden of the theory of evolution. Darwin demonstrated the transformation in the kingdom of the species. George Henry Lewis propounded the same truth in tracing the progress of speculation in his *Biographical History of Philosophy*. And Herbert Spencer, in his synthetic survey of "Progress : Its Law and Cause," has observed : "Whether it be in the development of life upon its surface,

in the development of society, of government, of manufactures, of commerce, of language, literature, science, art, this same evolution of the simple into the complex, through successive differentiations, holds throughout "

Now studying from an utilitarian point of view, how far has this transformation acted on the condition of human society in deciding the course of our civilization ? What is the prospect, ultimate or immediate, to which humanity has consciously or unconsciously, been wending its way through the course of the ages ? From the dim prehistoric times down to the twentieth century, what is the purpose palpably visible through the thousand scenes, tragic and comic, that mankind has enacted on this planet ? To what end has humanity been shaped by the visions of the poets the yearnings of the saints, the commandments of the prophets, the stratagem of ministers, the valour of the warriors and the common human instinct of man ?

Apart from the complexity and the heterogeneity discernible in the institutions of mankind the growth of the consciousness of the solidarity of Humanity is of superlative moment in the history of our species. The science of sociology is yet in its infancy—still if we could only pierce through the veil of time with requisite instruments from the armoury of history and glance over the long periods of historic evolution, through which human society has progressed, we would find explanations adequate enough to demonstrate the necessity of the destined achievement—the solidarity of Humanity. Though in the past generations of men and women have contributed their mite rather unconsciously towards the pursuit of so lofty an aspiration, it will yet be found that both the conception of the solidarity of Humanity and the wonderful expressions, which embody that conception, are entirely modern. Like the great Gothic Churches of mediæval Europe the magnificent cathedral of humanity has been slowly reared from time immemorial by myriads of stout hands and faithful. What a host of architects with their triumphs and defeats, their hopes and fears, are piled beneath the foot of this marvellous fabric !

The growth of social institutions and the formation of political organizations are after all the most vital and significant chapters in the annals of human history. Historians have indeed valued the multiplicity of battles and intrigues, the rising up and falling down of empires and dynasties, "since first recorded time began," and all the inevitable concomitants in the affairs of states only so far as they throw light on the more important question of the progress of our social and political arrangements. We cannot conceive a time—stretching our imagination as wild as we may—when man was living

an isolated unit unconnected with his fellow by any ties of kinship. Hence the family has been conceived to be the unit of society. A peep into the remotest periods of antiquity reveals to us the efforts and struggles of families to form clans and tribes for purposes of worship or self-defence. The next move was the formation of village communities long before the palmy days of Athenian greatness. In time, however, the villages combined together under the headship of a single city : and the dream of the most enthusiastic publicist of Athens or Rome went no farther than the ideal city-state, which was at once the consummation of the hopes and the crown of the achievements of the ancient world.

We pass on, to the next era when society had outworn the comparatively primitive institution of the city-state. The colonial expansion, the domestic broils, the foreign intrigues and the contact with the splendour and magnificence of Oriental royalty fired the imagination of the Roman Chivalry and monarchy was established. Now, whatever might have been the defects of the monarchical government as compared with the blessings of the democratic administration of the previous era, the point at issue is not the relative merit of either but the fact of the development of the *city* into the *province*. Again after the disintegration of the Grecian cities when Athens and Sparta and Thebes had fallen out fighting against one another, the more domineering hand of Alexander swept over the whole of Eastern Europe and kept the then civilized world in its iron grip. Every ancient city has the same tale to tell.

Meanwhile the banners of Athenian and Roman influence were slowly unfurled in the more barbarous countries of the West. The savages of Central Europe, who were wandering naked in the forest shades of Germany, were domesticated by the humanizing wands of Athenian art and Roman law. Indeed, the latest developments of the British Parliament or the American Republic owe their inspiration to the Roman Comitia and the Senate ; while the loyal wreaths of the English laureate and the philosophical disputations of Hamilton and Mill can be traced back to the days of Aristotle and Homer. The intellectual tradition of modern Europe extends to the period when Phedias carved and Socrates pleaded in the market and the Forum. The skill that erected the Westminster Tower of London is a direct descent from the brain that conceived the Parthenon. Moreover the balm of Christianity latterly introduced by St. Augustin in England and elsewhere completed at least in theory what had been so happily accomplished by the ancient cities. Christian ethics became the counterpart of classical culture. " Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets," sayeth the Lord, " I am not

come to destroy but to fulfil" And the sacred scripture that has taught twenty centuries of humanity, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you" -who can deny that it has had a decisive hand in shaping the brotherhood of man, to which, in the processes of the Suns, we are slowly but surely wending?

Every incident in human affairs however painful at the time of its occurrence and however disastrous in its immediate results is nevertheless—viewed from an intelligent historical perspective and with an eye to the general interest and stability of the race at large—but a step towards the furtherance of this same Brotherhood of Man. The time will come when the inscrutable laws that govern the destiny of humanity will be unveiled to us with the same perspicacity and certainty with which the laws of the physical world have been unfolded to our understanding. Indeed the laws operating on the world of man are only an extension of the laws working in the world of Nature. The cosmological arrangement of the universe is a chain of unbroken unity and continuity. Such theory may lead us some times into a belief in fatalism. But the knowledge that man is endowed with the powers of reason and initiation still at once any such antiquated notion in the intellectual conscience. The theory in short is suggestive of nothing more than this: that the movement of man as that of any physical phenomenon is subject to the same laws of cause and effect which are obtained in the order of the cosmos, and that the laws of the human society can be demonstrated and codified in a synthesis of human philosophy. And in the harmony of the cosmos, war itself has been a link of no mean necessity. It has even proved to be a blessing in disguise.

During the middle ages Europe was divided into several principalities each governed by its own respective chiefs. They were at war with one another. The history of warfare is in itself a cyclopadia of the most wonderful episodes in the journey of man. The proud warrior "rapt in reverential awe" stands gazing steadfast on the towering personalities of Hannibal and Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon. The pious antiquarian, in searching the materials of the dusty shelves of the modern museum counts and recounts the Coat of Arms of Charlemagne, stumbles on the crude axes and the pointed javelins of the Dorian phalanx glances upon the latest developments and the most delicate refinements in the armoury of the German militia and gapes at the achievements of the ancients. The "faithful historian," too timid to philosophise and only too covetous of the credit for fidelity, defies a realistic picture, plotting the map of the

field, numbering the forces of the sides and marking the direction of their course : while others of the class betray all the prejudices and party spirit current in contemporary politics or fall into declamations and the arid fecundities of literary art in the historical composition. The tender-hearted moralist aghast at the terrific engines of war groans that mankind should be slaughtered like summer flies and cries in the bitter agony of his soul:- man surely is the worst enemy of man; while the serene philosopher of evolution observes with complacency that the wars of the tribes that had displaced the squabbles of the families had only cemented the latter into a closer bond : that the wars of the principalities had only consolidated the tribes and cities into a mass of more solid brotherhood : and so on. Does not the Roman Republic owe its unity and patriotism as much to the Gothic invasion as to its own good sense ? Ah ! How devious are the ways of Nature !

It is a matter of recent history how the various principalities of Germany were welded together by the master mind of Bismark. We have been told that a similar process is noticeable in the formation of the Japanese nation. It is, indeed, the case with every community on earth. The development of the provincial idea into the national was an advancement as far reaching in its results as the progress of the city into the state. The idea of nationality was not yet complete while only the geographical distinction of countries was kept keenly alive. The vulgar clung to their country with a savage fury, demonstrating their patriotism by a violent hatred of foreigners, a hatred proportionate only to their fanatical tenacity to their barbaric prejudices. Have we not known the ravages of the English, Dutch and Spanish sailors beyond the European waters ? Who does not know the atrocities of Drake and Hawkins and Smith ? Dreadful fellows ! But they were only on a par with their contemporary civilization.

Such was the nature of European patriotism even in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It was the age when courtiers ruled the states. Monarchy was corrupt. The harmony of the Church was a thing of the past. The Catholic creed had cowed down the freedom of the people. In the State and in the Church, the life of the society was summed up in two words : authority and obedience. It is significant to note that in the peaceful centuries of Catholic domination, Europe did not produce a single philosopher or scientist of worth. And then the trumpet blasts of Martin Luther proclaimed the freedom of the individual to exercise the right of private judgment. But the Lutheran doctrine of subjective individualism was circumscribed by the traditions and limitations of the Catholic Church. In time however, even these old breaks wore away, and "man became a law

unto himself." The movement of individual freedom in modern Europe originating with the Lutheran protest found its culmination in the French Revolution. Nature has various methods of curing her own diseases : sometimes by some silent process of organic evolution and at other times by the terrific engines of thunder and earthquake. And the tremendous cataclysm of the French Revolution blew up the traditional authority of the hide-bound regulations and ushered in the era of the enthronization of Reason and the "resurrection of the dead peoples of Europe." The Encyclopedists had created a philosophy of society and an organism of culture, which are still the leading lights of the western humanity. But the war-cry of the revolutionist - Liberty, Equality and Fraternity - was "essentially a formula of revolt." It was the assertion of an antithesis, not the discovery of a synthesis." Now this excessive individualistic emphasis of the French Illumination coupled with a vague idealism of Universal Brotherhood completed the philosophy of the eighteenth century. The fascinating notion of *individualism in universalism* and the consequent limitations of the French Illumination has brought about the propaganda of modern socialism. But socialism is not nationalism. It is but a legitimate protest against the economic structure of the European polity. 'Socialism is a theory in economics, nationalism is a fact in sociology.'

Now Mazzini was the first prophet of nationalism in modern Europe. Till then nationalism was a mere political idea. It was also the antonym of humanitarianism. The European countries by prudent management have had a series of successful compromises both in religion and in politics. But the one requisite of 'the consciousness of nationality, as of any other human consciousness is the contact and conflict of the self with the not self.' The universal Christianization of the Western world has to some extent levelled the chasm of differentiation in European thought. The contrast between the purely materialistic and aggressive civilization of the Austrian suzerainty and the humility of the hoarded culture and the spiritual traditions of the once Imperial Rome was acute. Italy and Mazzini had a spiritual cause to vindicate and Mazzini, the apostle, proclaimed the gospel of nationalism. His was not a mere political or an economic grievance ; but a supremely spiritual message. Nationalism with him was a religion. "Politics views life from the standpoint of the state. Economics views life from the standpoint of wealth. Art views life from the standpoint of the beautiful. Ethics views life from the standpoint of the good. But Religion views life from the standpoint of life itself." These are not his own words : but they express completely the convictions of the hero of the Italian

liberation. The rank Individualism of the French Illumination was half waving when Mazzini proclaimed the Law of Association through a remarkable pamphlet, *Faith and the Future*. "We, the men of the present," he wrote in 1835, "are standing between two epochs : between the tomb of one world and the cradle of another. Between the bordering line of the individual synthesis and the confines of the synthesis of humanity."

To the nineteenth century belongs the credit of the discovery of the synthesis of humanity. The eighteenth century had indeed voiced forth the generous sentiment of universal human sympathy, but it was no more than a vague generalisation. It must be remembered that the era of the encyclopædists gave a social aim and a human purpose to every detail of its thoughts and activities. The new impulse fired the more thoughtful brains of the century with an enthusiasm that vented itself in the arts and literature of the age. The epoch had an abundance of good conscience, but it lacked the clear gaze and the amazing resources of our own era. The sentiment of nationalism was equally nebulous. Neither the scientific basis nor the ethical and spiritual significance of it was clearly realized. It was the negation of a purile feudalism rather than the assertion of a positive and systematic philosophy. But the progress of our investigations in the sciences of psychology and sociology have revealed to us certain truths with reference to the development and susceptibilities of society that have exercised a profound influence on our conceptions of social polity. The individuality or the personality of one nation as distinct from another and the special resources of the several nationalities to contribute to the stability and progress of the entire organism of humanity—these are discoveries that have influenced the civilized part of mankind more than all other theories of sociological generalizations. Thus, humanity is the organism, of which the various nationalities are the organs helping one another and helping the whole so as to secure the ideal of "the harmony of the parts in a perfected whole."

It is only in recent times that the fundamental principles of nationalism and universalism have been worked out into a philosophical synthesis. It is not, one may say, fully worked out : but it is partially bearing fruit in different directions. The ideal of a federated humanity has been but progressively revealed in the course of cosmic evolution. The imperial notion of the Kiplings and Curzons is valuable only so far as it comprehends larger entities of mankind under its compass. But modern imperialism despite its arrogant pretensions is doomed to failure, unless it be based on the eternal principle of the equality of human rights. The verdict of

history is emphatic—that the co-ordination of unequal nationalities is fatal to the subjected group of humanity. Rome knew it to her cost. There can be no partnership among peoples of unequal status. Hence the conventional privileges of equality in modern imperialism are sure to be wrecked by the more rightful claims of the patriotism of the rising nationalities. Nature has no favouritism. All her children are equally precious to the august mother.

The very mechanical contrivances, with which modern civilization has flooded the world with a vulgar view to mercenary ends, have become instruments consecrated to further the enhancement of the general co-operation. The railways and the telegraphs and the steamships have unified the peoples of our continent and their brethren in the antipodes more than Acts of Parliament can do. A flash of lightning and a whiz of the steam have brought distant countries and different peoples face to face—a feat which the loudest administrative measure can never hope to accomplish. Is it not one of the main reasons put forward by Goldwin Smith in his daring forecast of the union of the States and the Dominions in America? And, with the invention of the balloon and the aeroplane, two new factors have been added to the agencies that are destined to bring about the unification of the terrestrial sphere. Who then of our century will weep with the poet Cowper, whose mournful muse broke out in such melancholy strains descanting on the dividing barriers of mountains and seas?

But these are feeble expressions of the sentiment of human brotherhood, which has manifested itself in as many ways as the ingenuity of modern civilization alone can spin. The Hague Conference, whatever might be said of its prematurity and impotence, is a tangible and characteristic embodiment of the dominant spirit of the times. The beneficent influences of the materialists and agnostics like Spencer and Huxley and Mill and Tyndal and Darwin, and latterly of the Positive Polity and the systematisations of Auguste Comte, despite the want of the unseen Almighty at the back of their creeds and the inevitable limitations arising from the lack of the mystic elements in their faiths, have, on the whole, been on the side of a sound ethics and philosophy, an ethics that has never denied but has ever emphasised the brotherhood of man and the sanctity of the Divine Commandments, and a philosophy wide enough to comprehend alike the variegated emotions of the individual and the multiplicity of the tendencies of the races that inhabit our planet, and yet withal a potent solvent to harmonise the interests and capacities of either. Again the Kantian philosophy, the outpourings of the Upanishad which intoxicated Schopenhauer, the transcendentalism of the Vedantins, the doctrines of Theosophy so vociferously enunciated and

so diffusely spread, the Parliaments of Religions have all struck but a peal of one common note—the divine origin of the great religions of the world. The consequence of these varied activities has been the progress of universal toleration to all creeds that have flourished under the horizon. The crusades and the horrors perpetrated in the name of religion and of God are myths of antiquity to the present generation. Indeed it is the tendency of the times to brush aside all forms and ceremonies, and to cling more and more to the realities and essentials of things. “Do away with all shams and shows and behold the spirit of things and the soul of our being”—that is the echo rehearsed in the heart and mind of the man of our era. With all our want of the ecstatic devotion, are we not wending as yet slowly and steadily to a broader, saner, more definite and more humane creed?

This leads us directly to consider the traits of our age. A generation has well-nigh passed since Carlyle poured out his anathemas and nick-names on the mechanical tendency of our epoch. The genius of our age is eminently critical, analytic, historic, scientific. Steam and Democracy are the watchwords of the hour. We are all moved in various “degrees, orders and capacities” by the electricity of social and political fervour. But the spirit of doubt is hovering over our heads and it colours the thoughts of the times. The poet sings, “there is more faith in honest doubt than in half the creeds.” It is the legacy of the rampant individualism of the previous era. It is the legitimate offspring of “The Essay on Human Understanding,” and the thousand philosophical wranglings of Locke and Hume. And yet are we not after all the better for it? What can be more sacred than an ardent and passionate pursuit of Truth? Again in the field of pure literature, we have not in any great measure added to the stock of human thoughts treasured up in the monumental volumes of the past. But never was ancient wisdom more deeply understood, more sympathetically interpreted or more widely spread. Our poets have shown the highest talent though not a lofty genius; our novelists have been subtle; our critics have shown sympathy and penetration; our scientists acuteness and insight; our historians fidelity and application; our statesmen wisdom and generosity. But where, where in all modern society have we a Buddha, a Luther, a Plato? nay a Shakespeare, a Dante, a Kalidasa? The truth is this. We have shown great capacity for assimilation for the diffusion of the wisdom of the ancient worthies. In the bustle and worry of modern life we have only time enough to catch the trains? But the worth of an age is measured not by its power of assimilation but of production. If service be the ideal of enlightened ethics, there is no glory compar-

able to the service of man through great thoughts, which alone endure for ages.

But the thread of human brotherhood runs more markedly in literature and arts than in any other of our achievements. One may almost say that all Europe has a common literature. Homer and Virgil and Dante, the eternal bards of the ancient world, Socrates and Plato and Plutarch, and the Greek tragedians, are the basis of European culture. And is not the Bible the common treasure-house of ethical and spiritual wisdom throughout the west? Again the profuse and passionate outbursts of Byron were recognised aright in Germany long before England woke to the realization of the profound impulse of the British bard. There are no better critics of Shakespeare than Gervinus and Ulrici, and the Shakespearean Society of Berlin has proclaimed the universal genius of the dramatist. Faust and Wilhelm Meister are as much read and appreciated in France as in Frankfort. Voltaire and Rousseau, Diderot and Danton are indispensable studies in the academies of Europe. The Norwegian Ibsen is at home alike in Russia as in Scandinavia. Is there an Eton youth that has not familiarised himself with the inimitable stories of Cervantes? The writings of Tolstoy are the property of the Times and the Fortnightly. One of the foremost men of letters of our own time in England, himself the author of the lives of not a few of his forerunners, has said that German and French are two of the senses of a modern scholar. In short there is a complete cosmopolitanism in the culture of Europe. Even this limited cosmopolitanism would suffice the coming race no more, and a new culture and an alien spirit are already visible in the faint glimmerings of the dawning era.

Emerson writing long ago on Literature remarked :—

“By the law of contraries, I look for an irresistible taste for Orientalism in Briton. For a self-conceited modish life made up of trifles, clinging to corporeal civilization, hating ideas, there is no remedy like the Oriental largeness that astonishes and disconcerts English decorum. For once there is thunder it never heard, light it never saw and power which trifles with time and space.”

Such an Orientalism is permeating the Occidental society. The labours of Sir William Jones, Monier Williams and Max Muller have wrought a silent but far-reaching revolution in the world of European life and thought. Perhaps the Europeanization of the East is more plainly visible as exemplified in the political constitution and the military display of Japan; but the Indianization of the West is as clear and positive if we could but analyse with care and acuteness the subtle shades of European art and thought in the empire of Goethe and

Schopenhauer. The East has till now been an unknown and unheeded land. But the Orient sun is already shining through the windows of the western world and behold ! the iron bars and the enamel vases of European homesteads are turning into streaks of silver and ores of gold. A golden touch without its perils ! Assuredly the European Renaissance has exhausted itself and the world is now on the threshold of a far mightier revolution—as has been observed by an eminent Indian thinker and philosopher—a renaissance in which the mature thoughts and the ancient ideals of the East will once again assert their supremacy not less over the material and economic predominance of Europe than over the spiritual and philosophical cult of the Occidental humanity.

When we contemplate on the labours of the past ages and their wonderful achievements : on the progress of our social and political institutions : on the development of those resources which are counted as the guardians of peace and unity : on the diffusion of knowledge through ten thousand magazines and papers, a knowledge that emphasises the value of tolerance to hostile opinions and of universal sympathy to the weak and erring of our race : on the efforts and struggles of administrators to minimise the sufferings of our lot : on the appearance, from time to time, of souls gifted with the promethean spark of light and love : aye, when we recollect all the sweet things promised unto us by the Princes of Peace and recollect also the marvellous capacities potent in our race ; who will not be tempted to sing with the enthusiastic Locksley :—

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the visions of the world, and the wonder that would be ;
Saw the heavens filled with commerce, argosies of magic sails
Pilots of the purple twilight dropping down with costly bales ;

Till the war-drums throbbed no longer and the battle flags were furled
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.

B. NATESAN.

Madras.

THE POET LAUREATE AND THE RENAISSANCE.*

THAT poetry has been losing its attractions for a generation or two, no one can doubt. There was a time when parents deprecated their daughters poring over "poetry and such trash." Now they would be only too glad if they did so, for what was light reading once is heavy reading now to a generation spoilt by the novelette. Critics of course bring forward the usual platitude that when the great come, they are recognised, but however this may be true of greatness in general, it is not true of poets. There are mute, inglorious Miltons, though Hampdens and Cromwells scarcely remain in obscurity; and the modern man need not declaim against the absence of the true poet till he has proved that he has read any more of Milton or Chaucer than he got at school. William Watson may deserve the gibes thrown at him for his last volume of verses wherein he pillories critics as slipslop and slapdash, for the satire is poorer than Tennyson's famous verses on crusty Christopher. When Watson writes of the dullards

"That turned deaf ears unto Shelley
That turned blind eyes upon Keats,
Unchangeably reincarnate, invincibly born anew,
Still buzz in our press and salons, still lord it in learning's
seats,"

we feel that the poet has scarcely proved his case by any great melody of his own. More poetic is the rebuke of Agnes Begbie,

* [Though we have received this article rather late in the day, we give it publicity, as the estimate of the claims of the various candidates to the Laureateship may still be of some interest to our readers. Curiously enough, the writer makes no mention of Dr. Robert Bridges, the new Poet Laureate.—ED. E. & W.]

an Edinburgh poetess, who has produced some highly considered volumes.

“ The great Gods pass through the great Time Hall,
Stately and tall
The little men climb the low clay wall
To gape and spy,
' We wait for the Gods,' the little men cry,
' But these are our brethren passing by.'
The great Gods pass through the great Time Hall
Who can may see
The little men nod by the low clay wall
So tired they be :
' Tis weary waiting for Gods,' they yawn,
' Tis a world of men, but th' Gods are gone. '

Of those who might be Laureates, however, Alfred Noyes has somewhat succeeded in opening the materialism-blinded eyes of the British public. Noyes is read and bought—he is probably the only poet in England who makes a living out of his verses. Interviewed, he confessed that he believes in the renascence of English poetry, and that this will be the century of poetry even as the last was the century of steam. Noyes is noted for the variety of his vivifying qualities. He has a rollicking humour as well as a capability for deep pathos. 'Forty Singing Seamen in a Big Black Barque' contrasts well with that beautiful medley "The Forest of Wild Thyme." Four little children overhear their father say that if he "could understand the meaning of the smallest flower," he would believe in the immortality of his little dead son. So they wander out in search of the smallest flower, and after many adventures they find themselves as tiny creatures in the heart of the smallest flower :

“ Row above mystic burning, row.
And through the splendour and the glow,
We saw four angels grand and sweet,
With outspread wings and folded feet,
Came gliding down from Heaven within,
And in their hands with laughing eyes
Lay little brother Peterkin.”

Noyes contrasts with William Watson. Watson is a poet of the last century. He has the Victorian mannerisms "plashing" for "splashing," and he gives way to the lines-for-special-occasions habit, such as "Lines to a Young Lady Dangerously Ill," etc. He has also what may be called the mannerism of doubt.

"The infinite pathos of human trust,
In a God Whom no one knows."

These words do not ring sincere. In contrast to him is Noyes, virile, hopeful, with a religious belief that is a dawn of a new era, not the fading beams of the last.

"What is there hid in the heart of a rose,
Mother mine?
Ah, who knows, who knows, who knows?
A man who died on a lonely hill
May tell you, perhaps, but none other will,
Little child."

It is not without reason that Noyes calls one of his several books of verses "The Island Race." He has a special word for England, more thoughtful than Kipling's. He knows that "in many a country cottage home, the Empire-builder lives and dies—a 'truth' the brilliant colonist never knew. Nevertheless, it is not likely that Alfred Noyes will take the place left vacant by the other Alfred. He is as yet too young; and paradoxical as it may seem, it is felt that he is too good to be risked. Cases have occurred where official honour, with its duty calls to verse, has done harm rather than good. In creating a laureate, we do not want to kill a poet.

It would seem to many as if Rudyard Kipling should receive the coveted or uncoveted honour of the laurel. It was his coarseness of phrase that put him out of court when last the post was vacant, but the "Recessional" has been written since then, and now the rising generation no longer quotes "Kabul Town is a—city," as girls feeling themselves greatly emancipated were accustomed to do some twenty years ago. England, however, has had another "bone to pick" with our national poet, and it is doubtful if she will ever quite forgive "the flannelled fool at the wicket and the muddled oaf at the goal." Possible poet

laureates seem to have an idiosyncrasy for putting difficulties in the way of their acceptance. One of the few instances in which William Watson's effusions are not laboured and ineffective has unfortunately been considered as attacking a lady of high political position.

"She is not old, she is not young,
The Woman with the serpent tongue,
The haggard cheek, the hungering,
The poisoned words that wildly fly "

It would seem fitting that in these days when England lives in her colonies and dependencies, the new poet laureate—if the position is to be still continued—should be chosen from one connected with these. None of the Australian poets unfortunately are either sufficiently well known or catholic enough for such a post. India, however, has aroused the genius of English poets. Failing Kipling there is Henry Newbolt who leaves his Elizabethan adventurers to give us the "Ballad of John Nicholson," "Cabul, 1879," etc; but it is the Englishman rather than the humanitarian who speaks, nor does he show that intense sympathy with Indian character displayed by Kipling, half eastern in his sympathies though wholly western in his loyalty. There is no doubt, however, that Newbolt is chiefly the poet of the English and of English qualities.

"Drake, he's in his hammock, a thousand miles away,—
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?)—
Slung atween the round shot at Monte Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' arl the time of Plymouth Hoe
Yarnder lumes the island, yarnder lie the ships
W' sailor lads a-dancin' heel an' toe,
An' the shore lights flashin',
An' the night tide dashin',
He sees it arl so plainly as he saw it long ago."

Here we have the English dialect as it was pronounced even by the upper classes three hundred years ago.

"Down thy valleys, Ireland, Ireland,
Down thy valleys green and sad,"

is another pretty lilt ; but Newbolt has got into the school books now, and what more can a poet ask than that ?

Masefield, like Noyes, is too late a recruit to the new army of poets to have much chance of the laurel. Yet no man has lived more than he has, even going to sea, or rather remaining overlong at sea, in order to tell what a hell it is.

“ When the loud Horn made every life a Hell !
 When the sick ship lay over, clanging her bell,
 And no time came for painting or for drawing,
 But all hands fought and icy death came clawing
 Hell, he expected—Hell.”

Then came the time also when he served as bar-tender in a Sixth Avenue saloon when his day began at 10 a.m., and finished at 2 and 3 a.m. He had to mix subtle drinks and also to separate combatants subtly so that the bar should not lose a good customer, while in case of serious trouble there were always loaded revolvers handy behind the door. From this and from London he gets his feeling for city life

“ Away in towns where eyes have nought to see
 But dead museums and miles of misery,
 And life made wretched out of human ken,
 And miles of shopping women served by men,”

with its beautiful description at the end, however, of friends meeting together in the evening,

“ Making that room, our Chapter, our one mind,
 Where all that this world soiled should be refined.
 Till that dim room had mind and seemed to brood,
 Binding our wills to mental brotherhood,
 Till we became a college and each night
 Was discipline and manhood and delight.”

Have any words more fitly described that sense of comradeship which, if the unsentimental truth were known, is by far a more wistfully recollected joy of youth than the oft-vaunted sex passion ? Masefield has his religion, the popular Theosophy brought over from the East and with a backbone put into it by the West.

" I hold that when a person dies,
His soul returns again to earth,
Arrayed in some new flesh disguise,
Another mother gives him birth,
With sturdier limbs and brighter brain
The old soul takes the roads again.
So shall I fight ; so shall I tread
In this long war beneath the stars ;
So shall a glory wreath my head ;
So shall I faint and show the scars,
Until this case, this clogging mould,
Be smithied all to kingly gold."

Speaking of Masefield, Granville Barker, the playwright of London, writes very forcibly on Masefield's love of tragedy. " Tragedy is at its best a vision of the heart of life. The heart of life can only be laid bare in the agony and exultation of dreadful acts. It is only by such vision that a multitude can be brought to the passionate knowledge of things exulting and eternal. Commonplace people dislike tragedy, because they dare not suffer and cannot exult." How often one notices the truth of that saying, even in the trivial fact that it is the mean and selfish face which begs for a book " with a pleasant ending " at the local library ? It is the gentle, kindly nature, one fancies, that would turn from descriptions of terror and pain, but it is strangely noticeable that natures guilty sometimes of almost equal cruelty, shrink the most from realizing its existence through the medium of art or literature—even as Hamlet's uncle shrank from the " moving picture " of his own crime. On Masefield, however, has been bestowed God's gift to gentle men, the love of tragedy, even as Kipling loves the gleam of Satan in the human soul and Alfred Noyes the angelic touches. Good fortune to whichever is awarded this golden apple ! One is in the grave who by a single poem only would have merited the honour, for the " Hound of Heaven " is rivalled by nothing that the poets of to-day have yet put forward.

CONSTANCE CLYDE.

New Zealand.

• “DRUDGERY DIVINE.”

[*Master and Missus together. Missus speaks.*]

• “CAN cook, I can bake, I can scrub, I can scour, I can wash, I can iron, I can make, I can mend, I can—talk of colonial women!”

“You are a compendium of domestic accomplishment,” said Master, looking up from his *Spectator*. “But why this fanfare?”

“Because I can’t get a girl.”

Master lays down his paper.

“Now, my dear Patty, I’ve told you at least a hundred times that you ought to get a woman. A well trained, competent person, who will take all trouble off your hands. Pay her five and twenty pounds a year and have done with it.”

• “But you don’t *understand*! I don’t want an upper chambermaid—Oh, you might be *Scotch* Toddy for the impossibility of getting a joke into you! An Upper Chambermaid who would veto everything I wanted to do. She would, of course, if she knew her work. She would make me know my place. I might submit—”

“You *might*,” said Master.

• “As well lie down and die at once. No, I should struggle and you would squirm, and by and by a storm would cast us up again upon this desert island of servitude where we are now. And then *da capo*, flying signals and lighting beacons and trying to attract somebody to take us off. I am sick of it.”

• “As for me,” said Master, “I find these interregnums ‘summer isles of Eden’ in a storm-tossed ocean. You are out and away the most satisfactory domestic I know. But of course—well, can’t you find *anything* in the way of a girl?”

• “Toddy,” (very seriously) “a long succession of incapables has left me with a deep conviction that our social system is rotting inwardly. Yes, when I am *not* making a joke, you are quite ready with a laugh! Do listen. We used to believe that where people were too poor to keep a servant, the daughter was, naturally, the ‘mother’s

help.' did the house work, washing and scrubbing and boiling potatoes and making the fire and making a bed and mending her clothes and darning her stockings—all that, you know, just as naturally as a kitten washes her face. Then very often the mother goes out charring, or takes in washing or sweeps a chapel or something that earns money and takes time. And, when she does, one *supposes* that the girl can run the house. The school sees to her manners and her learning. She ought to be able to get one and ninepence-halfpenny worth of oddments at the shop and see that she gets the right change out of half a crown, and put down the wash and—manners! Now I'll tell you I think she ought to have learnt enough in that way to be able to say 'I'm sorry. And I'll try not to do it again' when she drops a tray and smashes your tea-things.

'Don't they?'

No, they don't. Not a word. Then, when she is sixteen or so, 'a place' ought to 'finish' her, make her neat and clever and handy, able to cook simple things *nucely* and keep things in order, so that if she marries, she can start a little house on quite a high level of comfort. And if she doesn't (only if she's like that she would be snapped up like an apple in a pig sty) by the time she's twenty she ought to specialize, cooking or parlour-maiding or house-maiding. A good cook is a personage, now-a-days. And a good cook with a good character (because you know they are really artists, and people don't look very close at artists' characters)—why, she is—Olympian. And I know *you* tremble before head-housemaids when you go into the world alone. It is a career."

"And they won't enter upon it! Well, freedom is a noble thing,' and I suppose they get more of it in factories, or work rooms. A shop offers the title of 'young lady' and 'business' sounds better than 'service'. So girls are not to be had?"

"Not to be had! My dear laddy! Registry offices are crowded, and just look at the *columns* of advertisements. There is a *glut* of them. But what sort?"

"The fact is, Patty, you are like a young man—a *very* young man. You have a dream girl in your head. You can't realize her, and you won't be content with 'human nature's daily food'. Lower your demands. The work of the world is done by duffers. Life is a make-shift business, any way."

"Demands! My demands have sunk almost to zero. And *theirs* are going up to—boiling-point."

"Come now, Patty, be reasonable. A glut argues a fall in prices and an enlargement of your field of choice. Now *doesn't* it?"

" My dear man, you know so little that I have to talk down to your intelligence. If a girl wants a place, it is the urgency of her need that measures the wage she is willing to take. If she is starving, she will take anything that keeps her alive and say ' thank you ' into the bargain. If she is well off where she is and only thinks she should like a place because she would get a little change of scene, or earn a few shillings to buy a new hat with, or because the ' district lady ' is always bothering her to go out to service or so on—why, the height to which her demands may rise is only limited by the ability of her intending missus to do without her. If she is a necessity of existence to the mistress, and service is only optional to herself, of course *she* fixes terms.

" But the case you put is exactly the reverse of the usual one," said Master, driven into opposition. " Look at Fittington where your registry offices are. Nearly a thousand working men have been 'chucked' within the last twelve months. Whole streets of mechanics' houses are empty. Relief committees are at their wits' end. Half the little shops have shut up. The average girl can no more get a place behind a counter than I could get a berth at the Foreign Office. There is downright want there if there is want anywhere. And yet you say that the compulsion of circumstance with girls is practically nil! It won't wash. Poverty says W. G. Howells somewhere, " is an internal condition. So is madness. Look inside for an explanation '.

" If I say anything is anomalous. Todd, you always laugh at me. *Nothing* is anomalous, you say. I'll give you bare facts, and you shall explain how they fit into the scheme of the universe for yourself. Well, I went myself to five addresses given me by the mistress of a Fittington registry office. She did not know if the girls *wanted* places, she said. So many names had been put down because relief would not be given if girls old enough for service were not trying to get out. However I went. I saw four of them and three of their mothers. None had been out before. Mention of ' the country ' disposed of one. The others ' didn't mind trying an easy place ' . Not one could cook—or wash—or iron. About scrubbing, I didn't ask. In two cases, the *mothers* were doing it, then. None of the girls were doing *anything*. The wages asked were absurd for first places. The three mothers I saw were, evidently hard-working women, bent and coarsened by toil. The girls soft and slack-baked. There was not the slightest anxiety for employment. They asked all sorts of questions and wanted to make I don't know what stipulations. I did not engage any of that lot, but you know I have had several on trial since. Not one has had any home training

in house-work at all. Not one had any interest in her work or any wish to learn. One said she could play the piano 'better than any woman in *this* village.' She was careful of her hands, not to lose 'her touch.' (One who was for a week with Mrs. Holway, you know, had a medal for swimming, and had apparently devoted herself to that art to the exclusion of any other.) I found one almost in rags, clothed her nicely and engaged her. She stayed a fortnight, having told me the very first day that there had never been any occasion for *her* to go to service. She could stay at home if she liked, and her father would always give her a shilling a week pocket-money. That was *her* attitude. They seem all equally wasteful and equally without any pride in their surroundings. As for what you call their 'fractiousness,' a mistress is helpless. I might take your suggestion perhaps and establish a 'Monte Testaccio,' a cairn of each one's breakings with her name at top. But she would probably be flattered and ask for a photograph of it when she went. I don't *think* fining is legal, I've never tried it. Of course one can't *slap*, and where there is no shame, scolding or remonstrance or appeal are just waste of—temper. As for threats of dismissal, if a girl didn't care to come, of course she doesn't care if she has to go. And as for work! The moment impulsion ceases, inertia sets in. And their personal squalor under picture-hats and 'Princess' dresses! The mothers seem to teach the daughters absolutely nothing."

"One thing at a time, Patty, *please*. Make me understand first how your slack-baked slattern *lives*, gets food enough, I mean, in a family with father out of work and mother getting only an occasional day's charring. How is it she doesn't feel the *pinch* of poverty at home? A *good* girl of course would be eager to get out just to lighten the family load. But we will keep things on the lowest level. Well?"

"Well, it's an anom— I take it back! I mean it isn't easy to make you understand. But it's like this. The father and mother, you see, are generally uneducated. You can't imagine the pride they have in the daughter's education. While she goes to school, she is a thing apart, in a way. Household drudgery is not for her. She is going to be—one of the young ladies one sees in the Post Office, or behind the counter in a fancy shop. They never think of her as in a condition like their own. And she accepts this position as a matter of course. School done with, her social standing is practically settled. She has not actually *got* a clerkship or other genteel occupation, but she will at any rate do nothing derogatory to the gentility appropriate to her future career. She hangs about, waiting, doing nothing and learning—*much*. To father and mother she is a sort of bird of

paradise, which it is then proud privilege to lodge and feed. *They* may go short, but the 'grosse Tochterlein' will have enough. Do you remember Heine's ballad*? Wet and wind and snow and dark and the mother tottering out with her little lantern to buy eggs and flour and butter to make a cake for the big daughter who is lying in an arm chair at home blinking sleepily at the fire with her hand about her shoulders. It is the *rule* in poor families. Now you know I do ask them a question or two before I give them a trial."

Master smiles—discreetly.

"Yes. And you said the other day my matriculation examination would turn back Santa Zita her 'it'. Now I'll just tell you what questions I put to the last one, that great robust girl, the picture of health and strength. I began like this:

'Now, if you'll tell me what you do *at home* I shall soon be able to see if you'll get on here. Your mother goes out charring, doesn't she?'—'In one or two families she does, m'm, but she mostly takes in washing'—'Oh, then you can do washing, of course?'—'No, m'm, I never did none. When your mother goes out I dare say you get the dinner. You're the oldest, aren't you?'—'No, m'm. Mother leaves it out. You can cook a *little*. I dare say. Potatoes and so on?'—'No, m'm. Mother made me try since you saw me. But I never did it before. And she said they was spoilt. And when she irons, we have cold.'—'Oh, she irons at home?'—'You help her at that, don't you?'—'No, m'm. I haven't ever tried ironing.'—'Who scrubs the floor when you have a clean up?'—'Mother, m'm, when she is well enough.'—'That girl was seventeen or over, is strong as a bull. The father was out of work, one of the reduced men. They were or had been receiving relief. Why, I have found a great trolloping girl sitting by a fire, reading a penny novelette, while her mother was out 'machining' feeding a threshing machine about the hardest and most coarsening job there is. And she had powdered cheeks and frizzled hair! Besides,

"Easy a moment, my dear child," said Master, fairly submerged by a flood of illustrative instance. Let me condense you for practical application. Mother don't put daughters to housework during their school years from an idea that education makes them superior to drudgery. So the girl looks upon herself as a princess in a woodman's hut. She puts up with poverty, but she draws the line at the degradation of scrubbing and scouring. Is that it?'."

"And she looks down upon her mother in an intolerable way! Now I'll tell you. Only the other day I was talking to an old countess

* Buch der Lieder, Die Heimkehr, 51.

woman I met at the station. Well, of *course* we were talking. She had a bunch of flowers, and I just said that was a pretty Michaelmas daisy, and then she told me all about herself.—Why not, I want to know?"

" No reason in the world, Patty. Go on "

" Well, they had been in one place twenty-five years ! Not much of a cottage but, a bit better than what they found it, I might be sure ! And they had liberty to keep a pig, so every winter she salted one down, regular. Never missed one year of the twenty-five. And always baked at home. Nigh half a sack of wheat they'd always used to have, of leasing, but she were a bit too stiff for stooping now. And potatoes and onions and carrots from their own bit o' garden. And flowers she had too. She could strike cuttings so as they allus took. I told her *mine* didn't, not always, and we compared notes about baking. And then she went on about her family. I said I was sure the girls were a help to her. No, they wasn't, she said. Perhaps I looked--I only said, ' No ? ' like that. Not a word more. Anyway, she went on and told me all about it. The girls had learnt a lot at school, figures and church and ' jonomy ' (I think that stood for an amalgam of sciences) nigh everything there was to learn. But none of it stayed with 'em—not except the concert. Seemed as if they cared for nothing, not garden nor house nor nothing. And they had no mind to learn. One come to see her (one as was in and out o' places, now in Fittington) and found her salting the pig. And she were quite rough about it. ' What's the good, mother,' she says. ' I can get as good ham as yours for one and tuppence a pound anywhere in Fittington, *and* cooked. And I can't see why you should bother to bake, wi' the baker's cart coming round and bread only tuppence ha'penny.' ' Can't ee ? ' says I. And no more. And another of 'em's married. A working man. *And I've seed her house.* No, they was never no use to I, no help nor yet no pleasure. Seemed as if they was set agin everything by school-learning. I tried hard wi'em when they first left school, one arter another. But they was all the same.—She'd been to an old woman in the village herself when she was a child, who taught her to read and write and ' change a shilling.' And she'd never forgot what she learnt. And she was ' out ' at ten years old. Now, that's just what I say ! The learning-years go in learning what *isn't* of use to nineteen out of twenty of them and what sets them all against what would be of use to every one of them. There ! "

" Patty, you're a reactionist ! Read what Sir Oliver Lodge says. ' Children at fourteen are only just beginning to realise the advantages of education. Parents should sacrifice themselves ! So should mis-

suses. Keep girls at school till they are sixteen, and by and bye you will have them coming to service in the spirit of American girl-students, who earn their college fees by being waitresses in hotels in the 'Long.' What they have been taught will have had time to 'strike' and then it will go on growing of itself. By and bye you will have women of cultivated and mature intellect earnestly bending it to the duties of a 'general.'

"Jeer, do, Toddy! Display your contempt for the Art, on which all your comfort depends. You know perfectly well that learning anything without practising it is no good to anybody—well, hardly anybody, then. You were laying down the law the other day, as you do, about that sort of thing. You said habits were only formed by practice, and character was built up upon habits, and the establishment of character was the object of education. Now didn't you? Now look at that *Spectator* you've got there. There's a letter from a very sensible person, 'Registrar,' about girls who go to Canada as lady-helps (Lady-helpishness is the compromise between pride that won't scrub and fecklessness that can't find a fool to feed it). Well, they mostly break down from want of 'character.' Their home education has unfitted them for serious methodical work of any kind. It's just the same with girls who go to service in England. But *you* think that if they had two years more *schooling*, they would keep themselves up in the kitchen by reading 'Green's History' and setting themselves problems in Algebra. There was a story in the paper the other day of a rich couple who had no child. So they adopted one from the workhouse. Ten years afterwards a baby came to them of their very own. Then they sent the other *back* to the workhouse. That's just what we are doing. You told me once of an old horse-breeding squire who hoped in time to get thoroughbreds with bone enough for the plough. Fancy! Common work wants common people, not intellectual thoroughbreds. Drudgery demands—"

"Don't stop, Patty. Say it out. 'Drudgery demands dullness.' Don't be afraid. There will be plenty left—at sixteen."

"Plenty. Oh yes. But diffused and distracted. What we want is dullness—firm to its mark, not spent on other things.' Mentality (as Yankees call it) and manuality (which I've invented) are sworn enemies. Educational authorities exalt mentality and so of course depress manuality. Mothers follow suit. So girls get no home training—in drudgery. School habits drop with school. And so when they've got to go to service, they've got no more character than the lady-helps in Canada. Common house-work disgusts them, and they have about as much idea of setting *will* to work to conquer disgust as—as a cat."

" Well, a couple of years more schooling will establish the habit of applying the will to difficulties. *Any* difficulties. An educated girl—"

" Now, do listen *one* moment ! You were talking to Mr Blackett the other day and I was thinking—"

" An unnatural state of things, Patty. The husband talking and the wife thinking !"

" I scorn your shallow jibes !—Well he was telling you about the youngsters who went from school to India. They had learnt German and Greek, I dare say, and I don't know what else. And not one in twenty ever opened a book in any of them again. And you said that these things were only Cotyledons. I *carving* them (*carving at* them, you *said*) nursed character till it could find its own food."

" Very much to the point, Patty. And they all did very well, he said. They had formed the habit of setting the will to work."

" Yes. To *head* work. That is on the same line of development. But don't the Colonies keep on saying that the emigrant they have *no* use for is the schoolboy with his Greek and Latin ? They want manuality. So does 'service'. And that is *not* on the same line of development. It's not a going *on*. It's a breaking *off*. And 'character' doesn't survive the shock."

" In fact, Patty, you think 'jonomy' incompatible with drudgery. Come, no shirking. Out with it !"

" Well, then I do. *Si j'ai tort qu'on me pende*. There are, naturally, and there ought to be nine swinkers to one thinker. And drudgery is better done by people, whose mentality has not been artificially stimulated. And it's done a deal more happily. We can't set to work with human beings, deliberately, as we do with creatures, develop the powers we find useful at the expense of those we find inconvenient. But I don't see why we should do exactly the reverse. Man's natural bent is towards *bodily* work. 'By the sweat of thy brow'. If you go on for six or seven years forcibly turning the natural current of effort from the time it is just beginning to trickle to when it is a strong stream, into another channel, or splitting it up into a score of dribbles, why, you'll have a job to get it back again. And back it must come unless the whole *necessary* work of the world is to suffer. Look at my girls ! Ask any farmer if he gets honest work out of boys who leave school at fourteen. Ask all the old village people. We're all in the same story. And then comes Sir Oliver Lodge. We've taken a whole boxful of education pills, one at a time, and we're very bad. 'Go on', says Sir Oliver. 'Take two boxes more, two at a time and see what *that* will do for you !' Oh, how wise you men are !"

"We mean well, Patty.—Take two minutes and 'mock the wisdom of the wise' by sketching a comprehensive scheme of educational reform."

"Two minutes! But neat, then. Well—here goes. Teaching to be abolished in all State-supported schools."

"Hulloa! I say, Patty! Come on!"

"Oh, if you want *explanation*! That doesn't count. Well, learning is done by the pupil, teaching by the master. Learning educates, being taught enervates. Schooling without continuous mental effort rots the very roots of growing character. Our grandfathers knew what they were about. What's that bit of Latin you told me once? Their *principle* in schooling. At Westminster, wasn't it?"

"Latin? Oh yes. '*Aut discere aut discedere. Manet sors tertia. Cadi.*'"

"There you see! We have made schooling universal, and we have discarded *all* of the three conditions *they* thought essential to its usefulness. Nineteen out of twenty village lads *won't* learn, *must* stay and *mayn't* be whipped. The schoolmaster *can't* make them learn, and has *got* to get them through their standards. So he keeps throwing facts in solution (mud!) at them for seven years or so till they get plastered enough to pass muster. England can't afford to go on ruining the character of the rising generation at that rate. An 'Assistant Learner' will help honest strugglers over stiles. He will also keep a sieve going—Well? It's no good polishing road metal, is it? The roads want it. Let the roads have it. Once a year at least a grand clear out. *Learners* stay, the rest go."

"Where, Patty, where? Do you intend to drown them like kittens?"

"Listen. Manuality to be endowed with three-quarters of the money now squandered on mentality. The odd quarter is lots enough to educate (*educate*, mind you) the five per cent. who want to *learn*. In this way, manuality will rise enormously in importance, public esteem. The strength of England is in the worker with his hands, the '*manoeuvre*.' The Land is the All-mother. Her lap is man's natural primary school. There's a difference, between education (the establishment of character) through the brain and through the body. Progressive bodily work *educates* without conscious mental effort. The brain *will* work, and when it is not distracted by imper tinences like letters and things, it is the continuous and purposeful activity of the body that finds it material to work upon. By and bye it (perhaps) wants more than rule of thumb. *Education* can be completed without this upward striving, but ambition must be pro-

vided with a ladder—back to school in the first place. But the first few rungs must be climbed alone. That is the indispensable test. The boy twelve years old, who comes back to the door of the school with words of one syllable and the multiplication table learnt by himself *without* national help, is *worth* national helping. Instead of degrading 'letters' by feeding them into boys with a spoon like brimstone and treacle, put them on a high shelf like jam. Let them be within the reach of real determination and of nothing short of that. The three R's are *not* 'generally necessary to (our national) salvation.' The habit of continuous bodily labour and the character that it feeds, *are*. Every village is to have quantities of land to be cultivated seriously by the boys except those endowed with *exceptional* mentality and determination, and consequently retained by the school. Their work will be proportioned to their strength, but real effort will be enforced. By whipping? No. By exclusion of shirkers from the social enjoyment and from the atmosphere of public consideration in which effort thrives. All lads wanted for farm work and the like are to be hired from this great nursery-garden. A boy's being 'worth wages' to be regarded as a successful close to an honourable school career. The S.P.C.C. is to be handsomely subsidised so as to ensure proper treatment to our youngsters in farm-service. 'The farmer won't like it?' No, he won't. Let him lump it."

"I can't help feeling a *little* sorry for him, Patty. For of course under this *régime* he is bound to disappear. The tiller of the soil will become the master of the soil."

"Of course. Preadamitic creatures of the slime *must* die out when Adam comes along, spade in hand, to drain their swamps and restrict their ravage. And—"

"Time up and over, Patty. And not a word yet of the domestic difficulty. Carry out your principles. The girl who sweeps a room will become the missus unless the missus learns to sweep the room."

"I don't deny it. The future is to the efficient *worker* all round, and no doubt about it. But the intermediate stage with 'girls' is to forbid their going to service without certificates of proficiency in house-work. A mother who wants to 'get her girl out' will have to apply to me—"

"You, Patty?"

"People *like* me, silly! I shall receive a title 'Q.E.D.A.' 'Qualified Examiner in Domestic Arts,' and the examination will be held in the mother's cottage. Won't there be a *rush* upon the girls I pass?"

Master picks up stick and 'billycock.' As he reaches the door, he turns.

"There— Sits Diotima, teaching him who died, of hemlock.' If I make your proposals public, Patty, I am lost. Sir Oliver Lodge will propound the bowl. Fall into line and keep your opinions to yourself."

"Never. I have a vocation and ministry of my own besides looking after you! Every little home in England ought to be a block-house to hold in check the hosts of the Triple Alliance of Dirt, Drink, and Disease that cover the face of the country, and how can it, if the woman in command doesn't know one end of a gun from another? We, the missuses of the middle class, ought to be a training depôt for preparing the—the—"

"The rebels of the future, Patty? Go on!"

"The growing girlhood of the nation for the life-long national struggle, in which they will, by and bye, have to hold independent commands."

Master looks back holding the door half open.

"Patty!—Your friend 'Registrar' says the missuses know less about it than the maids."

"More's the pity if they don't! Reform them, then, by proper appreciation of those who do. And don't snub us when we venture to protest against *your* utterly ruining the material we have to work with before it ever comes into our hands.—There, go and get your walk and come back in a better frame of mind."

A. G. & D. C. PEDDER.

England.

SOME RECENT BOOKS ON INDIA.

NEVER, perhaps, was there a time when Indian art and literature received so much attention from the European Press. Not so many years ago the Great Eastern Empire was an unknown land, so far as the vast majority of British people were concerned. In the Press the views that were given prominence were largely those of jaundiced Anglo-Indians, who had in many cases spent half-a-lifetime in the Far-East without making the slightest effort to understand the people, among whom their lot was cast. In the House of Commons the introduction of an important Indian question was the signal for a general exodus from the Chamber, the members hurriedly betaking themselves to the smoking-rooms or the Lobby, there to while away the time until the crack of the party Whip told them that the moment had come when they must vote in support of their political leaders. Sometimes it might be said of these leaders that :

“ A merciful Providence fashioned them hollow,
In order that they might their principles swallow.”

But that had little effect on the votes of the partisan followers, particularly in questions relating to India. Even yet it is probably true that the electors of Britain, as well as the members of Parliament, do not give that close attention to Indian questions, which they ought to do, but there is nevertheless a growing interest in matters relating to the East. That interest is reflected in the remarkable increase in the number of books dealing with India and the Indian people, which have been published in Britain during the past few months. I am writing in mid-July—one of the duller months of the publishing season—but even within the past week or two quite a dozen books of more than ordinary merit—all dealing with India and the East—have been issued by London publishers. Certainly, if the Twentieth Century M.P., who aspires to become the member for India, does not understand the needs of his many millions of constituents, it is not the fault of either the authors or publishers.

OLD MADRAS.

Quite the most noteworthy of recent works on India is "*Vestiges of Old Madras, 1640—1800*," by Henry Davison Love. It consists of four handsome volumes which have been published by Mr. John Murray, London, at the price of 36 shillings net, and forms one of the "*Indian Record Series*," which is liberally supported by the Government of India. The title-page further informs the reader that the contents of the volumes have been "traced from the East India Company's records preserved at St. George and the India Office and from other sources." It must be frankly confessed that even to those who are interested in the history of India, the reading of such a work as this is quite a formidable task. Into the 2,000 pages which it contains, an extraordinarily large amount of information has been compressed, but little effort has been made to present it in an attractive or readable form. Still this mass of undigested material forms a wonderful mine for the historian and sociologist, and the day may yet come when, in the hands of a patriotic author, these and other similar records will be woven into a Story of the People of India worthy of the great subject. With the aid of a copious and carefully prepared index, the student will have little difficulty in building up a reliable edifice from the many cartloads of historical bricks which the volumes contain. Reports, minutes, letters, documents, official and otherwise, all have been carefully extracted from the musty Record Houses and are presented here in chronological form. Much interesting information has thus been brought together concerning the men who, at various times, have been officially connected with Madras, among whom are included both Clive and Warren Hastings. Other notable names too occur, names familiar in the pages of Anglo-Indian history, Thomas Pitt, grandfather of Chatham, in spite of his faults, had some of the elements of real greatness; and here too in Colonel Love's pages we find curious details of Major Lawrence, Eyre Coote, Benjamin Robins the engineer, and many others, whose names, it is to be feared, are wholly forgotten now both in Britain and in India, but who in their time bulked largely on the stage of Eastern life.

The 160 years, which are dealt with in the "*Vestiges*," are some of the most interesting in the checkered history of India. The records treat, among other matters, of the early settlements, the Naiks' grant, the founding of Fort St. George, the troubles with the Portuguese, the creation of a Presidency, the successful resistance to Aurangzib, the surrender to the French, the recovery, the siege of 1758, as well as the administration—good, bad, and indifferent—of the various Governors. Evidently the settlement was in danger. The handful of English had to defend themselves not only against the native

tribesmen, many of whom strongly resented the intrusion of foreign rulers, but also against the Dutch, French, and Portuguese raiders, who had much less justification for their hostility to the British. Sieges and assaults there were more than one, and miniature revolutions helped to make history in Old Madras. Official and semi-official records of all these stirring events are given in the various volumes.

There is no need to remind the reader that many of the doings of the East India Company officials were irregular, and their administration corrupt. Further documentary evidence is scarcely necessary to convince impartial critics that there were many dark stains on the Company's record. If the Company's officials went out to India on a small salary, *they knew quite well that they would have no difficulty in making a fortune out of perquisites or trade. The Governors had large powers as magistrates, and some of the brutal punishments which they sanctioned, stir in one feelings of righteous indignation even after the lapse of more than two centuries. In a report prepared in 1704 by Charles Lockyer, we find the following :—

If the Governor has not power of Life and Death, he can commit to the cock-house, which is in effect the same ; for Rice and Water in an Indian stove will send a man as surely to the other world, tho' not with the same expedition as a halter."

Colonel Love moderately refrains from obtruding his own opinions on the reader. He has contented himself with presenting an almost endless assortment of historical facts, as he finds them recorded in these dead and half-forgotten annals of Madras. Not the least interesting feature of the book, however, is the interesting glimpse which it gives of the social life and topography of the oldest of the three Presidencies. Here, for example, is a most interesting letter from a lady in Madras, penned in 1743, in which the writer tells of a visit of the Nawab and his family to the city. The dress of the Nawab's lady is thus described :—

" I must now give you a Description of her Person and Dress. Her Person was thin, genteel, and middle-sized ; her Complexion tawny as the Moors all are ; her eyes as black as possible, large and fine, and painted at the Edges, which is what most of the Moors do ; her Lips painted red ; and between every Tooth which was fine and regular, she was painted black that they might look like Ebony. All her Attendants, which were about 30 ladies, were the same. Her face was done over like frosted work with Leaf-gold ; the Nails of her fingers

*The Governor received only £300 a year.

and toes, for they were bare-footed, were painted red, and likewise the Middle of her Hands."

Modern leaders of fashion, who have recently been shocking even a callous world by their lack of modesty in dress, might perhaps find some useful hints from that graphic word-picture !

Although separated by thousands of miles from the centres of Western civilization, the Company's officials seem to have secured their full share of the pleasures of life—particularly those "pleasures," which are alleged to leave one next morning with an excruciating headache and a dreary sense of penitence. The Governor " keeps a generous table ; nor is that where the factors and writers dine less regarded, differing only in this : here you have a great deal of Punch and little Wine ; there what Wine you please and a little Punch. As to their diversions, they are suitable to their various inclinations. Some are for a collation at Marmaton or Woolf-Tope, or a jaunt to St. Thomas's Mount, where is an old house with a pleasant garden of the Company's. Others think riding, shooting, or coursing more agreeable exercises." There is, of course, no reason to suppose that the Wine and Punch was quaffed in solemn silence as the mediæval priests are alleged to have emptied their generous tankards. Quite the contrary in fact, for one letter from the Directors runs thus : " We are sorry to hear that of late there has not been a sufficient Decorum kept up among our People, and particularly among the young ' Writers ' and Factors, that there has been Files of Musqueteers sent to keep the Peace at Dinner time." Gay dogs evidently those old-time writers and "factors," though the Directors' grave rebuke is scarcely a matter for surprise when one learns that included in the stewards' allowances were two pipes of Madeira a month. It would probably be unfair, however, to judge these underlings by the higher standards of to-day. They lived in an age when in Scotland as well as in England the ability to drink copiously was regarded as the hall-mark of a "gentleman." The "best man" was he who last fell under the table when the drinking bouts were in progress !

JOHN BRIGHT AND INDIA.

The second volume to claim our attention does not deal specifically with the East, but it is nevertheless of very great interest to the people of India and of permanent value to students of history. It is rather remarkable that though many "lives" of John Bright have been published during the past quarter of a century—including an admirable work by Mr. W. Robertson—we have had to wait for some 25 years after the death of the "People's Tribune" for an authoritative story of his remarkable career. That authoritative biography has now made its

appearance, however, written by Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan, and published at 15s. net by the old-established house of Constable and Co. Mr. Bright's friendship for India was well known, and has not yet been forgotten by the people of the East. He boldly championed the cause of a down-trodden race at a time when it was by no means easy for a British statesman to do so. Indeed, as Mr. Trevelyan says, he was one of the first, perhaps, the very first, among English politicians to realise the necessity of treating Indians with personal sympathy and respect. So long ago as 1858 he declared :—

"I would not permit any man in my presence, without rebuke, to indulge in the calumnies and expressions of contempt which I have recently heard poured forth without measure upon the whole population of India."

Nor did Mr. Bright confine his interest in India to generous expressions of sympathy. He had studied Indian problems closely, and formulated for himself a definite and clear-cut policy, which even after the lapse of half a century would be branded as "dangerous" and "Utopian" by some of the party, to which the great Quaker statesmen belonged. His ideal was a great Eastern Empire—free, prosperous, and self-governing—able to stand alone, independent of Britain. He knew that the realisation of that ideal was yet a long way off, that many difficulties, both external and internal, had to be overcome before an independent India could become an accomplished fact, but he urged upon his countrymen the desirability of shaping their policy with that end in view. "The task of teaching India to stand alone after we were gone must needs be long and gradual," he said—all the more reason, therefore, why Britain should begin to prepare as soon as possible for that coming day.

It is scarcely possible, in the course of a brief note on Mr. Trevelyan's excellent biography, to deal fully with Mr. Bright's Indian policy. It is worthy of note, however, that in 1853, when the East India Company's charter was renewed for the last time, Mr. Bright was one of the most active supporters of the proposal to abolish the patronage of the Directors and introduce a system of open competition for entrance into the Civil Service. He went, indeed, a great deal further than the Whig Government of the time was prepared to go, and vigorously criticised certain portions of their Bill, which he regarded as altogether inadequate as a measure of reform. The Bill, he urged, had its own inherent defects and it continued the dual government of the Court of Directors and the Board of Control and made no provision for enabling educated and enlightened Indians to take part in the government of their own country. Time has proved that the Quaker reformer was

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right, and that the timid and time-serving Whigs of his day were egregiously wrong. It has taken the people of Britain two or three generations to learn that lesson, however, and the process has been a painful and irksome one for the Indians. But Mr. Bright, as I have indicated, had certain clear and well-defined opinions regarding the Government of India. He was doubtful, as Mr. Trevelyan explains, of the wisdom and the morality of Britain going there in the first instance, but the momentous step had long ago been taken, and the responsibilities, which it involved, still remained. Britain had incurred certain obligations to India, which she was bound to fulfill. "I accept the possession of India as a fact," he said. "There we are; we do not know how to leave it, and therefore let us see how we do not know how to govern it." His own scheme he outlined very fully in the House of Commons in 1858. Decentralisation was the keynote of his policy. He proposed that the office of Governor-General should be abolished, and that we should have Presidencies and not an Empire. The following passage, which Mr. Trevelyan quotes, expresses Mr. Bright's views very clearly:—

"I would propose to have at least five Presidencies in India, and I would have the government of those Presidencies perfectly equal in rank and salary.....I will take the Presidency of Madras as an illustration.....It has a Governor and a Council. I would give it to a Governor and a Council still, but would confine all their duties to the Presidency of Madras, and I would treat it just as if Madras was the only portion of India connected with this country. I would have its finance, its taxation, its justice, and its political departments, as well as its public works and military department precisely the same as if it were a State having no connection with any other part of India, and recognised only as a dependency of this country."

That scheme, it will be readily realised, is one, at which many educated Indians to-day would look askance; and it must certainly be admitted that it never commended itself to the people of Britain. Independent observers will probably agree that it is very largely a matter for the people of India themselves after they have "learned to stand alone."

In view of Mr. Bright's active interest in Indian affairs, it was not surprising that when the historic Liberal Government of 1868 was formed, he was offered by Mr. Gladstone the helm of affairs in the Dependency. Mr. Bright might certainly have done valuable work at the India Office, but he declined the post—and after all one can quite appreciate his reasons for doing so. The Demosthenes of the Liberal Party was a sincere and life-long member of the Society of

Friends. To him war and militarism were things accursed. India had been won by the sword, and must be kept by the sword. It might even be necessary once more, as during the terrible days of the Mutiny, to crush a popular revolt by force of arms. Mr. Bright refused to take into his hand that blood-stained sword. "I feared the labour," he wrote to his wife, "and I could not take part in the duties of the office, which are connected with the military affairs of India." Thus it was that Mr. Bright declined to go to the India Office. His motives for doing so one cannot but respect, although India was probably the loser by his decision. With Mr. Bright at the head of Indian affairs, it is probable that some of the reforms associated with the name of Lord M^{ay} would not have been delayed till the dawn of the Twentieth Century. But that is only a matter for conjecture. Certain it is that the great Free Trade orator was, during his public career, one of the truest and most disinterested friends of India.

ARCHITECTURE IN INDIA.

Yet another book on India merits more than a passing note. This time, however, it is not politics but architecture that claims the author's attention. "*Indian Architecture: Its Psychology, Structure, and History from the first Muhammadan invasion to the Present Day*"—such is the title of Mr. E. B. Havell's able and scholarly study of a highly important subject. This volume is published by Mr. John Murray, and the price is 30 shillings net. It deals with a vast theme—a theme on which one hesitates to touch—for only a reviewer who has a first-hand knowledge of Indian architecture can hope to do it justice. To such first-hand knowledge the present writer can lay no claim, but no survey of recent Indian literature would be complete without a reference to Mr. Havell's book. It is a book which merits a permanent place in every architect's library. It is an able archæological treatise, but it is that and something more. It is a vigorous vindication of the spirit of nationalism in Indian architecture and a convincing statement of the claim that, in the building of the New Delhi, the Government of India should give full scope to Indian talent. Mr. Havell proves himself a close observer and a discriminating critic, and the many excellent illustrations—all admirably reproduced—lend additional value to the book.

Dr. Fergusson, who is generally regarded as the leading authority on Indian architecture, has expressed the view that the best features of Mogul architecture were imported into India from Western Asia, and has asserted that he can find "no trace of Hinduism in the works of Jehangir and Shah Jehan." That theory is vigorously combated by Mr. Havell, and it must certainly be said that he builds

up a very strong case against Fergusson. "It is a travesty of Indian history," he declares, "to represent Arabian culture as a great creative force, which transformed the ideals of Indian art, and taught the Indian builders the true principles of architecture."

"Nothing is more clear to the student of Indian architecture, who can read the language of the Indian craftsman, than that it was the willingness of the Mussulman rulers to adopt the art and culture of Hindustan—their genius for learning rather than teaching—which made Indo-Mohammedan architecture great. The willingness to learn may in itself be regarded as a proof of high intelligence and an innate artistic instinct and undoubtedly many of the Mohammedan sovereigns had great artistic gifts, like many exalted patrons of art in mediæval Europe, but the great architects of India were Indians by birth and instinct."

In support of that view Mr. Havell rightly points out that some of the pre-Mogul temples, palaces, and tombs are among the noblest buildings in the world, and certainly in architectural skill the Indian builders of those days had few equals anywhere in the world. The skill with which they carved even the hardest of granite was amazing, and even yet architects and artisans of the West will turn with wonder and delight to view those enduring monuments of human industry reared long ages ago by the builders and sculptors of the patient East.

Mr. Havell is right. The Indian builders needed no inspiration from the Mohammedan invaders. Long centuries before the Western world had awakened to the trumpet-call of civilization—when the ancient empires of Greece and Rome were yet unknown, when the stones that form the Pyramids were still embedded in the granite hills of Egypt—the deft fingers of Indian workmen were hewing with marvellous skill and dexterity massive blocks of Eastern granite. Here, in the cradle of the human race, the arts of granite-cutting and granite-polishing first were mastered; and even yet human ingenuity has improved but little on the handiwork of those ancient craftsmen. So wonderful was their skill that, many centuries afterwards, when the older civilizations had passed away, visitors from foreign lands regarded those granite temples and statues as the handiwork of the gods. In the early years of the Christian era Fa Hian, a Chinese pilgrim, visited India. "In this city," he says, "is the Royal Palace, the different parts of which Asoka commissioned the genii to construct by piling up the stones. The walls, doorways, and the sculptured designs are no human work." Another Chinese pilgrim of the same period—Houen Tsang—describes, not without a touch of

awe, the sculptured stones of the land, and also what can only have been a pillar of polished granite. He saw, he says, "a stone pillar, bright and shining as a mirror, its surface glistening and smooth as ice."

Dr. Kennedy, who gave a lifetime study to these matters, says the only tools which the Hindu artisans used in their gigantic undertakings—the construction of the famous underground temples and such great granite strongholds as Dowletabad and Asseergur—were a small chisel and an iron mallet. The chisel tapered to a fine round point, and the face of the mallet had a deep hollow lined with lead. "With such simple tools," he adds, "they formed, fashioned, and scooped the granite rock, which forms the tremendous fortress of Dowletabad, and excavated the wonderful caverns of Ellora; for it seems by no means probable that the Hindu stone-cutters worked with any other tools." Granite, agates, bloodstones and crystals were fashioned with such primitive instruments into cups and other hollow articles as delicately shaped as those of the most plastic porcelain. King Solomon, it will be remembered, received from the East a ruby cup containing the elixir of life. So at least runs the legend. In forming the cavity of the cup, the small holes a quarter of an inch in depth were first bored all over the surface with a diamond-tipped drill. The remaining portions around the hole were then chipped away, and the process repeated time after time until the desired form and depth were obtained.

Indian architecture, it must be remembered, reached its highest point of excellence just before the Mohammedan invasion. Gorgeous temples still testify to the wonderful skill and facility of workmanship of those Hindu granite-cutters. This is how Dr. Fergusson himself, whose views Mr. Havell has called in question, describes the Rameswaram temple: "No engraving can convey the impression produced by such a display of labour when extended to an uninterrupted length of 700 feet. None of our Cathedrals is more than 500 feet, and even the nave of St. Paul's is only 600 feet from the door to the apse. Here the side corridors are 700 feet long, and open into transverse galleries as rich in detail as themselves. These with the varied devices and mode of lighting produce an effect that is not equalled anywhere in India . . . Here we have corridors extending to 4,000 feet carved on both sides and in the hardest granite. It is the immensity of the labour here displayed that inspires us, much more than its quality, and that, combined with a certain picturesqueness and mystery, produce an effect that is not surpassed by any other temple in India, and by very few elsewhere."

I have wandered away slightly, however, from Mr. Havell and his book, but I have touched on the early grandeur of Indian architecture for the purpose of emphasising the author's view, that the later Indian buildings owed but little to Mussulman influence. Quite the contrary in fact, for there is no reason to dispute Mr. Havell's contention that the Moguls only accomplished what they did by annexing the Indian builders, and giving them free scope on the working of characteristic Moslem designs. This brings us now to the author's main purpose. He urges strongly that in designing and building the New Delhi, the Indian Government should give full scope to native talent—in brief, that the builders should freely avail themselves of the Indian art and craftsmanship of to-day just as the Moguls took over the Indian art of their day. Put thus, Mr. Havell's case is certainly a strong one. Surely, in the new Capital, if anywhere, Indian architecture ought to be seen at its greatest and its best. Mr. Havell has written a notable book—a book, moreover, inspired by a worthy purpose. He has evidently a wide and intimate knowledge of Indian architecture, and his book is a permanent contribution to the literature of the East. The illustrations are beautifully reproduced, and the handsome volume is a credit alike to author, printer, and publisher.

A MISSIONARY ON INDIA.

In "*India and the Indians*" (Murray 10s. 6d. net) one sees that Eastern land through a different pair of spectacles. The author is Mr. Edward F. Elwin, an Anglican Missionary of the Society of St. John the Evangelist—generally known as the Cowley Fathers—and whatever the shortcomings of the book may be, the author as at any rate spent a sufficiently long time in the East to entitle him to be heard with respect. In the pages which deal with the practical difficulties of mission work among the Hindus, the sectarian differences among the various bodies working for the conversion of the East are very clearly brought out. To the educated Indian it is to be feared that some of the passages will suggest the view that

Christian love among the Churches
Looks the twin of Heathen hate.

But that aspect of the volume does not concern us meantime. Mr. Elwin draws attention to one peculiar difficulty, with which missionaries in India are confronted—a difficulty which is not always appreciated by the Western world. Conversion, the author points out, almost inevitably involves an increase of expenditure. "Christianity rightly brings in its train aspirations for some of the refinements of civilization." In other words, the educated Hindu has acquired new needs, and must be paid a slightly higher wage than his uncon-

verted brother before he is able to satisfy them. Evidently the author regards that as one reason why the converted Hindu is not welcomed in many Anglo-Indian households. But there are other reasons scarcely less creditable to the Anglo-Indians :—

"The Christian servant will not be so submissive as the heathen one. His Christianity has developed his grit, and he will be less willing to put up with injustice, or violent language, or the habit, once common but now almost universally reprobated, of cutting his pay as a punishment for offences real or imaginary. He will not be quite so ready to be on duty for unlimited periods at his master's pleasure, and he will be expected to be allowed time to go to Church."

Evidently there is just as wide a field for missionary zeal among the Anglo-Indians as among the benighted heathen Hindus!

Although Mr. Elwin is of course on most familiar ground when dealing with mission work in the East, his opinions on other subjects are also well worthy of attention. He sternly condemns the unsatisfactory methods of the police, particularly their use of corporal punishment; and the unmannerly behaviour of certain Englishmen towards the natives is also strongly commented on. One lays aside the book, however, with the impression that real and substantial progress is after all being made in the land, where the author has spent so many busy years. India, as he tells us at the outset, "is really waking up."

THROUGH WESTERN SPECTACLES.

Other volumes dealing with India and the East, which have been published this month, can only be dealt with briefly. In "Siam," Pierre Loti, the great French stylist, makes another successful attempt to interpret for the Western world some of the resplendent and mysterious features of the Orient. The beautiful word-pictures of the gorgeous East lose but little in the process of translation from French to English, and so vivid are the impressions left on the reader that he too is able to say with Pierre Loti: "In the depths of the forests of Siam I have seen the star of evening rise over the ruins of Añgkor". The English version, translated by Mr. W. P. Baines, has just been published by Mr. T. Werner Laurie, at 7s. 6d. net.

"The Empire of India" (Pitman, 7s. 6d. net) is from the pen of Sir Bampfylde Fuller, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., a retired Indian civil servant with a distinguished record of public service. It is an informative rather than a controversial book, although occasionally the author gives vent to opinions with which it is impossible to agree. His views,

however, are invariably presented with moderation and scholarly courtesy. The book is divided into four parts. The first is devoted to a general description of the country including its physical aspects, its natural history, agriculture, manufacture and commerce. The second deals with the people of India—races, castes and religions. Part three treats of the highly important subject of the government of the country, while the concluding section is devoted to a discussion of the future prospects of the Empire.

"The European in India," by H. Hervey, (Stanley Paul. 12s. 6d. net) contains some fifty or sixty short sketches of typical British characters and "Station" scenes. The author spent a good many years in the Indian Telegraphs Department and writes of what he knows.

"India To-day," by Oliver Bainbridge (Henry J. Drane. 21s. net) is a more ambitious book. Its purpose is, according to the author, "to serve the cause of justice by setting right the minds of those who labour under an erroneous impression in relation to the Indian Empire." Mr. Bainbridge's standpoint may be gathered from his opening sentence: "There is no country on earth so misunderstood as India, and no Government more misunderstood than the British, whose sympathy and justice are exorcising the curse that blights and blasts the lives of the people of India; and, instead of miseries, their songs of joy are beginning to resound, and instead of tragedies, their lives are becoming full of sweetness and light."

Two Indian novels, which have appeared this month, may be mentioned in conclusion—"The Daughter-in-Law," by E. W. Savi (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.) and "In Old Madras," by B. M. Croker (Hutchinson & Co. 6s.) Mrs. Savi's tale deals with a not unfamiliar theme—the marriage of an Englishwoman to a Hindu, and certainly reveals a wonderfully intimate knowledge of native domestic life. Mrs. Croker's story sounds like a far-off echo of Rudyard Kipling: "In most big cities the natives will tell you of two or three Sahibs, who have turned Hindu or Mussulman, and who live more or less as such." It is of the adventures of such Sahibs that Mrs. Croker tells in her new novel. Probably the plot of "In Old Madras" is a trifle hackneyed and some of the incidents rather improbable, but the story is well told, and the interest is cleverly sustained until the close.

Such are some of the more important publications relating to India and the East, which passed through the reviewer's hands during the past week or two. Their number and their importance certainly suggests that authors and publishers are doing their best to enlighten the Western world regarding that vast Empire in the East with its teeming millions of population and its widely different races. The

pen, after all, is mightier than the sword ; and the printing press may prove a powerful influence in enabling the people of the East and of the West to understand each other. With that understanding will come closer co-operation, and the wisdom of the East will be blended with the knowledge of the West.

WILLIAM DIACK

Scotland.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Some years ago Indian political reformers used to demand a revival of the periodical enquiries into Indian **Enquiries into** affairs held in the days of the East India **Indian Affairs.** Company. The enquiries ceased to be periodical and general when the Government was vested in the Crown, and Parliament assumed direct control of the administration. But enquiries into separate branches of the administration from time to time, as special questions arise, can never become obsolete under a progressive Government, and we have had a series of investigations since the time of Lord Curzon's Viceroyalty. India comprises much larger territory now than in the days when general Parliamentary enquiries were held, and the administration has become more complex. Special enquiries, being more detailed and thorough, serve the needs of the present day better than general enquiries into the whole administration. Some of the enquiries of recent years have been conducted by Commissions appointed by the Government of India, others by Royal Commissions; most of them have been public, a few private; some have involved questions of policy, others merely an application of expert knowledge. These Commissions have been supplemented by Committees and Conferences. The field surveyed by these various bodies has been vast, and the reforms suggested by them numerous. More enquiries are still being demanded: an overhauling of the judicial administration, for example, has been influentially suggested, and many are of opinion that the discussions held by the annual sanitary conferences do not touch those larger questions of combating and preventing disease on an extensive scale, which can better be dealt with by a Commission. The field

already surveyed embraces irrigation, police, education, railways, telegraphs, legislative councils, executive councils, decentralisation and local self-government, military expenditure and reform, and the Commissions on the public services and finance are still conducting their enquiries. As a result of this reviving activity, several branches of the administration—agriculture and antiquities, for example—have extended their operations, and practically a new era has opened since the solution of the currency difficulty, added to the normal expansion of the material prosperity of the country, placed the finances on so satisfactory a footing that even the loss of the opium revenue is now contemplated without dismay. One result of this reforming zeal, or acquiescence in the inevitability of reform, is that those who take some interest in Indian affairs look forward to the debate on the Indian budget in Parliament, and especially to the speech of the Secretary or Under Secretary of State, with more than ordinary curiosity; for it may be the occasion of some new announcements, or for raising some new questions of general public interest.

By paying a personal visit to India, Lord Crewe and Mr. Montagu have acquired a familiarity and a realistic touch with the questions uppermost in the public mind, which they could not have acquired by merely studying documents and despatches. The confidence with which "globe-trotters" used to speak in the House of Commons cannot now be denied to them. They would appear to have discussed with high officials on the spot several questions of importance on which they have since spoken in Parliament. One of these is the reform of the India Office itself. It has often been complained that the control of Indian affairs from a distance of thousands of miles involves delay, and the Secretary of State is sometimes too interfering. The interference depends very much upon the individual who presides at the India Office and the nature of the questions that arise for his decision. In Lord Morley's time, important questions of policy had often to be decided, and probably that was one of the reasons why the complaint became especially loud in his days and the highest officials insinuated in public that the relations between the officialdom at Simla and that at Whitehall were not quite satisfactory. If the principle of local autonomy is extended downwards to the Provincial Governments in India,

probably it may also be extended upwards. But it appears that no substantial alteration is contemplated in the relations between the Secretary of State and the Government of India. As long as the constitution of the Government of India remains as at present, the Secretary of State's control will have to continue in more or less the same measure as at present, but it is clear from Mr. Montagu's speech that the necessity for furnishing explanations to higher authorities is felt to be a very irksome part of official duties from the Government of India down to the district officer. The Public Services Commission is perhaps expected to suggest how the work of the district officer may be lightened by giving him a little more independence and probably the consideration of their proposals will afford an opportunity to readjust the responsibilities of all higher authorities. The changes at the India Office, which are at present contemplated, seem to be intended mainly to minimise delay and to ensure the appointment of councillors who retain sufficient vigour, and are in close touch with the latest phases of public questions and of public opinion in India. The number of councillors will be reduced so as to correspond to the Viceroy's Executive Council, and each councillor will be placed in charge of a department as in the case of the Government of India. The Indian members, whether they are placed in charge of a portfolio or not, will continue to be in the Council by virtue of their nationality and representative character, and it is possible that under the new constitution of the Secretary of State's Council, the Indian members will not be required to possess official experience. If so eminent Indian publicists may aspire to the councillorship by distinguishing themselves in the political movements of the country, in the Legislative Councils or otherwise.

Of the several enquiries ordered by the Secretary of State, the Nicholson Committee's investigation has already been completed. From the terms of reference the public in India were led to hope that some economy in military expenditure might be suggested. The question must have been considered, but it appears from Mr. Montagu's speech that no appreciable reduction in the expenditure is probable. We are not told whether the Committee's recommendations will involve any additional expenditure. Military critics of the present administration, who complain that Lord Kitchener's schemes have been delayed, ap-

pear to have raised a cry that the efficiency of the army was about to be sacrificed on the altar of economy. If the full development of those schemes will involve a permanent additional burden on the Indian Exchequer, and if that development will be arrested under the recommendations of the Nicholson Committee, their negative proposals may themselves serve the purpose of economy. Mr. Montagu, however, has not disclosed the nature of those proposals, besides indicating the possibility of our getting a better army with the present expenditure. No complications either on the frontier or outside are apprehended. The frontier tribes in the north-west are kept well in hand by Sir George Roos-Keppell, and Sir Edward Grey's foreign policy is one of forbearance rather than forwardness. The only announcement of interest, which Mr. Montagu had to make regarding the foreign department of the Government of India, was that a new Political Secretary will be appointed, in addition to the Foreign Secretary, to attend to the Native States, and that the Chiefs will be more frequently invited to Conferences at Delhi or Simla.

While the Conservatives are particularly anxious about the foreign relations of the Government of India and the public tranquillity, the Radicals are engaged in scrutinising the conduct of the police and their interference with the liberties of the people. Both political crimes and ordinary crimes have in recent years multiplied in certain provinces. The daring and wicked attempt on the life of the Viceroy last year was the culmination of a movement with which the police have hitherto tried to grapple with indifferent success. It must, however, be admitted that success is not the sole test of efficiency. As Mr. Montagu reminded the House of Commons, crimes similar to the outrage on the Viceroy are now-a-days being perpetrated in half-a-dozen countries in the world, where the police have not been condemned. It seems that after a careful enquiry, the Government of India have come to the conclusion that the precautions taken by the local authorities and the police at Delhi for the safety of the State procession in December were adequate, and any further safeguards against possible outrage would have entailed an amount of surveillance and interference with the liberties of the

people, which would not be tolerated in any civilized country. In Bengal Lord Carmichael has protested that the amount of real political crime in the province is sometimes exaggerated, but at the same time he has warned parents that if they do not take sufficient care to protect their sons from the influence of a small knot of the irreconcilable enemies of the British Government, the Government will be obliged to assert itself and adopt further measures to prevent the growth of the mischief, to which the indifference of the people allows too much scope. At the other end of the country, Sir Michael O'Dwyer, in a Durbar at Rawalpindi, reminded the people of his province that for some years past it had acquired the reputation of being the most criminal province in India. Robberies, dacoities, and murders have increased in certain districts, and it seems that these are being brought home not only to the criminal classes but to the relatives of Lambardars and other influential and respectable men. His Honour warned the Durbaris that if the police are not assisted in their work, the Government will be compelled to take severe measures against those who fail in their duty. One reason why the police are not assisted appears to be the fear of vengeance by the betrayed criminals. In Bengal that fear is not imaginary, and a part of the policy of the anarchists appears to be to destroy relentlessly those who betray them even in their own ranks and those who work actively against them. The Punjab Government has placed 20,000 acres of land at the disposal of the Commissioner of the criminal districts for distribution to those who help the police and to the families of the victims of revenge. Both in Bengal and in Punjab the ultimate remedy for the present state of things, in so far as it lies in the hands of Government as distinguished from a change in the material and moral condition of the people, must consist in the improvement of the police. Mr. Montagu referred to the necessity for a more efficient police and the Radicals have for a long time insisted upon a more honest police. It is not clear how the detective capacity of the protectors of the peace will be improved, but after much discussion the Government seems to have arrived at certain conclusions as to the opportunities to be allowed to the police for obtaining confessions. A special reason is given in Bengal for the disturbed condition of parts of that province. It has frequently been stated, and perhaps Mr. Montagu was personally told by officials in

India, that one reason why the rural classes do not show sufficient respect to the law is, that the district and revenue officers are not brought into sufficiently close touch with them where land revenue is permanently settled, as those officers are under the ryotwari system. The revenue administration of Bengal, however, cannot be changed, and the Government must rely upon a better police. The general opinion among the authorities consulted on the subject of confessions was not favourable to the inadmissibility of such evidence altogether. But it appears that several safeguards have been suggested against the possibility of obtaining confessions by torture, intimidation, or other improper means. The time during which accused persons are in the custody of the police will be minimised; the magistrates will be required to reduce to the lowest possible limit the opportunities of the police to influence the minds of accused persons, and they will be required to record by what means they have satisfied themselves that the confessions made to them by prisoners are voluntary and spontaneous.

* A sudden turn of fortune has placed Turkey in possession of Adrianople, which had been surrendered to the Bulgarians after a most spirited defence and much effusion of blood. It is considered to be the key to Constantinople, and hence when Bulgaria was hard pressed by her former allies and by Roumania, the luckiest of the Balkan States, no time was to be lost in recovering at least a portion of lost ground out of an overscrupulous regard for the Treaty of London which had just been completed. Upon that event meetings of congratulation were immediately held by Indian Musalmans, and the British Government was entreated not to join in any conspiracy to rob Turkey of the fruits of her good luck. As for the ethics of disregarding the obligations of treaties Sir Edward Grey admitted in the House of Commons that every Balkan State has been guilty of that sin. The general disposition among the Powers seems to be to leave accomplished facts undisturbed and to prevent a further encroachment by Turkey upon the territory apportioned under the treaty to her late enemies. The treaty was based upon facts accomplished by military prowess rather than upon considerations of justice, and it stands to reason that the viola-

tion of the treaty should be condoned to the extent of the fact accomplished when the victor was in an exhausted condition. Assurances are reported to have been given to Russia that Turkey will not push beyond the river Maritza and the Powers have up till now satisfied themselves with portentous but vague warnings that the transgressor of the solemn agreement must be prepared to take the consequences. If the consequence be nothing more than that the Powers will not help Turkey in tiding over her financial difficulties, perhaps there are bankers in Europe who will take the risk of providing her with the necessary loans on their own responsibility, as they were prepared to do in the case of China. It is not yet indicated with clearness what other consequences will follow if Adrianople is not surrendered. Perhaps it is meant that if Bulgaria when strong enough makes a future attempt to recover her lost prize, the Powers will not interfere on behalf of Turkey to save her from the possible results of the war to come. Though the Treaty of Bukharest has for the present established peace among the Balkan States, it is apprehended that in any case a fresh war is inevitable. Perhaps the only permanent result of the late war and the treaty will be the government of Albania under a Prince, whose appointment is to be approved by the Powers. In the circumstances, the Musalmans of India are likely to watch with continued and anxious interest the events in that part of the world. Lord Morley, in speaking on the Persian difficulty in the House of Lords, and Sir Edward Grey in speaking on the Balkan situation in the House of Commons, both acknowledged the expediency of taking into consideration the feelings of Indian Musalmans in framing a policy with regard to the Mahomedan States, which are in an unfortunate plight. Influential journals in England at one time reminded Indian Musalmans that they cannot presume to dictate the foreign policy of the British Government. Though His Majesty's Government will not listen to dictation, statesmanship does not ignore the expediency of assuring the Musalman subjects in this part of His Majesty's Dominions that some regard will be paid to their sentiments. Difficult questions have arisen in India as to the exact amount of respect that ought to be paid to sentiment which is not grounded upon reason. The mosque affair at Cawnpore has assumed proportions, which no one would have expected when the Musalmans were in a more

conciliatory mood. The appurtenance of the mosque, which was acquired for public purposes and destroyed for the alignment of a road, is described as a washing-place with no really sacred associations. It seems that similar alterations in the religious buildings of Musalmans have in the past been carried out without any objections raised by the community or with their concurrence. Yet in this particular case, an innocent act was made the occasion for inflammatory preaching, and the consequences have been disastrous. As the rioters are under trial, the time has not yet arrived for an apportionment of the blame for the disturbance of the public peace and the free discussion of the questions involved in the dispute. The Lieutenant-Governor has made it clear that pending the trial at least, the Government will remain firm, and will not submit to the dictation of force. As the atmosphere is cleared by the riot, perhaps a time will come ere long for the Government to lay down some definite rules regarding the acquisition of religious buildings and sacred grounds for public purposes.

The article on "The Migration of Birds," which appeared in our last number, was from the pen of Mr. V. Thiaga Rajan of Quetta, and not of Mr. N. Thiaga Rajan.

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A FRENCH CHAMPION OF ISLAM.

A SYMPATHISER with the oppressed of whatever nationality, a fearless leader of forlorn hopes and a dauntless defender of lost causes, the eloquent French writer Julien Viand, better known by his nom-de-plume Pierre Loti, has lately been lifting up his voice in season and out of season on behalf of the Turks, for whom from his early youth he has had a very strong predilection, not, be it understood, for the Young Turk party, of whose aims and methods he strongly disapproves, but for the virile Oriental race faithful to the traditions of the past that for centuries drew its chief strength from faith in the religion of Islam.

Writing nearly a quarter of a century ago in an article that appeared in the *Capitals of the World*, published by Sampson Low & Co., Pierre Loti says : " Oh Stamboul, name of all names ever appealing with fresh magic force to me. So soon as it is pronounced there rises up before me . . . the gigantic, incomparably beautiful outlines of a town dimly defined against the distant sky. The sea is at the feet of this ethereal city, a sea dotted with thousands of ships and boats, skimming about in ceaseless agitation, and from which issues a Babel of sound in every language of the Levant . . . There, pointing up into the pure blue sky, are the minarets with their sharp lance-like points ; there are the round domes beyond rising in endless masses . . . piled up tier above tier, like pyramids of stone bells. There are the never changing mosques, unaltered by the lapse of centuries, though perchance they were a little whiter ere the steamers

from the West tarnished the air with their exhalations, and when none but sailing vessels anchored beneath their shade, but ever radically the same, crowning Stamboul, generation after generation, with the same huge cupolas, giving to it its unique appearance grander than that of any other town in the world. They are the very essence of the past, these unvarying mosques and in their stones and marbles they enshrine the old Mussulman spirit, which is still in the ascendant on the heights from which they rise. Whether Stamboul is approached from the Sea of Marmora, or from the Asiatic side of the Black Sea, these mosques are the first things to emerge from the shifting mists of the horizon, rising in quiet dignity above all that is petty and modern on the quays and in the harbours. They thrill us with old memories calling up the grand mystic dream of Islam."

As is well known, the author of this poetic description is an officer in the French navy, who has won no little professional distinction in his long and wandering career, the happiest years of which he is fond of declaring were spent in Stamboul. "Gradually," he says, "as my life became more and more that of a Turk, I grew to love the mosques of the ancient city and to be more and more enamoured of the proud and dreamy race to which they belonged. In fact, my soul, which was then in a kind of transition state and altogether absorbed by a passionate love, was thoroughly attuned to Oriental mysticism."

To this period of Loti's life belongs the strange and enthralling romance of *Aziyadé*, apropos of which the amusing story is told, that soon after its appearance a naval engineer called on the publisher to protest against its plagiarism, whole pages, he explained, having been taken verbatim from the journal of one of his fellow officers, Julien Viand. But that, said the publisher, is the name of the author of the manuscript, who wished to remain unknown. Needless to add that Viand's desire on that point was frustrated. The incident was soon circulated throughout the literary world, always eager for personal details concerning those whose work attracts attention. Naval etiquette prevented the author of *Aziyadé* from using his own name and he chose that of Loti, because it had been given to him by the midshipmen on his first boat, who saw in him, not without reason, something of the retiring humility of which the lotus flower is an emblem in the East.

Aziyadé was succeeded by "Karahu," another romance of which the scene was laid in the Orient, that created an immense sensation, such men as Jules Lemaitre, Alphonse Daudet and others hailing the writer as a kindred spirit, and since the year of its publication, 1880, its author has poured forth one volume after another, mostly written at sea, in which he has given his impressions, whilst still fresh, of the many lands he has visited. He has explored the islands of the Pacific, is at home in Africa, Japan, and India, has traversed the Holy Land, and has realized the very inner ego of the Breton fisherfolk as no other Frenchman, not even excepting Anatole Le Braz, has ever done. He was elected a member of the French Academy in 1891, in succession to Octave Feullet, and is passionately revered and loved by his fellow-countrymen, but his heart is still true to the land of his first love, and the terrible misfortunes which have recently overtaken it have steeped his soul in gloom. Very terrible is the contrast between his account written in 1890 of his happy, light-hearted existence in Constantinople and the long-drawn outcry of anguish in the various letters that appeared at intervals in the French Press between 1911 and 1913 that have recently been published with others from the pens of advocates of the Turkish cause by Calmann-Lévy under the appropriate title of "*Turquie Agonisante*." The description of a visit to the now deposed Sultan Abdul Hamid in the palace of Yildiz is of great historic interest, so vivid is the picture called up of the environment of the Father of the Faithful and of the religious veneration in which he was held so long, that nothing but his own unworthiness could have destroyed.

Escorted by an Imperial cavasse, the young French officer passed through one grated gate after another that opened as though by magic on the utterance of a pass-word. "Battalions of cavalry and infantry forming a closely packed hedge," says Loti, "bar our passage, all bearing torches or lanterns . . . There too are hundreds of officers, most of them wearing the Oriental dolman with flowing sleeves—oh, what an imposing and picturesque looking army they are. These thousands of motionless warriors seemed absorbed in religious meditation . . . there is something, I know not what, peculiar in the intense silence of the mass of men under arms, scarcely breathing in the dread

presence of their sovereign. And now exquisite, sacred music is heard from without, a choir of men's voices, fresh and chanting psalms in high pitched tones, producing a supernatural or if I may coin a word, an extra-terrestrial effect "

At the entrance to a pavilion on the first storey of the palace, Loti was met by an aide-de-camp who informed him that the Sultan was still in the Imperial mosque, whence issued the beautiful melodies that had so enchanted him, but adding that the prayers were nearly over, and if he cared to go to one of the windows, he could see His Highness come out. Adopting this suggestion the visitor looked down from his point of vantage on the beautiful alhambra-like building and upon the superb army awaiting the conclusion of the service without following in spirit the prayers that were being chanted "It would seem," he says, "as if the very soul of Islam was concentrated for the moment in the pure white sanctuary. Oh those chants which vibrate beneath that cupola . . . so rarely, so exquisitely sonorous are they sung by the voices of children or of angels? . . . There is something eminently Oriental about this music in which the high notes are long sustained with unvarying freshness and without any appearance of fatigue it is one long long chant, ever taken up anew, very sweet, very touching and yet expressing with infinite sadness the nothingness of human life "

Of the actual interview with the then all powerful monarch Loti has not much to tell. He notes that amongst the generals in full uniform in the ante chamber through which he passed was the heroic figure of Osman the grand defender of Plevna, and he dwells on the courtesy, simple dignity, benevolence and natural grace of the supreme Caliph. He recalls the day of the accession to the throne of Abdul Hamid fifteen years earlier, telling how in the early morning when he was scudding along on the Bosphorus, his boat through the clumsiness of his boatmen, ran against the golden-prowed vessel of the Sultan-elect who, he says, "came forward and looked at me with dark, unseeing eyes, full of absorbed thought as he pondered anxiously on all that the future held for him "

Little did either Loti or the young prince dream of the tragic fate that was to overtake the latter before the end of ~~his life~~ that then seemed to be opening so brightly, but the French

sailor, relates that "secure of being understood and excused with the usual charming courtesy of the Caliph," he ventured to express his great and melancholy regret at the disappearance of the ancient element in Stamboul and of the transformation of that mighty city. He concludes his account of the conversation, which appears to have been somewhat one-sided, no actual words of the sovereign being quoted with the remark :—

"I was greatly tempted, whilst expressing my profound affection for the brave people over whom he reigned, to allow a little of my profound anxiety to appear and to try and find out whether the Caliph, whose vision perhaps was clearer than mine, could distinguish anything of the dawn of a brighter future beyond the transitional time through which his country is passing."

"Poor, once mighty Turkey !" he exclaims, "so justly proud in the days when faith, sublime aspirations, and personal courage made up the strength of nations, where will you be when you are drawn into the idle vortex of modern thought, a prey to countless petty, practical, utilitarian motives on which you would have looked down with disdain not so very long ago ? How will it be with you when your sons have lost the old beliefs which made them what they were ?"

In this pregnant sentence, the writer unconsciously lays his finger on the fundamental cause of the disintegration of the land he loves so well, the decline in religious zeal which conservative Mahomedans have so long been striving in vain to check, and the short-sighted encouragement of which has militated so greatly against the success of the Young Turk party. How pathetic in view of recent events is Loti's description of the effect on him of what he calls "the all but immortal chant," which has gone up for centuries from the towns and villages of Turkey. Chatting one evening during the fast of Ramazan, with the Grand Vizier, he relates that the latter said to him :

"Come to the window and listen to the incomparable voice which will presently chant a prayer."

Loti obeyed and to quote his own words "in the midst of the tranquil silence a voice suddenly sang out, a gloriously sonorous voice combining the clearness of a hautboy with the celestial purity of a Church organ, yet with a peculiar aloofness

of its own as of a voice heard in a dream. This rare voice suddenly flung forth to the four quarters of the blue heaven the Mussulman prayer! Then once more my whole being was thrilled to the depths with an intense realization of the very spirit of Islam, and I felt again that deep melancholy impression, alike soothing and agonizing, which, deeply real as it is to me, I have never been able to define." That voice, he adds, "symbolizes a whole religion, a whole dignified restful mysticism. It is the embodiment of that aspiration, that appeal to the Most High, which our brothers of the Orient have known better how to guard than we of the West our consolatory beliefs . . . As long as the sound of that prayer is followed by the prostration of the faithful around the mosques, so long will Turkey retain her noble soldiers faithful unto death."

On the eve of the Balkan War, Pierre Loti was once more in Constantinople, and his generous heart was indeed grieved at the melancholy change which had come over it. "But a short time ago," he writes, "there existed a city that as by a miracle had remained the same since the glorious days of the Eastern Empire. There quiet peaceful lives were lived and prayers daily ascended to Heaven undisturbed by the shrill and discordant noises characteristic of modern European capitals. Poor, once grand and majestic Stamboul! It was perishing like the rest of Islam beneath the plague-laden blast from the West. The rising generation of Turks who had been educated on our boulevards, dazzled like moths attracted by the light of a lamp by the glare of our cheap luxury and imbued with our revolutionary ideas, preferred to build houses in the modern French style on the other side of the Golden Horn, to living in those of their ancestors in Constantinople. Gradually, the time-honoured buildings near the grand mosques were deserted by their wealthy owners, only those humble but high-minded citizens remaining, who still cherished the noble traditions of the past and still wore the turban so long distinctive of the professors of the faith of Islam . . . Some two years ago the Turkish Municipality itself appears to have revolted against everything distinctively Oriental. In Constantinople as in so many Western towns, the sense of beauty and the reverence for that which had been venerated in the past appear to be extinct, even mosques and tombs being no longer held

sacred. Not very long ago it was proposed to destroy the historic cemetery of Rouméli-Hissar, perhaps the most precious relic on the coast of Europe, to make way for mansions to be let in flats! As for the famous Byzantine wall that extends from Eyoub to the Seven Towers . . . to see which hundreds of tourists flock every year, I verily believe it is only saved from destruction for want of the necessary funds to demolish it."

Bitter was the lament of the sympathetic Frenchman over the fire of 1911, in which the greater part of Stamboul was destroyed, and pathetic was the appeal that he made for help for the sufferers from the ravages of the flames to which, he declares, he had but four replies, three from Frenchmen, one from an Englishman! Appalling is his indictment of the Italians who took part in the war in Tripoli, a struggle he compares to that he once witnessed in an African forest between a buffalo and a panther. Uncompromising is the scorn with which he dwells on the unprovoked attack upon the peaceful Arabs of the desert, in which, he declares, hundreds of the latter were slain at the cost of the lives of some three or four of their assailants, his assertions bringing down upon him, he says, countless insults and threats from Italians that troubled him not in the least. He can only pity those from whom they emanated, misled by their rulers and dragged whether they would or no into a dishonouring conflict. He is able to pardon them for what has been done in ignorance, but for those who have watched unmoved the unequal fight between the Balkan Allies and his beloved Turks, his angry contempt is absolutely unappeasable.

"Unhappy Turks," he exclaims, "calmly disowned by those on whose support they had every reason to rely, abandoned by the Press, that loses no opportunity of insulting them by the diplomatists who had promised to support them and by the European Powers who had so often declared themselves to be their friends! They have actually been accused of being ~~los~~ in war, although the thousands of their enemies lying dead on the fields of Thrace should be enough to disprove it. True, he admits, no such heroes as those of Plevna or of the last war in which Greece was all but annihilated, have risen up either in the Balkan or the Tripolitan struggle. We are compelled to admit that they were not ready; that they were badly led and

that, thanks to the culpable negligence of their chiefs, they were dying of hunger."

Yet in spite of all, how gallant has been their defence of their country, how splendidly they have borne defeat and disaster, how gladly they have laid down their lives for their faith, a faith to which they have remained true in disaster, though some few of them may have yielded to suggestions of its falsity in prosperity ! Loti accuses the people of the West, his own countrymen especially, of having aided in bringing about the disintegration of Turkey by the inoculation of the natives with the vices and weaknesses of an effete civilisation, and he draws a most poetic picture of what those natives were before they fell under the pernicious influence, which has had such tragic results.

"Think," he says, "of those towns of the past hidden away in the depths of Anatolia, of those remote villages grouped about the white minarets of the mosques, contrasting with the dark green of the cypresses. in which such peaceful lives are lived beneath the protection of the patriarchal head of the community. Are these men, simple agricultural labourers or humble artisans, who go five times a day to kneel in the mosques and of an evening smoke their pipes beside the last resting places of their predecessors likely to be guilty of massacres ? Nowhere are more respect and solicitude for the poor, the young, the old and the weak than amongst the true Turks, none show tenderer veneration for their mothers than they," and he adds, "they are far more compassionate with regard to animals than we of the West," citing their long toleration of the dogs of Constantinople and the existence of a hospital for storks at Broussa as proofs, and pleading that, childish as these examples may appear in view of the time of anguish through which Turkey is passing, they are essentially typical, revealing character even better than more apparently important peculiarities.

Words, even the eloquent words of the consummate master of style, are inadequate to express the righteous indignation of Loti when he remembers the huge head-lines in the newspaper press of 1912, announcing fresh massacres by the Turks, side by side with columns descriptive of their defeat in battle and summaries of the numbers of those slain on both sides in the various encounters. Bulgarian sins against the code of war, if recorded at all, are, he complains, printed in such small

type that they are overlooked, and he quotes instances, too horrible to repeat, of atrocities committed by the other side in the unequal fight, that include mutilations of the living and desecration of the dead.

"If," he says, "the hour had really come when the Balkans should return to those of Balkan birth, was it necessary that the restoration should be achieved at so great a cost? Could not Europe, so long blind to the imminent peril of Turkey, and now an accomplice in her ruin, have hit upon some less terrible means of bringing about the desired result? If the time had indeed come when St. Sophia was once more to become a Christian Church, was it necessary that so many human breasts should be riddled with grape-shot to achieve the change? . . . Every variety of insult is heaped now upon the luckless Turks in spite of the awful distress they are enduring, recalling that of a stag at bay amongst a pack of hounds . . . Surely, the allies might have been content with the territory conquered and might have refrained from threatening the sacred city of Islam, but, no, nothing less could content them, and they were ready to advance upon it and to murder without mercy all who, in the last agony of despair, flung them into Stamboul to aid in the defence of its ramparts."

In the opinion of Loti it is not due to the self-restraint of the allies that the Turks were saved from this last ignominy. No pity was aroused in their hard hearts or in those of the spectators who looked calmly on from afar by the courage with which defeat, famine and its attendant disease were met by the luckless Turkish troops. No admiration was felt for the young students from the schools, the old men almost too feeble to wield a weapon, the priests unskilled in arms, the effeminate eunuchs from the harems for once inspired by a noble cause, the untutored Arabs of the desert who, with one accord, flung themselves into the breach to be mown down like corn before the scythe, whilst Deums for the victory over them were rising up in Christian Churches, and the usual amusements of the foreign quarter in Constantinople were going on almost within hearing of the groans of the wounded in the hospitals.

NANCY BELL.

England.

THE MENTAL TAPESTRY OF A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

(Continued from our last number.)

ACCORDING to Francis Newman, the Life of Conscience is essentially Masculine, the Love of God essentially Feminine. The latter he calls the Life of the Soul, and he says : " There is a mystery revealed to but few, which thou, O reader, must take to heart : namely, if thy soul is to go on into higher spiritual blessedness (than that which the Life of Conscience can give) it must become a woman; yes, however manly thou be among men." That is what Miranbai said. That is what the Vaishnavas teach. That is what the Vedantist has no objection to, as a stepping-stone to the perception of the Absolute Truth. Was it God's intention that there should be all these limitations on us ? Or is it that we have imposed them on ourselves by falling off from Him ? Is the body really a shop for the Manas, a kind of loan from the powers that be. Does the Parable of the Talents shed light on the present status of Man ? Why do even the Transcendentalists admit that the restraints of Law are necessary in the present state of the world ? Why is every exceptional being crucified ? We are awake in dreams. We are awake in imaginings. Are we, similarly, awake in the midst of a huge Illusion caused by Avidya. Is Love itself an Illusion ?

Have your head in the clouds, if you like, but your feet on solid earth. Have solitude even in a crowd. Every one says : " Be painstaking, self-denying, self-effacing." The Path of Service is a noble Path, even though it demands the utmost humility. What have you done, O Banker of God in this body, for thriftless wastrels, for the blind, the halt and the lame, for

vagrants and imbeciles? What have you done to prevent infractions of Law, to promote true education, to help in biological adaptations and adjustments by making light and air and Nature's resources free to your fellow-creatures? Can it be that Being is higher than Doing? Can it be that you have not been able to do much, because you can only do what is in you?

" Be strong,
We are here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do and loads to lift,
Shun not the struggle, face it, it is God's gift.

Be strong,
Though the way be rough and thorny,
And no cheering hope you see,
Yet be sure there is light above you,
And thine own shall come to thee.

All thy griefs and sorrows vanish
When thine own shall come to thee.

What is thine own? The Sun of Suns. How to contain the Sun of Suns within the moon of thy mind, that's the question of questions.

Last night I watched sweet Venus in the heavens, and said to myself: " Here are so many planets shining by reflected light. Here is the light of Venus. Our own earth shines to other planets by reflected light. May not there be also a reflection of life? May not the Rishi of the Upanishads prove a better Biologist than any of those who have borne that name? "

A mother upsets her baby's house of cards or castle of bricks, puts the little fellow's things in disorder, and tells him: " See, dear, all these are at sixes and sevens. Let me see if you can re-arrange them, and bring order out of disorder." So the little one's muscles grow, and his cerebral cells admit notions of order. To the fallen angels, (men and women), God may be saying the same thing, when their own Karma upsets the

even tenour of their lives. It is our duty to bring Cosmos out of the Chaos we have ourselves made.

How did man discover the uses of cotton ? How did he manage to grow wheat ? How did he find the secret of wool ? The reflected Life within is extremely resourceful, and the mind, when it is concentrated on anything, is able to receive its aid. Each one of us, really is busy, more or less, in finding a part or parts, or the whole of his own self. The object of Esperanto is to terminate, if possible, the Babel of Tongues. The object of the Wright brothers was to give to the world a motor æroplane with which it can fly. May we not one day have just the feelings, which an expectant audience has in a theatre, when the footlights flare up, and the whole play is visible. Gnan, says the Yoga Vasishttha, is like light. It removes ignorance, and the darkness being gone, we become spectators of the theatre and of the actors. In other words, we discover ourselves.

I had once a lock, the key to which was a word. May not the Word be the key to all spiritual locks. "Shabd is the Guru, Surt the Chela," says the Prophet of the Panjab. Discover thyself, O spirit, encased in so many sheaths.

Which is the better path the path of Materialism leaving little time for Communion with the Spirit, or the path of Idealism, leaving little time for the development of Matter ? Dr Christopher Wordsworth in his preface to his edition of the Idylls of Theocritus, says "I will say boldly what I think. Does any one not rather admire and love the life of Theocritean shepherds, sitting on a rock of the Sicilian coast or on the grass, by the banks of the Anapus, or at a fountain under the shade of a murmuring pine, or joyfully celebrating their harvest home after the ingathering of the year's fruits beneath the cover of leafy elms and white poplars, and singing songs to their deities with the flutes' accompaniment, than the existence of those philosophers who . . . are satisfied to wander in obscure darkness, and to wallow in the dangerous and trackless abyss of natural phenomena and secondary causes far and widely removed from the divine intellect, love and power of the Creator,

who, to quote our English Newton, governs all things, not as the soul of the world, but as the Lord of the Universe." The Lord of the Universe is also the Soul of the World, and he shines even in darkness. It is by His reflected life that even the Materialist lives !

The longer the labyrinth, the better the exercise or the play. The Theocritean or the Vedic shepherds never heard a railway whistle. Were they worse off than those who hear it daily or hourly? In an article on "Heroism on the Footplate," by G. A. Sekon (Editor of the *Railway Magazine*) in Chambers' Journal for March 1907, it is said : "Although the contributory causes of accidents—such as defective permanent way, locomotives, and rolling stock, insufficient signals, inadequate brake-power and laxity of rules—are now almost things of the past, it must not be forgotten that the improved methods, now obtaining in the operation of our railways, have introduced other perils," and a driver may be roasted alive or scalded, etc. Thus it goes on : Overcome one danger, and another appears. The Labyrinth goes on multiplying, but the cry should be Excelsior.

The best epigram of Plato applies to Plato himself ! Shelley renders it thus :

" Thou wert the morning star among the living
Ere thy pure light had fled ;
Now having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving,
New splendours to the dead."

What a difference, apparently, between a Phosphor-Hesper like Plato, and Leslie Stephen who, when he felt his end approaching, wrote to his friend Maitland : " What I think is that I am come to the last Zigzag ; every step will be " down-hill." He might have recollected his Alpine ascents and descents ; but where there is no Space, up-hill and down-dale have no meaning. Truly, one and the same light gives life to the Platonist and the Agnostic.

Theriomachy leads eventually to theomachy, but when the thick darkness is visible, a ray breaks forth, and we have,

“ The sense sublime,
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.”

Then, we may recognize that in *sarva tyaga* there is *sarva sampatti*, that unto him who gives up everything, everything is given.

There are many Krishna-emporoi—but very few Krishnophoroi—many who sell him but few who bear him in their breasts. Anthropomorphism and Idiomorphism have their uses, when they are sane and sweet and sincere. They lead up to the Truth.

The mind of man is like a vacuum tube. When in an X Ray Vacuum Tube only 100,000th of air is left, “ the only persistent phenomenon is the phosphorescence of the glass.” When in the mind, only 100,000th of Avidya and her children is left, the only persistent phenomenon is the phosphorescence of the Mind. “ Further exhaustion, which is sometimes carried to one-millionth, increases enormously the power necessary to work the tube, and also the power of the rays given off.” Similarly, further exhaustion of Avidya and its brood increases enormously the power necessary to work the Mind and also the penetrative power of the rays given off.

“ Space itself is one great vacuum tube, in which stars, suns, planets and all the heavenly bodies, including our own tiny earth, perform their ordered evolutions.” Everything in space is, likewise, a vacuum tube. The macrocosm and the microcosm agree.

The sun contains large quantities of radium and other radioactive bodies, which become particularly active in sun-spots :

hence torrents of positive and negative particles. The greater the vacuum, the higher the charge on the cathode and the faster fly the electrons. The properties of cathode rays and radiations account for the prevalence of thunderstorms in the Tropics and the influence of sun-spots on the weather. The macrocosm is, therefore, intimately connected with the microcosm.

Strange flights, separations and meetings ! The Basanistae who, of old, conducted the examination of tortured slaves, found themselves the victims, probably, of the Spanish Inquisitors. The Babylonian slaves met their owners, probably, in Rome under changed circumstances. The slave, probably, became the slave owner and took his revenge, and, for taking it, was born again as a factory hand. Babylon fell, and then Rome which was typical of Babylon. Are there not other cities typical of Babylon? Think of the million mile spins of the electrons, their separations and their meetings! Is anything ever lost in Nature? Is there anything of which no account is kept.

" Greece paid her debt to the uttermost farthing for owning slaves, when she passed under Roman sway. The Maid of Andros and the virgins that bore her company were a staple commodity of the Roman slave market ; in Epirus alone Æmilius Paulus is said to have taken 150,000 prisoners, who were put up to auction and the proceeds divided among the soldiers." The men who sweated slaves " in the gold mines of Egypt, in the copper mines of Cyprus and Sinai, in the iron, salt, sulphur mines of Persia, in European and Asiatic tin, lead and silver mines, in Caucasian naphtha pits and ruby mines of Bactria, in the quarries of Numida and Greece and in the vast brick-fields of Rome and Babylon," have no doubt had their spins and turns in the Whirligig of Time. W. R. Paterson, in his book, " The Nemesis of Nations," has shown how the proudest of civilisations, resting on servile labour, declined and fell. But if there is a national Nemesis, there is also an individual Nemesis. Nothing is ever lost. There is nothing of which an exact account is not kept.

Were the Greek slaves born as Roman landlords and capitalists to levy the ruthless toll of human flesh, which had been, exacted from them in the past? If so, who were those slaves and gladiators who, later on, shook the Republic to its foundation? Did those who evolved the slavery laws in the Code of Hamurabi become subject themselves to the Roman slavery laws, resembling them? Where, again, are those who evolved the Roman slavery laws? "The Spaniards sent the Indians to toil in the mines for the good of their souls, the Devon adventurers exploited the negroes from the Coast of Guinea, with the Curse of Ham as their Scriptural warrant. The Turks and Algerian pirates alone preserved a fine impartiality; Christian or True Believer was equally the prey of their long snake-like galleys Some of the most urgent problems of the present generation in England are a heritage from the African voyages of old John Hawkins." Is it in this way that nations and individuals pay for their sins? How extremely fascinating is the Embryology of History and Biography!

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Hannibal was conquered by Scipio. Both died in one and the same year (183 B.C.) In 1769 were born Napoleon and Wellington. Were they Hannibal and Scipio in a new disguise? The coincidences are not a little curious. No history has yet been written from this standpoint. No science which does not utilise mathematics attains to perfection, and the science of history is no exception. What is now considered mere chance has yet to be studied. The study is a very difficult one, but the common saying, 'History repeats itself' shows that there is an underlying law, which has yet to be discovered. Each of us has a banking account with Karma. The total fund of our *vasanas* is *Sanchit Karma*. Our present life is a cheque on that fund duly honoured. It is our *Prarabdha*. We can add to the Fund or diminish it by our acts and omissions in our present life, that is, by *Kriyamana Karma*. Each Karma leaves a *vasana* behind, a sort of writing in invisible ink, an automatic entry in the Biological Register. Scipio and Napoleon lived 51 years, Hannibal 64, Wellington 83. A part of the *Sanchit Karma* of Scipio-Wellington passing into his *Prarabdha* in the 19th century, probably increased his life, while that of

Napoleon was reduced to less than Hannibal's. Similarly, Alaric, who, at the gates of Rome, demanded the release of all the barbaric slaves, might have been in a previous life, a slave, himself, and the chemistry of Karma may have, subsequently converted him into even a Clarke. Life has its spring tides and its ebb tides, and, according to its law, we find ourselves afloat at times on a full sea, and, at times our voyage "is bound in shallows and in miseries." Each one of us, again, though given a part to play, has to play several sub-parts. No one is "from head to foot . . . marble-constant."

Hegel writes . " It is customary to frighten us out of the wish to know God and to have a positive relation to Him, with the bugbear that to seek to take up any such attitude towards God is presumption, while the objections are brought forward with much unction and edifying language and with vexatious humility . . . We must rid ourselves completely of this opposition of finite and infinite, and do it by getting an insight into the real state of the case." The real state of the case may be that the antipodal extremes are Infinity and Zero, and Unity (as in Pure Mathematics) is the resultant of Infinity multiplied by Zero. That indicates how the Phenomenal issues from the Noumenal. The infinite is within and without us, and with its aid we can even look into "the seeds of time," "and say which grain will grow and which will not."

"Light of ages and of nations !
 Every race and every time,
 Has received thine inspirations
 Glimpses of thy truth sublime
 Always spirits in rapt vision
 Passed the mystic veil within !
 Always hearts bowed in contrition,
 Found salvation from their sin.
 That which came to ancient sages,
 Greek, Barbarian, Roman, Jew
 Written in the soul's deep pages
 Shines to-day, for ever new."

Not only what came to the ancient sages is still alive but even what did not come to the sages is so. The author of *Les Saintes Successeurs de Dieux* proves that the cultus of the martyrs and saints in the Christian Church is the residuum of what the Church calls Paganism. "In the 11th century, St Romuald was driven to stimulate madness to escape from his monks, who would have murdered him in order to secure his relics, as, to this day, fanatical Arabs will kill a Dervish of peculiar sanctity from the same motive . . . At St Omer, the visitor was shown the sweat of the Saviour at Jerusalem, the finger of the Holy Ghost, at Rome the rod of Moses, and the horns with which, according to the Vulgate reading of Exodus XXXIV 129, he came down from the Mount. Seventeen arms of St. Andrew were exhibited, 12 hands of St Leger, sixty fingers of St Jerome. Some legends arose from the misreading of inscriptions . . . others like that of the holy house of Loretto from a play upon words, the family name Angelo being taken to mean angels . . . The fabulous Cephalophori or saints carrying their heads in their hands have their origin in a metaphor used by St John Chrysostom and taken literally by mediæval painters 'As soldiers address themselves with confidence to their king, when they can show the wounds received in his service, so,' says the Father, 'the martyrs presenting their severed heads to the king of heaven, obtain of him their desire' The Madonna della Quercia, or del Olmo, so common in Southern Europe, is a *naïf* reproduction of the theophany of the Burning Bush. Among the Slavs, the days of the week appear as saints. We have St. Nediela or Sunday, and St Petka or Friday. The Resurrection—Anastasis—becomes St. Anastasia; the Epiphany, St Triphaigne; the Calendar, St. Almanack, as in our day; the Expédition of the French parcel post has developed into St. Expedit. The supply corresponds to the demand." "The Eschatology of the Protestant is as fanciful as the hagiology of the Roman Catholic . . . The mischief begins when what is symbol is identified with what is symbolised." Priests selling their souls to Mammon and committing pious frauds, gullible fools cheated by all sorts of cunning knaves, lies in the Church, the schools, the courts, the hospitals, lies told to comfort the bereaved, to salve the con-

to sweeten a bitter pill, to save from justice or injustice,

to cheer up the sick or the dying, or to kill the healthy, nations armed to the teeth against one another, Capital armed to the teeth against Labour similarly armed, women unsexing themselves to win the franchise, frenzies of wire-pulling, the maddest of intrigues, selfishness clamouring for rights and shirking duties, the collective mind as much governed by it as the individual mind, a very Babel of doctrinaires, laddists and fanatics, slaves to routine, slaves to lust, slaves to avarice, slaves to vanity, slaves to fashion, all these do not appear to bear out the theses of the Rev. Mr. Campbell, that "the devil is a vacuum" and "the Universe is God's thought about Himself." Can the Mammonite priest say truly, like the author of "The New Theology," "My God is my deeper self and yours too." No. In discussing the problem of evil, the Karmic egos should not be ignored, specially those that ignore God wholly.

Mrs. Booth in her "Popular Christianity" says that the teaching: "Though you may be untrue, Christ is your truth, though you may be unclean, Christ is your chastity, though you may be dishonest, Christ is your honesty, though you may be insincere, Christ is your sincerity" is vain. She adds: "The outcome of such a faith only produces outwardly the whited sepulchres of profession, while within are rottenness and dead men's bones. The Christ of God never undertook to perform any such offices for His people, but He did undertake to make them new creatures, and thus to enable them to perform them for themselves." Christ taught Forgiveness and Renunciation, and the Professors of Christianity are doing their best to explain away that teaching. Buddha taught the same lessons, and they also had to be explained away. Can the Universe, in which such things have taken place, be God's thought about Himself? Can the Devil be a vacuum?

The Japanese worshipped Ama-Terasu-O-Mi-Kami (literally, Heaven-shining-Great Deity, or Great Goddess of Celestial Light). The Ni-Ni-Gi-No-Mikato (the Mikado) is supposed to be her grandson, and is worshipped as such. The Japanese worship also other ancestors, and great men. Buddhist Priests had to reconcile their religion with the cult of ancestor-worship,

and they were quite equal to the occasion. Buddha had preached the Impersonal Law, but the Buddhist Priests had already made a Personal God of Buddha himself. They had, therefore, no difficulty in converting the Japanese ancestors and great men into different impersonations of Buddha, and gradually appropriating all the Shinto shrines. Similarly the Brahmins who adopted Shankar Acharya's teaching made out Buddha to be an incarnation of Vishnu, and appropriated Buddhist shrines including the temple at Buddha-Gaya. Those who want that temple to be restored to Buddhists, have, thus, a very hard nut to crack. By the same reasoning, all the Shinto shrines should be given back by the Buddhists in Japan to the revived Shintoism, after twelve centuries' adverse possession. And the temple of Jerusalem should be given back by the Mahomedans to the Christians, and by the Christians to the Jews. Karma probably has a chancery of its own for all such renditions. But how can human law create the just scales of Karma.

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"I bow not only before the work of Jesus Christ as truly God's, but the worker in Jesus Christ as truly God" so writes Mr. DuBosc in his book, "The Gospel in the Gospels." "The historic picture of Jesus is in itself the product of the immanent spirit in the race" so writes Mr. Swan in his book, "The Immanence of Christ in Modern Life." The Immanent One suffers no change. He has Cypher for His divisor, according to Bhaskar Acharya. Millions may be inserted, millions extracted, but there is no alteration. A current of electricity in circuit, it is said, may act inductively upon itself so as to oppose its own flow when it is growing, and retard its own decay when it is diminishing. The hydrogen atom, it is also said, consists of a sort of sun of dense positive electricity acting as a centre, round which many negative electrons revolve in astronomical orbits. Little is known about free positive electrons, and atoms still remain a mystery. But in the Relative world and speaking relatively, there is a permanent possibility of sensations, as J. S. Mill would say, and there is also "a mental picture, in which mind stuff is the thing represented," as W. K. Clifford would say. In the Relative world, and speaking relatively, again, there is some agency which is availing itself

of the permanent possibility of sensations, and of the pictures, in which the mind stuff is represented. There is also an objective existence, which gives rise to the possibility and the pictures. It is the duality of subject and object, which creates complexities and mysteries. But let me make my ego like a vacuum tube, and the cathode in me of Sharanágat Bhakti may produce a beautiful luminous glow, with the searchlight of which my darkness may be dispelled.

A SLEKER AFTER TRUTH.

THE DREAM.

I dreamed one night, dear love, that you were not,
 And life was suddenly all hurt and pain.
 The world to darkness drew,
 And wrapped in silence brooded I alone,
 In fear and wonder, craving but to know
 Where you were gone.
 And laid me down in grief, and fear, and cried
 In lonely darkness, till I saw you stand,
 Smiling where I despaired your couch beside.
 I feared a dream, until you touched my hand.
 Then was I satisfied.

M. L. FORBES.

Mussoorie.

WESTERN AFFAIRS AND PORTENTS.

THE PROBLEM OF THE MONEY POWER.

THE well-known phrase about the East and the West never meeting has received of late a striking qualification in the field of monetary relations. For if nothing touches one more nearly than matters of the pocket, then the most Easternly of peoples has been led into making an intimate acquaintance with the West by way of financial needs and combinations. And in no particular is the West more differentiated from other communities on the economic side than by the modern development of financial institutions, with a banking system co-ordinate with world commerce and an international money market centred in London. It is not easy to bring into clear perspective recent negotiations of the kind in China, coupled as they are with rival diplomacies, on the one hand, and internal dissensions, on the other. When the Chinese Government concludes a loan, after prolonged bargaining, with a certain Syndicate, the new Parliament refuses to ratify it on grounds of constitutional invalidity, and opposes the terms upon which it is concluded. But a brief review of the matter is of interest for the light it throws on the general working of the subject of the present comments.

During the period immediately following the war with Japan a keen struggle for economic advantage was incited among the industrial Powers—partly by the apparent weakness of China thus revealed. Various enterprises were promoted, and “spheres of influence” were openly spoken of in this connection behind which were corresponding political ambitions. Then came the “Boxer” outbreak that rather disturbed these operations, the alliance contracted between Britain and Japan which aimed

at conserving Chinese integrity, and the war of Japan with Russia which established the former on the Continent of Asia. Henceforward this process of exploitation took a subtler form. Later, China wanted a loan of 10 millions sterling to reform her currency among other things. An international financial Syndicate which had arisen meanwhile with strong diplomatic backing, to which China appealed, sought (it is stated) in response to impose a loan of 60 millions under conditions that placed her revenue under foreign control. This would mean the abrogation of national sovereignty and independence, as in the case of Egypt, and, to an extent, of Turkey. The revolution in China was inspired in part by opposition to these machinations, while the new regime, in consequence of its initial difficulties, is in want of ready money to carry on. When other Houses, outside the Syndicate, came forward with offers of accommodation, they were confronted with the organised antagonism of interested Powers—to which the British Foreign Office gave support on the ground of discouraging reckless borrowing. Strong English representations have been made against our Government being associated with politico-financial dealings of the kind in conjunction with Powers whose aims and methods are not always at one with the best English traditions in this respect, or their policy on all fours with our own. The *Times*, in reference to this loan business, says: "The investor in China stock need not, however, pay much attention to the internal situation. His money is practically guaranteed by five powerful Governments, who, when the need arises, will ensure that the foreign debt shall be charged upon the undeveloped but vast resources of the country." That implies intervention by force in the affairs of the country, if necessary, on behalf of special interests. This is just what English policy should carefully avoid in the existing unsettled state, seeking always to cultivate honourably the good-will of the Chinese people in consonance with the treaty with Japan. A settled condition of affairs must eventually arise; and it is regrettable that the *Times* should countenance any other course as regards the internal situation.

Such is an instance of the interpenetration of politics by this super-force of finance. Let us, therefore, shortly glance at its nature and genesis. Under the vast changes wrought by machine production and improved means of transit and rapid

communication, money has become the sole medium of exchange. Its utility as a medium depends upon actual as distinct from face value, which connects with the soundness of national currency and integrity of Government. On these grounds the English sovereign commands its nominal value everywhere, either in other currencies or goods. Beyond facilitating trade, through the concentration of ready money in the hands of banks as a trust, and the fortunes of individual Houses like the Rothschild's, money has become a means of profit to its trustees; so that *dealing* in this element has grown into a complex and delicately organised business. We get the lending of money out at interest for various accommodations under corresponding tangible securities. The loan may be to a merchant for a transaction in cotton between America and England, secured on the commodity. Or to a State for building a railway or buying cannon, secured on its revenue—which is finally the life and labour of its people. A wonderful system of credits and obligations is thus continually being incurred and discharged on short terms in the trading world; at longer convenience in the political sphere. Their volume surpasses by many times the whole amount of hard cash available for the business. London is the main centre for settling these affairs from the magnetic attractions of a world-wide trade and the conveniences that have followed in its train, and the great British banking system—always able to meet the Bills of Exchange (as they are called) through which foreign trade is conducted.

Apart then from its normal service to industry and commerce, this monetary organisation is a subtle force in itself, capable of exerting a peculiar influence on the world's course; it can, indeed, modify the aims of national policy or the ambitions of statesmen. Thus at the beginning of the Balkan imbroglio, when Austria definitely annexed Bosnia, Russia and Austria were within an ace of coming to armed grips. It has been stated that war was largely prevented by the leading financial houses and banks refusing to find the money required on both sides for mobilisation. And the authorities in either State were powerless to secure this without their assistance. Similarly, when the relations of France and Germany were clouded over the Morocco trouble and the German militarists favoured strong action, it was found that the financial outlook hardly

promised its successful pursuit. By the calling in of accounts held by the French banks with German, the resources of Germany at this juncture, combined with other calls, were too strained to enter lightly on aggressive courses. On the other hand, the French premier at the time was overthrown for attempting negotiations behind his responsible minister in connection with these monetary interests, with which he himself was largely associated. German policy and finance work closely together. In France and some other countries, they are more detached. French public opinion demanded that they should in this instance fitly harmonise. For a power has come into being that transcends the jurisdiction of the State as ordinarily understood. It may be made a source of bale or beneficence according to the method of its conduct and reaction on the life of the world at large. If this is particularly so in the case of borrowing communities, it applies also to those nations (a fortunate minority) who are in a position to lend money, and the commitments to which their people may become pledged. Equally, too, does this financial factor enter into the stability of the State in matters of defence against external menace. In our own case, a vigilant public opinion must see that it works, under all aspects, consistently with the general good.

One point which touches Indian usage may be called attention to in passing.

In the foregoing we have surveyed this concern as a human instrument. There also enters into and complicates its operation what is tantamount to a natural force. Currency is now mainly produced under a gold standard. And the supply of gold available for coinage according to the needs of the banks and mints has a vital bearing on fluidity of money and stability of prices. Much has been said in India of the "drain" of wealth to England over the "home charges." Curiously enough a similar complaint is being raised in England of a drain of gold to India to meet excess of exports over imports, where, through the native habit of hoarding, it fails to get into the normal channels of commerce and to return to different financial centres. This is seriously affecting monetary interests in the outside world. A distinguished English banker, Sir E. Holden, lately declared: "During the last 2½ years India has taken no less than 67 millions

sterling of gold in bars and sovereigns, and little of it has returned." He attributes a scarcity of gold in Western countries largely to this cause. Here, again, is a significant instance of the intimate reaction of Eastern and Occidental affairs by way of difference in usage. It is obvious how widely this particular influence would be modified by the substitution of investment in public banks for private hoarding among the Indian masses. The subject appears well worth detailed examination by one of the able economic students to be found in the ranks of Indian publicists.

AUSTIN VERNEY.

Eng'land.

MEN AND WOMEN OF INDIA : A FEW PSYCHOLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

THIS is an age of rude awakening. Countries are roused from their prolonged slumber. Japan has gone ahead by leaps and bounds ; even China and Persia are joining in the march of nations. Woman, too, is showing signs of new life everywhere. In England, she claims to have a share in the national life of the country. It seems as if Aphrodite has risen from the sea and stands on the firm land of reality ; her form, not graceful and shrinking before the gaze of man, but dilating and stretched to its full height, knocking at the doors of society with a hammer, if not as strong as that of her husband, yet equally powerful. All this shows that seeds of progress are flying in the air, though whether they will prove barren, or yield a harvest that is tenfold or hundredfold, depends upon the direction in which they are carried and the soil to which they are taken by the moving force of events. One then wonders why India is lagging behind. It is more than half a century since Western education and Western ways of thinking were introduced into the country ; and the results have not proved satisfactory. The progress effected is said to be more apparent than real. The transitional stage—that of the East, in a sense, passing into the West—is still lengthening. A compromise seems impossible, and her people are standing divided, half-way between Western ideals and culture and Eastern ways and modes of living. In certain quarters, it is doubted whether a complete blending of the East and West is attainable. The educated Indian is declared to be but half-educated : an anomaly that is neither here nor there, and is good for nothing. Of course there are exceptions but it is said it would have mattered little to these exceptions

if they had^d been born in India or elsewhere, two centuries back or at the transitional period : for minds that can master circumstances time or place is of little consequence. In estimating the consequences of a reform we calculate its effects not on exceptional minds, but on those of average men and women, who are as much led in the causal chain of conditions as any natural phenomena.

Various reasons are assigned for this state of things. It is said that though our faces are set westward, the grooves in which we move are cut by eastern hands and midst eastern surroundings, and hence the delay. It is maintained that the backwardness is due to the variety of castes and creeds prevalent in India ; while it is alleged by those who preach the gospel of despair that India has been all along degenerating. There is some truth in the first two statements, no doubt, but as to the last we refuse to listen to so worn-out a platitude, possibly because we never saw our country generated or regenerated, and have no standard of comparison to go by. Nowhere has there been a golden age in the past, the two forces governing life from its very birth—hunger and love—having been always in conflict ; neither is there anything like a golden age anywhere in the present, for human nature is homogeneous all over the world. Besides, there is plenty of noble and unselfish work done in our society, and it is a mean mind that savours of sordid motives in all things.

Where lies, then, the cause of the prevailing social lethargy ? A little dissection of our social organism shows that it lies to a very great extent in the narrow conception and prejudice of the Indian mind with regard to woman. Woman, we know, is more attached to the past than man. Her life being altogether spent in the inner circle, she is more intimately connected with the customs and traditions of a nation. Consequently she requires greater stimulus to move on than man does. And when this is not supplied, and she is left, like Niobe, to brood over her peculiar fads—her past traditions—she in her turn draws society backwards. This has happened in India. Men have advanced individually, leaving society far behind them. Neither is this the case only with India. If it had been so, if woman had trodden the path of progress at equal pace with man, there would have been no such thing as the suffragette movement in England ; the old-world relations existing

between men and women would not have been so utterly set at nought ; and the social amity of centuries would not have been broken from day to day by fresh attacks from female bands. But in no country has woman been held in such abject subordination to man as in India. Nowhere has she proved more docile and submissive ; consequently, nowhere is man's responsibility towards her so great. Not only is she governed by man's laws, but often by his mere whim. He holds her destiny in the hollow of his hand, and moulds her future according to his light. If his light be dark, how greater is her darkness then ! If his conception of her acquirements be narrow, how narrower would be her acquirements ! And what are his conceptions ? As a rule, they can be arranged under three heads : woman is to be made only a good housewife and a good mother ; her education is to be such as to cultivate her feelings and not her head ; and lastly, she is constituted by nature only for domestic functions.

A little psychological examination of our every-day life will prove how erroneous these notions are, and what illusions men have been cherishing with regard to the companions of their lives since centuries.

It is said woman should be, above all things, a good housewife ; this is her primary function in life besides being a good mother. But could she not be anything more, we ask ? We call a man who talks "shop" vulgar ; what should we say of a woman who talks "kitchen" the whole day long, or who at her best can only talk "dress" ? Then why not teach her to aspire higher ? And for that purpose, will it not be better to follow the religious precept and teach her to enter the kingdom of heaven by continually knocking at its doors, believing that all the rest would be vouchsafed to her ? The arts of the housewife are very simple arts, such as cooking and sewing, and can be easily picked up by any woman, who is even ordinarily intelligent. And in such a case, there is no fear of her neglecting the house hold duties. No woman, not even a man, can be said to be cultured, if he or she on that account looks down upon the humbler and daily occupations of life. But it must be remembered that there is the claim of the higher over the lower. There is the call of charity, and there is the call of the individual mind. No one should say that Miss Florence Nightingale was wrong

* in leaving her humble domestic duties at the call of a world-wide philanthropy, so no one should declare a woman wrong for trying to develop her talents, provided she be not over-ambitious. A certain amount of ambition is fully justifiable and ought to be allowed to every human being, man and woman alike. If anything frees a woman's mind from the bonds of darkness, which have fastened her down through ages, it is this ambition. It is the will to rise, and marks the growth of individuality.

Our life is a struggle, in which the higher functions often gain at the expense of the lower. And if in certain circumstances woman's minor duties suffer while you are making her available for higher and better modes of living, it is a necessary evil which must be borne at some cost.

While clinging to the theory that what the nation requires of a woman is a good mother, the upholders of the view, in their zeal to convert every woman into a good mother, are apt to forget that she must be a good wife first. The plodding, housekeeping wife could not sympathize with her husband or be interested in his pursuits. There is no meeting-ground between them. Neither does knowledge of a common language supply it. A common language is not enough for two men who meet in a railway compartment to enable them to strike an acquaintanceship; it is much less sufficient for a man and woman to strike a much closer acquaintanceship—the closest possible kind of friendship—and to sustain it all their lives. That requires common interests and common tastes, and what cultivates and expands man's mind generally produces the same effect on woman's; accordingly, the same curriculum and the same study are, to an extent, necessary for the two sexes to give them the same culture.

While considering the word "mother," it is generally overlooked what an amount of meaning is inculcated in that sacred word. We could not expect an uneducated woman, or one who was merely fitted up with the three R's, to fulfil the great ideal implied in motherhood, of self-sacrifice and devotion to all that is highest and best in the person of the offspring, from its very germination, through the simple animal instinct of love. It would mean relying too much upon instinct which, however useful in its own immediate sphere, seldom goes beyond it. Even philosophers, by turning it into intuition, have not been able

to make headway with it ; and we are not likely to succeed if we substitute it for intelligence.

Moreover, there are women who are not born to be wives or mothers, or who cannot be so. What function should be assigned to these ? Are they to do nothing at all in life ? Formerly, when marriage was possible for every woman, and when social conditions largely demanded multiplication, it was natural that the laws and customs of the country should be moulded to protect the mother-woman. Every woman was considered as a possible wife or mother, and no provision was required to be made for any who did not belong to either of the categories. Consequently, widows suffered greatly. Indian laws and customs assigned them no room, no function in life, and coolly dedicated them to the flames in many instances. A woman was recognized to have no personality apart from that of a wife, and it was expected that she should cease to exist no sooner she ceased to be a wife. But since then the state of affairs has considerably changed. The growth of medical science has reduced the rate of mortality ; peace and safety of human life have largely increased the population of the country ; every day and every hour infants are being thrust upon a world already overcrowded and reluctant to receive them. Excessive multiplication and imperfect means of production are proving the bane of India. The *human* supply exceeds the *human* demand, and marriage is not as essential as it formerly was. There would be, then, besides widows, unmarried and unmarriageable girls ; and wise heads should be turned to utilizing this supply that lies fallow instead of producing any more. It is as much a problem of economy as a moral problem, for it is as unprofitable to waste *human* wealth as it is to waste material wealth. However, economists have not yet made it their business to tackle this problem, though a hue and cry is often raised over the increasing multiplication.

What is to be done, then, with these girls and widows ? It will not do to bring them up simply as wives and mothers. The only suggestion put forward by our reformers is that they should be engaged in some philanthropic occupations. But every woman is not by nature a philanthropist, and we might as well try to get all bachelors to join the Salvation Army as

turn all women into philanthropists. Moreover, in most cases, our philanthropists would have to play the good Samaritan to them first, in order to enable them to play it towards others. Therefore, they must be given some definite work in life : that is, most of the lines that are hitherto closed should be opened to women ; and they should receive a good, efficient training in lieu of the artificial and superficial one they have been receiving at present. If this has not been done hitherto, the laws of the country are not so much to blame as the customs and prejudices of the people. It is these that must give way before the changing circumstances, in order that due alterations may be made in the laws later on. We can well afford to wait for these alterations, seeing that our women are not likely to go in for the higher professions all at once. It will take some time before even a few are fitted up for these. Most of them will occupy the minor positions ; and these positions, however humble they might be, will help to give them a status in life.

But it is feared that if women quit their domestic sphere for outdoor work, ambition will urge them on, and they will refuse to enter into family relations. This is all moonshine. Family life has charms of its own, and charms that are so unique that no other kind of life can supply them. And there are women to whom its appeal is so strong, when combined with the love of children, that they will prefer it not only to any kind of ambition, but to a public career, however useful and devoted it might be. The mother's love stands unrialled through ages in its pristine strength, so much so that philosophers are nowadays believing it capable of affording them a clue to life's secret.* There is no fear of our young men having to teach our young women what love is. The "crystal age" of sexless society in the form of scattered families under common parents is a dream not likely to be realized in the distant future. Hence, there is no need to force all women into the same groove. A little more variety can be introduced into their lives without any danger to society. They can be safely left to choose their own lines, and sufficient latitude might be allowed them in doing it.

* See Prof. Bergson's "Creative Evolution."

Next it is held that what is essential to cultivate in woman is her heart and not her head, for her function is but to love. With that purpose in view, various attempts are made to cultivate her imagination and feelings, *e.g.*, she is given a superficial knowledge of the fine arts. And the results have been found to be disappointing. Women are discovered to be suffering from hysterics and other mental disorders, from which in less civilized and barbarous countries they are as free as men.

How is one to develop a person's feelings? If we open any good book on psychology, we find that feelings depend upon two kinds of capacity: *viz.*, sensibility and imagination.* The greater the sensibility and the livelier the imagination, the stronger and more vivid are the feelings aroused. But we cannot increase a person's sensibility; it is given him once for all at his birth. Neither can we change his imaginative powers except to a very limited extent. So the only way to cultivate a woman's feelings will be to supply her with cases or incidents deserving sympathy, or better still, to draw her attention to such cases. And no wonder that efforts to make her more tender-hearted by other means have failed and turned her either into a hypocrite shedding crocodile tears, or made her sentimental like the Russian lady, who one wintry night went on weeping and sighing over a mournful tragedy in a theatre, while her poor coachman outside got frozen to death.

Finally, the last resource and the great stronghold of orthodoxy in India is the belief that by nature woman is constituted for domestic functions, and is unfit for public or intellectual work. For that reason, it is maintained, all efforts to take her out of her sphere are wasted. Higher education, for instance, proves too much for her. Our college girls are not found up to the mark. History reveals the same truth; it points to our literary and political stars, our Malabari and Mehta, our Dadabhai and Banerjee, but not to a single woman standing even in distant comparison with these men.

This is like arguing from organ to function, whereas the order in nature is from function to organ. The organ does not produce its own function; it is the function that produces

* James, "Principles of Psychology."

the organ in the long run. If we assign any kind of work to a set of people, they will become fit for it after a time. If animals had not required organic food, but like plants could directly fix carbon and nitrogen which are to be found all around in air, water, and earth, they too would have remained stationary instead of developing organs for walking. It is function that has given them these organs and developed them. By arguing from organ to function, we take the conclusion for granted, and can change the premisses at pleasure. We could, for instance, argue in the strain of the discussion in the "Candide"—the nose is made to wear spectacles and so we wear spectacles ; the feet are made to be shod and so we wear shoes ; woman is made to be a housewife and so she keeps the house ; she is made to dress well and so she dresses well. In our civilised age no man is made to be solely a father, and so is no woman made to be simply a mother or housewife. The breadwinner of the family is required to be more, and so is his upbringing. Imagine for an instant Socrates as the mere father, as the husband of Zantippe, and see what a picture you hold before your eyes!

The mental difference between man and woman is often conventional, and as frequently not of kind, but of degree. Plato was correct when he said that both male and female dogs could watch, though his example was incomplete. The Aristotelian distinction of slave and freeman has broken down. Wherever mind is cultivated, it is discovered to be fit for freedom. Man is backed by centuries of civilisation, and is naturally superior to woman in intellect. His mind has developed much in advance of woman's, but so has his idea of self. He has tried to appropriate to himself everything and every being. This is but natural ; we see it as much in the case of little children as in that of the advanced nations of the West. The consciousness of self goes on enlarging and embracing everything in its way, till it is checked by the consciousness of not-self. Woman has been too weak to offer such check, or resistance, and man has gone his own way. Practical life has made him rational ; demand for action has developed his intellect. And the greater the sphere of his action, the greater the force of his intellect. With woman the case has been different. She has been confined within the four walls of her dwelling, metaphorically when not literally. Her life has been devoted to individuals ;

she has had nothing to do with social life, with general principles, or economic conditions. Men in their academic pride have often forgotten that reason is the common prerogative of all mankind, that there is nothing mystical about it, and any normal mind, however uneducated, is able to respond to it to a certain extent. As a result, all kinds of superstitions and wrong notions have been fostered in woman's head, darkening her native intelligence. She is a woman at twenty ; it is not given her to rise to those nobler heights of intellect, those impassive and complicated views of things, which man acquires later in the prime of his manhood. The best of her sex have suffered from the same defects. One still sees the lofty and pathetic figure of Hypatia, Queen of Intellect, dimly shining in the light of martyrdom through the vista of ages. Who would not agree in saying that while her virtues were her own, her shortcomings were due to her surroundings ?

The same reasoning applies to the case of our girls going in for higher education. It is said our college girls are not fit for their work ; they confine themselves mainly to books and have no general knowledge worth naming. This is due to their circumstances, as we have said, otherwise they are very much like the average male-students. The average college girl is not so inferior in mind as it is generally believed ; she is hampered by surroundings, and her intelligence, an ordinary one at best, suffers thereby. As a rule, she has fewer opportunities to know and to learn ; she does not move about with the same freedom as the male-student does ; above all, sound intellectual company is to her like an oasis in a desert reached by a passing traveller : it is a vision of the promised land which is seldom or never realised. Consequently, in most cases, she develops a sort of morbid imagination, a narrow exclusiveness for books at the expense of wider information. The inner element gains at the cost of the outer, and the adaptation of the mind to its surroundings is spoiled. But it should be noticed that a similar instance of one-sidedness is discovered in the case of a great many average male-students. With them, too, the inner and outer elements do not proceed *pari passu*, and information is acquired by crushing out all originality. In both cases, the view of life is distorted ; in the former, it is sickly, narrow, and dreamy—the dreams being incapable

of realisation, for not having arisen from life they hang in mid-air; in the latter, it is superficial, borrowed and ill-assimilated.

We do not mean to say by this that all young women who go in for university education are fit for it. There are certainly some who cut a very sorry figure in the colleges. What we maintain is that there is no special disqualification on the part of women as such. Higher education is an option for the few, but there is danger of that option being missed both by men and women. Moreover, we have not any good finishing schools in India, where a post-matriculation course, apart from the university one, can be taught, and till such schools are established, the colleges are likely to be overflowed with students of inferior sorts. If we had such schools, it is probable that more women would take advantage of them than men. For, according to the present curriculum, they are taught a lot of useless things in the colleges, though it should be remembered that if women are taught useless subjects like higher Mathematics, so are men, except a few who take up special lines. For the main body of students these sciences have no direct use. And if there is an indirect one, like strengthening the mind and making it precise, we have no reason to think that this is not effected in the case of female graduates as well. The university curriculum might or might not be perfect; it might be even more useless for the majority of young women than for the majority of young men, but it is the only one that we have and will be consequently used as well as misused by women. And the idea of introducing a separate curriculum for them is at present impracticable. For when there is so much difficulty experienced in revising this one, it will be more difficult to frame another, and it is possible that the second edition will not be even as good or complete as the first.

(To be concluded.)

SIRIN S. PARUCK.

Bombay.

THE FIRST AND THE LAST.

The pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat.
Wordsworth.

ALL finite things have a first and a last. The first and the last event in a catena of time, the first and the last point in a bit of space, these alone, in the realms of time and space, stand out like luminous peaks before the mind of man ; while all the rest is evanescent, and falls off like water from a duck's back, or like a drop of water that glides over a lotus leaf, and leaves no trace behind.

First impressions last longest, the wise man regards the end, deep as first love, the last charge of the Imperial Guard, the first glimmer of dawn, the last rose of summer, the last straw that breaks the camel's back, *ultimus Romanorum*, all's well that ends well, the last of the Mohicans, well begun is half done, the end justifies the means, first come first served, last but not least, the last shall be first and the first shall be last—all hold in solution the idea of a first and a last.

The first morning of Creation wrote
 What the last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

The first carries the mind forward to the last, and the last turns its eyes back upon the first.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time.
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death.

While it is yet to-day, every to-morrow is a last. When to-morrow comes, every yesterday becomes a last.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not.

The present is always a middle, with a first gone by, and the inevitable last.

O! the little less, and how much it is,
And the little more, and what worlds away.

Who has not a thousand times had the thought and the feelings, which Browning alone has given mournful expression to, in these admirable lines—the missing a thing by just a little; and that little is beyond the range of the possible—it lands you plumb down in the limitless and hopelessly impossible—it is beyond the first and the last—too early for the first, and too late for the last. It is the illusion, that things might have been different, that prompts the lament. An uncompromising belief in absolute fatalism knows no lamentation.

Infinity is a circle. It knows no first and last. Cut the circle anywhere, and you have two ends, you have polarity, and you have again the first and the last. All life comes within the exhausting polarity of the first and last. The first moment of the child's birth has planted the seed of the last moment of the man's death. The first stone laid in the foundation of an edifice cries out to the last stone of the finished structure—and time again brings it back to when not one stone will be left upon another. The acorn looks to the grown oak of a hundred years hence. The first step in a long journey looks to the last step upon the threshold of home. The last step is there '*in posse*,' else the first step would not be taken. It is the false step, a step in this direction instead of in that, the untimely step, the unfortunate step, that produces the adversity of Browning's lament.

O! the little less, and how much it is,
And the little more, and what worlds away.

It seems as if the very nature of man, and the constitution of things have conspired together in throwing a kind of halo

round the first and the last, turning a searchlight on these two points, and leaving the rest in impalpable darkness. Nature works imperceptibly, and we note only her cries, which are a first or a last. Water that is liquid at zero, suddenly solidifies in mass. Who has detected a bud in the growing? Who has not seen the flower in bloom?

The thought appears in the fine lines of Wergeland.

Das 'erste Mal,' das 'erste Mal',
Gibt manchen Kleinigkeiten Werth;
Es währt oft wenige Secunden,
So ist die Freude hingeschwunden.
Das Gras selbst, weiss von solcher Lust,
Hoch schlägst des jungen Frühlings Brust,
Wenn sich die ersten Halme zeigen,
Das erste Herzblatt an den Zweigen.
So mild ist Gott dass gross und klein
Zum ersten Mal darf fröhlich sein;
Es darf auch noch so Kurzes Leben,
Sein Haupt einmal zum Himmel heben.

The first sight of the blue undulating expanse of the sea, the first journey in a railway carriage, the first return home of the schoolboy, the first walk in the open fields after a long illness, the first picnic party in a shady grove with the faint noise of rippling waters, the first news of a long looked for event, the first time a boy gets into long pants, the first time a girl gets into long skirts and does up in a knot the ringlets of her hanging hair, the first salary earned, whatever its purchasing power—some invisible charm hovers round these for no special reason, beyond that they are the first. They have no second. An alcahest seems poured over the rest—till you come to the last, and the phantom is there again, with his hands ever at his lips bidding adieu. It is the last link in the chain, and the chain has become a circle, and passed out of the finite. It has become a portion of the limitless past. The first comes not again, but in recollection—like Adam's recollection of the fall.

The epicurean Nabob takes only one, and the first glass from the bottle, as if all the rest is worthless. There are some

who, having quaffed the first, cannot rest till they have drained the last, vainly imagining that the halo which hovered lambent round the first will re-appear on the last. Foolish mortal! there is nothing at the bottom but mere lees and the dregs that sometimes sparkle through the full glass. The bee and the honey-suckle take but one sip of nectar, and fly away chasing from flower to flower the constant first. Man alone, voracious, insatiable, and curious, cannot stop till the dregs and the sediment grate upon his tongue. But alas! there is only one first, and not such another, and all his artifice and cunning are unavailing, till the last appears, bearing a faint halo and the reflex of the first.

It is curious to consider the varied circumstances under which this Ariel appears. Your cook has drunk your whisky, and, what is worse, he has put water into it, he has smoked your cigars, he has given you the offscourings of the pots for your soup, he has drunk the soup himself, and dressed up the shreds into nicely garnished dishes, he has traded on your name, he has exploited all the shops in the station on his master's credit, he has sold cheap what is most dear, and bought dear what is most cheap, till at last your bowels of compassion can hold out no longer, and you resolve to be quit of him for ever. Lo! there he stands, meek as a metaphysician, turban in hand, bare-headed, submissive—he falls at your feet, and with a last salaam departs. All is forgotten, and I'll wager my last four anna piece, that you feel a sudden revulsion, and say to yourself, "It is a pity after all, I might have given him one more chance, but now he is gone." This is no more than the illusion of the last. But take courage, and hold firm. You will see him again on Christmas day, coming round for bakshish.

Some cannot bid good-bye. The phantom hovers round all partings and farewells. They prefer to go at once, and "in medias res."

The prisoner takes a last look at his cell, with feelings different from those of the last twenty years.

Leaving society and friends, and all that makes life dear, you go to a new place, and fancy you shall never be reconciled to the changed surroundings. By slow and imperceptible degrees time works its changes, and you get accustomed to the

new groove. Be sure there will be something of regret, a kind of sad joy, when you leave that spot for the last time. The receding landscape will appear brighter, and clothed in a purer air, than at other times, when you went and came back again. This time a charm will rivet your eyes to it, till the last speck vanishes in the distance, and you know that this is the last.

Those silent mounds of earth, those dumb cubicles of brick and mortar, encircled by the old cemetery wall—each one of these points to the meeting of the first and the last, the curvature of the line of time into the circle of eternity, ‘born on such a date,’ ‘died on such a date,’ as if there were no middle at all.

The poet Gray could not, without unutterable pangs, begin the first line of his poems. “Ruin seize thee ruthless king,” he once bellowed out at an intruder, and was thus painfully delivered of the first line of a famous ode. Gibbon wrote the last lines of his great work with sorrow at the thought of parting with the intense labour of twenty years. Coleridge could not finish his *Christabel*, and he put off the last with a “to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow.” Hamlet, shrinking from the first and also from the last, kept floundering in the middle, till accident or fate decided both.

There is an echo of it in the following lines—

I too have longed for trenchant force,
And willed like a dividing spear,
Have praised the keen unscrupulous course
That knows no doubt, that feels no fear.

What then is this phantom? Is it chance, or an accident, or a mere sentiment, is it wholly subjective, and has it no corresponding objective reality? Is it a part of some great cipher-writing, of which the key has not been found, or has been lost by man?

“Men travel in manifold paths,” writes the devout though mystical Novalis, “whoso traces and compares these will find strange Figures come to light; Figures which seem as if they belong to some great cipher-writing which one meets with everywhere, on the wings of birds, on the shells of eggs, in clouds, in

the snow, in crystals, in forms of rocks, in freezing waters, in the interior and exterior of mountains, of plants, animals, men, in the lights of the sky, in plates of glass and pitch when touched and struck on, in the filings round the magnet, and the singular conjunctures of Chance. In such Figures one anticipates the key to that wondrous Cipher-writing, the grammar of it ; but this anticipation will not fix itself into shape, and appears, as if, after all, it would not become such a key for us."

The ceaseless shuttle of the Time-Spirit (*Zeitgeist*) weaves this endless web of life. The threads cut and cross one another in inextricable mazes. The points of contact alone strike the mind of man—they are a constantly recurring first and last, in ever new forms, and ever new circumstances.

So schaff ich am brausenden Webstuhl der Zeit,
Und wirke des Gottheit lebendiges Kleid.

B. G. STEINHOFF.

Nagpur.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE, ACCUSATION AND CONFESSION.

THERE need be no morbid element in the vivid interest which always surrounds cases of circumstantial evidence, or of possible miscarriages of justice. Shut out altogether the idea of the crime committed, and there remains something else on trial—to wit, all men's ordinary methods of judging each other and each other's works and ways.

It has been said that untrained minds are always rash in their conclusions, and when any great trial is absorbing public attention, we readily find, by the talk in the railway carriage or the reading-room, that there are those who would easily condemn a man for a coincident foot-print, a dubious stain or an unaccounted hour. They back themselves up with adages, which may be true enough, but are not the whole of truth.

We all know those adages : “ Where there is smoke, there is fire,” “ There is aye some water whaur the stirkie droons,” and so forth. Granted. But there remain the questions, “ Who lit the fire ? Who is responsible for the water ? ” There is another saying at least equally true, “ He who hides knows where to find.” It is our common experience of life that it is those who live in glass houses who do throw stones—those who have soiled garments who do throw mud, that their own stains may be less noticeable. In legal history, the false accuser has been repeatedly discovered to be the real criminal, or perhaps the person who manufactured a sham crime and fastened it upon another.

Sometimes such accusations are made in desperate desire to avert suspicion, but more often they are planned with a cool and clever malice, which baffles one's understanding, and makes one feel with a shiver that poor human nature has some connections, not too remote, and not with the beasts, but with the fiends.

Other cases again seem to have their origin in those mysterious self-delusions, which may be regarded either as simple mental disease or as the outgrowth of long habits of morbid thought and action. A

story which may range itself under this head, has become historic, though it is now seldom recalled.

The story begins with an advertisement appearing in the *London Daily Advertiser* of January 4th, 1753. It ran—

“Lost, a girl about eighteen years of age, dressed in a purple masquerade stiff gown, a white handkerchief and apron, a black quilted petticoat, a green undercoat, black shoes, blue stockings, a white shaving hat with green ribbons, and a very fresh colour. She was left on Monday last, near Houndsditch, and has not been heard of since. Whoever informs Mrs. Canning, a scourer at Aldermanbury, Postern, concerning her, shall be handsomely rewarded for their trouble.”

It was presently explained to the public that this young woman had lived as servant with a carpenter in the neighbourhood of her mother for about ten weeks before she was missed. On New Year's Day, she had got leave of her mistress to make a holiday, when she went to see an uncle and aunt who lived near Rosemary Lane. Her relations had walked homeward with her as far as Houndsditch, and there had left her. From that time, it was asserted, nothing had been heard of her, nor did the advertisement produce any result, until, according to her mother's statement, her daughter herself re-appeared at her home on January 29th. Her condition was reported to be most pitiable and wretched, and her tale was this :—

That on the evening she was missed, she was attacked under Bedlam wall by two fellows, who pulled off her cap, gown and apron, gagged her, and threatened to cut her throat if she cried out : that they then carried her along Moorfields, where one of the men gave her a violent blow on the right temple, which threw her into fits : that when she recovered herself she found them dragging her along a road, and they took her into a house, which they reached about 4 o'clock in the morning : that there she saw a woman who took some of her clothing from her, and put her into a room upstairs, where she had been confined the whole time of her absence, during which her whole sustenance had been about a quartern loaf in quantity, of stale crusts and about a gallon of water. She asserted that these hardships had been imposed upon her to force her into a vile way of life, to which several others in the house had been driven by the like severe treatment, but that she had resisted everything, and had, at last escaped through a window, and tramped through the country till she found herself among familiar scenes.

“This relation,” says the formal old chronicler, “made a sensible impression, not only on the minds of the mother and the people present, but also those in the neighbourhood, and a determination was formed of endeavouring to bring the perpetrators of such barbarity to justice.”

The girl professed not to know where she had been confined. It must be remarked that all the places hitherto mentioned are within a small radius in the very heart of Old London. The place of imprisonment, according to the girl's story, had been evidently at some distance. She could only offer one clue to it, "That through the crevices of the room, where she had been detained, she saw the Hertford Coach pass by."

This pointed to the Hertford Road—going North from London. It must have been remote and lonely enough in those days. Now it was known that in this road there was a house of inferior character, kept by a woman named Wells. This house was at once suspected, and a warrant for Wells' apprehension was granted by Alderman Chitty, before whom Elizabeth swore a deposition as to her abduction and ill treatment.

Surrounded by friends, she went to survey this house for purposes of identification. She asserted at once it was the scene of her suffering. But it was at this point that one or two of the shrewder brains among her champions noted that the situation and other circumstances relating to the room wherein she said she had been shut, did not correspond with certain particulars set forth in her original deposition.

However, the notorious character of the house strengthened the popular prepossession in favour of Elizabeth, and all doubts were silenced when—on her positively deposing that an old gipsy woman, named Squires, was the same who had received and robbed her—her evidence was promptly confirmed by one Virtue Hall, an unhappy young woman living in the miserable abode. These testimonies were readily received, though two witnesses of sound character from Dorsetshire swore that the old gipsy was in their village at the time of the alleged robbery, and another, from Combe near Salisbury, deposed that he had seen her there on the 14th of January.

(It must be borne in mind that in 1753 transit from place to place was not very swift. Trains were not, and a gipsy would have no means of locomotion save her own limbs or a lumbering caravan.)

The result was that the old gipsy was capitally convicted—murder being not the only crime which received death sentence in those days—and the mistress of the house was ordered to be branded and imprisoned for six months.

On one side stood youth, beauty, and apparently injured simplicity and innocence. On the other crouched two tainted characters, one of a feared and hated race. Public sympathy with Elizabeth ran high. Pamphlets were published on both sides, and the papers abounded with the bitterest moralisings.

It is interesting to note two well-known names, each championing one side. Henry Fielding, the great novelist, the kindness of whose heart made him an easy dupe to female artifice, believed firmly in Elizabeth. John Hill, a famous and fashionable quack doctor (whose practice probably brought him into daily contact with the baser side of womanhood) from the beginning regarded her story as a fabrication and did his utmost to expose it.

The few people who remained struck by the discrepancies of Elizabeth's story and by other suspicious circumstances in her immediate surroundings, at last enlisted the sympathetic attention of the then Lord Mayor of London, Sir Crisp Gascoigne. Struck by the number and character of the country affidavits as to the alibi of the old gipsy woman, he set himself patiently to discover the truth.

Presently he received from Virtue Hall a complete recantation of the evidence with which she had so glibly supported Elizabeth's story!

The tables were turned. The old gipsy was set at liberty, and indictments for perjury were preferred on both sides. The witnesses for the gipsy were tried and acquitted. Elizabeth was admitted to bail, absconded, afterwards surrendered for trial, was convicted of perjury and sent to Newgate. Public sympathy of a certain sort followed her even there. She was plentifully supplied with provisions, and some of the jurymen who had convicted her tried to get a new trial, on the score that though they believed her guilty of perjury, they did not believe her guilty of wicked and corrupt perjury. On what grounds they drew the distinction, we are not told. She was eventually sentenced to one month's imprisonment and to be "transported" for seven years. But she was allowed to transport herself in a private ship, and was "supplied with such recommendations as secured her no contemptible reception in America!"

One does not learn whether it was ever discovered where Elizabeth had been during her absence nor does it seem easy to follow the particulars of her subsequent history, but she never returned to Great Britain. She died in Weathersfield, Connecticut, in 1773, when she was about forty years old.

The whole narrative is a picture of mendacity, screening itself behind an accumulation of falsehoods, reckless of their cost to others. Then there is the singular vignette of "Virtue Hall." Had she some private spite to gratify? Did she merely long to share Elizabeth's romantic position before a sentimental public? Or was she one of the curious creatures who seem irresistibly impelled to form some link between themselves and any incident that passes before their eyes or ears? A lady, walking through a crowded thoroughfare in the North

of London, was startled by a loud sound like the firing of a pistol. As the people ran towards the spot whence the sound came, one woman shrieked, "It's a pore gentleman killed hisself". I saw him a minute before—with something in his hand, and his face was wild-like and white as a corp." That woman, with her prompt, imagined evidence, was an embryo Virtue Hall. We may laugh at her, and at her spirit rampant in society, but how should we like to find life or character at her mercy? Then she becomes a serious consideration.

And behind this story of Elizabeth Canning lies a grotesque background of public sympathy, continuing even after her mendacity was proved. Had her story been true, every man's hand should have been ready to fight in her cause. As it was false, the one true sympathy for her was merciful seclusion and the wholesome discipline of hard labour. But the public adopts curious pets of its own, and then twists all ideas of justice or mercy to fit those pets' deformities.

It is hard to see how human justice can ever be hedged in from all mistake. As "Virtue Hall" exemplifies, corroborative testimony may be worse than useless. To refuse to convict on the un rebutted evidence of one accuser might be to grant a license for the vilest forms of the vilest crimes. When one realises the dangers on the side of human witnessing, one almost feels as if greater safety may be in circumstantial evidence. Yet we will go on to see the excellent grounds on which British law is reluctant to condemn on circumstantial evidence alone.

A typical story of the risks of circumstantial evidence must be one in which there is absolutely no false accuser, and where facts alone sounded the alarm, and started justice on a false trial. Such a story is to be found among the legal traditions of the country of Kent. It is not very formally reported, and some of the more romantic details may have grown up about it.

Here, for the benefit of non-legal readers, it must be explained that it was not always necessary, as it is now, that the production of human remains, even in some way identifiable, should precede any accusation of murder. (The law tends ever towards its own amelioration. The fierce custom by which a murderer was liable to execution the day after his conviction was abolished only in 1836.) Some still living will recall the story where a man, struck by remorse, made full confession of having murdered his wife many years previously, but his confession would not have sufficed to convict him, but that he indicated the various spots where he had concealed portions of her dismembered body, and careful examination discovered these, along with a bunch of fair curly hair, which old friends could depose was like that of the vanished woman. The writer of this paper distinctly remembers an in-

stance when this merciful provision as to the production of a dead body led to the escape of a suspected murderer. In a village not far from London, there lived a couple on notoriously bad terms with each other. The man who was a gardener had many evil traits, the wife, much his senior, had a violent and nagging temper, and was noted for her pride in an accumulation of superior garments, which had appertained to her through her having been a ladies' maid. Suddenly the woman disappeared. The neighbours thought only that she had gone for a visit, and no particular note was made as to the day when she was last seen. They held little communication with the husband, but when his wife's absence continued, they began to ask about her. He said they had had a quarrel, after which she had gone off he knew not where. She might come back or she might not. He expected her: she had not taken anything with her, but the clothes she was actually wearing. The neighbours whispered to each other that though she might have been very willing to leave her husband, they would never believe she would wish to leave her fine frocks! Presently a still more sinister whisper went round. Somebody declared that about the time when she disappeared, a very strong fire had been made up at night in the heating apparatus of a conservatory belonging to one of the mansions, where the gardener was employed. If I remember rightly, certain investigations, undefined in their object, were permitted in this heating apparatus, but they came to nothing. The man did not seem to heed the stories which were evidently flying about. He stayed in the place for some time, but when finally he left, nobody knew where he went, and he was never heard of again.

It was about forty years after, when the conservatory was being demolished, that charred human bones were discovered, buried among its foundations, and in some way, capable of a certain amount of identification with the vanished wife.

Yet, how necessary was the law which forbade a murder charge unless a murdered body could be produced, is strongly shown by the incidents now to be related:

The Kentish story is as follows. A young sailmaker, just out of his apprenticeship, travelled from London into Kent to visit his widowed mother. In the beginning of the eighteenth century, this was a fairly long journey, and the lad broke it by putting up for the night at an inn in Deal, kept by an old friend of his mother's. The house was quite full of lodgers, but in the simple hospitality of those days, the good woman told the youth that he was welcome to share the bed of her uncle, the boatswain of an Indiaman recently come to the port. The two retired to rest together. Next morning, the landlady was not surprised to find that

the young sailmaker had departed before the house was astir, for he had told her that it was his intention so to do. But she was surprised when her uncle did not put in an appearance. She went to call him. She found the room door a-jar, the bed empty and the bedding stained with blood. An alarm speedily spread through the town, but nobody had seen either the sailor or the sailmaker.

Marks of blood were traced from the bed-room into the street and at intervals through the streets to the pier-head. Inquiry naturally followed the young mechanic down to his mother's cottage, where it was found he had duly arrived.

When asked what had become of the sailor, he instantly answered that he did not know, but showed much interest, professing that he had himself felt mystified by his disappearance. He said that after his journey he had felt restless and unwell, and thinking he would be the better for a few turns in the fresh air, had risen to go out into the garden. The sailor was awake then, for he had told him that he would have to go through the kitchen, and that, as the latch of the back-door was out of order, he had better take his (the sailor's) knife with which to raise it. The lad said he had obeyed these directions, had stayed outside for about half-an-hour, and on his return, had been surprised to find his bed-fellow gone, but had not thought it necessary to give any alarm. He had forgotten about the sailor's knife, which therefore was still in his possession.

Such a story called for scrutiny. Examination revealed that the lad's clothing, like the bedding, was stained with blood. Besides the knife, there was found in his pocket a curious silver coin, known to be the sailor's property, which the landlady had seen in her uncle's hand the night before his disappearance. For its presence in his own possession, the young sailmaker could offer no explanation. He pretended as if he had not known it was there !

The inference was that he had murdered the missing man, carried the body to the pier-head and disposed of it in the sea.

The tradition runs that the youth was tried, condemned and hanged, but by sundry manœuvres on the part of friends who firmly believed in his innocence, the sentence, in the rough-and-ready arrangements of those days, was not absolutely carried into effect, that his body was prematurely cut down and resuscitated. He left the country, changed his name, disguised his person and followed a seafaring life on a Man-of-War, few questions being asked about antecedents in those days, when human " food for powder " was always in active demand.

After some years' service, when he was promoted to be master's mate, he and some of his crew were transferred to another vessel which had arrived, short-handed, at a West Indian port.

Almost the first man he met on this ship was the murdering boatswain!

The old man was dumbfounded when he heard the story, so simple were all its facts to his comprehending mind.

The night before his disappearance he had been "cupped" by a barber, according to the "medical" beliefs of that period. Waking, when the young sailor had risen, he presently found that the bandage had come off his arm and that blood was flowing afresh. Alarmed, he rose to go to the barber. A press-gang laid hold of him just as he left the inn, hurried him where their boat was waiting, and in a few minutes he was on a frigate under weigh for the East Indies. He had been voyaging ever since, and had never written home, a circumstance easily credible at a date when letter-writing was little practised by the humbler classes, and when correspondence at best was both costly and uncertain. The mystery of the coin found in the lad's pocket could never be explained, the most feasible conjecture being that he had taken it with the knife, sticking between the haft and the blade—that it had fallen thence into his pocket, where it had remained unobserved till the searchers found it.

The other story is far grimmer and contains a strange psychological mystery. Unfortunately, the report is not at present in my possession, but as I remember it, it was given with great exactitude of place, names and dates.

A travelling merchant, a fairly well-to-do man, with some money in his possession, started to walk from one point to another across the bare and dreary uplands, which in some districts lie behind or above the shores of the English Channel. Nobody was expecting him anywhere: exact appointments could be scarcely made when travel was, in a way, an irregular and uncertain adventure. But presently he was missed. On to those weird moorlands he had gone and from them he did not emerge. Naturally, enquiry followed.

On his route, houses were few and far between, and those were mostly little more than hovels, many of whose occupants supplemented some poor craft or calling by the illicit gains of smuggling and the like lawless doings. At these houses, questions were asked. At one, a kind of hesitancy marked the answers. The family consisted of an aged mother and three sons, not bearing the best of characters even for that locality.

If I remember aright, investigation proved that about the time the merchant must have disappeared, it had been noticed that these people had more money than usual.

Suddenly one of the sons gave himself up to the authorities, making a confession which implicated the whole family, including himself.

The others passionately declared absolute ignorance, saying that they had never even seen the lost man. But the son who confessed, gave every ghastly detail of a most treacherous and brutal murder, along with an explanation of how the body had been wholly got rid of. He was not allowed to gain by his outburst of apparent remorse—he and his mother and brothers were all hanged, and their bodies left suspended in chains not far from the scene of the alleged crime. The one died announcing the guilt of all, the rest asserting the innocence of the whole family.

Three or four months afterwards, the merchant re-appeared! He too had been seized by a press gang, and carried off in their ship. But being an educated man with some money in his pocket, he had found means to secure his release, and had hastened home with all possible speed.

But how are we to explain the mystery of the false confession? I believe—though owing to my inability to refer to the authority who tells the terrible tale, I cannot be quite sure—that it was this case which finally secured the alteration of the law to the position it now takes up.

It is readily to be understood how circumstantial evidence may back up honest, yet mistaken witnesses as to identity. Law books bristle with such cases. In many instances the question of identity seems so simple as to make mistake impossible. Yet employers have been known to swear erroneously, as to people who have been in their employ for years, such error having in more than one recorded case cost innocent life. How possible such blunders are, and how mysterious, may be illustrated by a case which occurred in London a few years ago, and was known to a large number of people, though nothing but a few bald details of its earlier chapter ever got into public prints.

A certain respectable shopkeeper in a great thoroughfare suddenly disappeared from his home and business. A hue and cry was instantly raised by his family. There was nothing known in either his circumstances or character to point to voluntary disappearance or suicide. The suggestion was of foul play or accident, probably the latter. A full description of the missing man's appearance and clothing was issued, and presently his wife was summoned to view a body just drawn from the Thames. The corpse had been in the water for a time but had undergone little disfigurement. The weeping woman declared that it was the remains of her lost husband, in which statement she was supported by the assistants in his shop. Nor was further evidence wanting. The dead man's clothes were like those of the missing man when last seen, and the initials marking the under-linen were the same as his. As it was by no means unlikely that when he went out, he had

contemplated a river trip, the natural inference was that he had slipped, unnoticed from pier or gangway. The corpse was removed to the home above the shop, the shutters were put up, the family grave was opened, the family friends gathered for the funeral. Then the widow donned her decent weeds, and prepared to wind up her husband's affairs and to carry on his business.

At this stage, the simple sad story was changed into a mysterious farce by—the return of the vanished husband!

Why he had gone away and where he had been, were never publicly made known. The wife took off her widow's cap and seemed prepared to keep her own counsel. Business went on as usual, and it is to be presumed that in due time the couple will take their places beside the stranger waif who had so singularly found a place in their household tomb.

Now we may grant that something of the resemblance between the dead man and the missing may have been due to excited imagination, feverish emotion and the suggestion of probabilities. But all that will not explain the coincident initials on the under-linen.

We have now seen from all sides the difficulties besetting the discovery of actual truth, even when sought for most solemnly. The subject leaves two ideas foremost in one's mind. One is of the supreme importance of good, clear, untainted character. The other is of the folly and wickedness of those who rush to repeat all they hear, while not taking any trouble to verify the report. No member of society is more dangerous than he or she who, seeing or hearing of certain circumstances, proceeds rashly to draw inferences from them, and then gives out his or her own inferences as facts.

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

Scotland,

THE SEVEN WISE MEN OF GREECE.

WISDOM and learning, so far from being one, are often very different. Learning may be acquired by study of books, wisdom is a gift of nature. The one is from without, the other is inherent and inborn. Thus, in their character and complexion they resemble poetry and oratory as these are represented in the well-known saying ; *Poeta nascitur, Oritur fit.* A learned man may well be a fool, as King James I. of England was,* but a wise man never, the two terms being inconsistent with each other. True it is there is a deal of the fool in every man, even if he be wise ; but the wise man knows it is so, whereas the man, who is merely learned, is perfectly ignorant of it ; he in his pride of learning seems to think there is nothing of the fool in him. In this principally lies the difference between a wise man and a fool, for the one knows himself and of the stuff he is actually made of ; whereas the other is ignorant of his real character, and making too much of himself, is like the solemn owl, puffed up with vanity, and considers that there is none wiser than he. In fact, wisdom is a very rare gift, and we should not be very far from the truth if we said that to every thousand so-called learned souls there are only half a dozen wise men. And this wisdom is not of a stereotyped character, but admits of degrees. The Egyptians were noted for their wisdom, so much so that the happy valley of the Nile was deemed a repository of wisdom in days of old ; but though there were plenty of wise men in it, Moses was considered the wisest among them all. So among the Jews, also, King Solomon was considered the wisest. Similarly, in the classic soil of Greece, where learning of sorts reached a very high degree of eminence, and which in the intellectual world has long served as model for others to follow, Socrates was admittedly the wisest man. This estimate of the character of the great Athenian had its origin almost in a miracle. The far-famed oracle of Delphi, on being

* He was commonly styled " the most learned fool in all Christendom. "

questioned by the sage's friend, Choerephon, as to who was the wisest man among the Greeks, answered, "Socrates." This declaration, however, did not come upon the people quite as a surprise, for they knew very well that there was none amongst them who was equal to him in wisdom ; but to Socrates himself it appeared very perplexing, for he in his simplicity of nature thought that he did not possess any wisdom in especial. This very circumstance, so far from detracting from his merit as a wise man, goes a long way towards strengthening it. But though fully convinced of the truth of the oracular declaration, his modesty did not allow him to rest content with mere belief ; he proceeded to test the wisdom of others, and in the course of his inquiry and examination found to his infinite satisfaction that whereas he knew very well what he really was, that is, a combination, though not in equal proportion, of the fool and the wise man, the others were sublimely ignorant of that knowledge and thought too much of themselves. In this way he came to know his own depth and the stuff he was made of. No wonder, then, that he boldly entered the lists with the so-called Sophists and, giving a wide scope to his peculiar mode of holding controversy, which has since been called after him, succeeded one by one in defeating them and humbling to the dust their pride of superior wisdom. Socrates had also a strong persuasion that he was intrusted with a divine mission, and he believed himself to be attended by a demon, or rather genius, whose admonitions he frequently heard, not, however, in the way of excitement but of restraint. Such a remarkable character pre-eminently deserves the proud title of *Sophos* added to his name, but, strange to say, he is not mentioned among the reputed seven sages of Greece. In fact, these worthies flourished at a time when "the mighty mind of old," who was to top them all, was still in the womb of time. Had he been their contemporary, he would most certainly have been regarded the very first and foremost among them. Even his pupil, "the moral Plato" and the latter's pupil, the myriad-minded Aristotle, too, were far superior to the best of them, and in the contest for prize of wisdom, would have been entitled to the palm of victory. Fortunately for the said seven sages, none of these men had then seen the light of day ; and as in their time they were conspicuous for their possessing wisdom far above the average, and as by a fortuitous combination of circumstances they lived and flourished about the same time, they formed a very notable coterie and have descended down to succeeding generations as men famous for practical wisdom and for being framers of a mass of pithy laws and sayings. Having achieved such unique position in their day, posterity has not, in view of the superior merits of some of the Grecians of later times, chosen to take them down from their high pedestal, and place thereon

others of greater note. In still later times, the position, alas! is changed altogether, for, as the poet says :

* " But seven wise men the ancient world did know,
We scarce know seven who think themselves not so."

The reputed Seven Sages of Greece are generally taken to have been Thales, Solon, Pittacus, Bias, Chilo or Chilion, Periander (in place of whom some mention Epimenides), and Cleobulus. These worthies were not all natives of Greece, properly so called, some of them having had their birth-place in one or other of the Greek Colonies on and near the coast of Asia Minor, which formed part of Greece, as the term was understood in those good old days. They all flourished, as we have already stated, at or about the same time, and the title of *Sophos*, or "wise" was given them in the archonship of Damasias who ruled from 586 (or 585) to 583 B. C. Of these seven men the palm of superiority is usually given to Thales of Miletus, who was born about 636 B. C., and died about 546, and who was held in very high estimation by his contemporaries; and in later times, too, amongst the ancients his name was quite remarkable. Thales is universally recognized as the founder of Greek geometry, astronomy and philosophy, more especially of the last, and it is very probable that the proud title of "Wise" was conferred on him, not only on account of his political sagacity, as was the case with almost all the rest, but also for his scientific eminence. And it is on record that at about the same time did he with remarkable foresight predict the memorable eclipse which took place on the 28th of May, 585 B. C.,* in the reign of the Lydian king, Alyattes. † Not in name only, but also in fact, was Thales, the first of the Ionian physicists, the founder in Greece of the study of philosophy and mathematics. This philosophy, however, must not be confounded with the higher philosophy, which Socrates was said to have brought down from Heaven. The philosophy of Thales is usually summed up in the dogma, "Water is the principle, or element of things." His opinion was that water, or fluid substance, was the single original element from which everything came and into which everything returned. Thales left no works behind him. Like him, Anaximenes, the third in the series of Ionic philosophers (the second being Anaximander) also endeavoured to

* He is also said to have diverted the course of the river Halys in the time of Croesus, and later, in order to unite the Ionians, when threatened by the Persians, to have instituted a federal council in Teos.

† At that time Pythagoras was very young, he having been born in 580 B.C. The great historian, Thucydides, makes prominent mention of this eclipse in his immortal work on the Peloponnesian War.

trace the origin of material things from a single element ; and, according to his theory, air was the source of life. But meagre and futile as the doctrine of Thales was, all the Greek schools, with the solitary exception of that of the Samian sage, Pythagoras, took their origin from it. Plato, returning to Parmenides, declared the study of the one (that is, the chief element) and of the many (that is, its modifications) jointly considered, to be the true office of Philosophy.

But in whatever esteem the philosophical system of Thales was held in hoary antiquity, it has long since been exploded, and has become almost a thing of the past—one which a historian of ancient philosophical systems might refer to, but which in the light the subsequent advancement of science has thrown on the subject, does not possess much value, if any at all. Thus, the philosopher who undoubtedly held the first place for a pretty long period in that most civilized of countries in the whole of Europe, is now remembered only for a few wise and pithy sayings, or “wise laws and modern instances,” as Shakespeare would say, which have found a permanent place in the well-known epigrammatic literature of the world.

Unlike Socrates, the great Miletian sage never married. This aversion to matrimony, the cause of which was better known to himself than to anybody else, was, however, cherished by him from his early boyhood ; but this was not at all liked by his loving mother, Cleobuline, who was very anxious that her beloved son should take a wife and become a family man. Accordingly, when Thales had just stepped into his teens, she had asked him to marry ; but the young philosopher replied, “I am *too young* to marry” ; and, again, on the request being repeated when he grew old, he said, “I am *too old* to marry.” * It is very much to be regretted that the good old lady did not reiterate her request when her son was neither too young nor too old. In that case the philosopher, with all the plausibility in which he seemed to take pride, would have found great difficulty in shaping a reply agreeable to his desire.

There is another saying of his which has passed current and which shows that his practical knowledge of the world and its affairs was not of an ordinary kind. The saying with which he is credited is, “Suretyship is the precursor of ruin.” No saying is truer, but it sometimes so happens that one cannot avoid standing surety for another. Similar saying is attributed to the great Psalmist, who in the immortal Book of Psalms says, “He shall be sore vexed that

* This plainly shows that Thales's mother lived to a good old age. Not so his father, Examyus, who probably died when Thales was very young.

is surety, for a stranger.”* He also says, “And he that hateth suretyship is sure.” Akin to this saying is Shakespeare’s wise and wholesome advice :—

“Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry,
And loan oft loses both itself and friend.”

Another saying of Thales’s is *Facile est alias monere*. Surely, if one is disposed to give good advice to another, nothing is easier for him to do—’tis cheap and costs him nothing.

Thales, though the father of Greek physicists, was none the less remarkable for sound practical wisdom. Indeed, he was a very wonderful man for his age, and was deservedly held in high esteem for a long time.

While the genius of Thales principally lay in the scientific line, that of Solon who might well claim a place next after him, lay in the direction of politics. He earned fame as a statesman and legislator, and his reforms for the good administration of his country are justly considered as of great value and importance. In fact, Solon was a born ruler of men—a character which well became one descended from the celebrated Codrus. Solon † had received a good liberal education and, for the purpose of completing his scholastic training, had travelled through many parts of Greece and Asia, and had formed acquaintance with several of the most eminent men of his time. On his return to his native country, this promising young man, who was destined to attain greatness in the near future, won his spurs by recovering the lovely island of Salamis which had revolted to Megara (B. C. 600). Three years later, he persuaded the Alcmaeonidæ to submit their case to the decision of three hundred Eupatridæ, by whom they were adjudged guilty of sacrilege, and were expelled in consequence from Attica. The banishment of the guilty race did not, however, deliver the Athenians from their religious fears. A pestilential disease with which they were visited, was regarded as an unmistakable sign of divine wrath. Upon the advice of the Delphic oracle they invited the celebrated Cretan prophet and philosopher, Epimenides, to visit Athens and purify their city from pollution and sacrilege. By performing certain sacrifices and expiatory acts, Epimenides succeeded in staying the plague. But though the plague was stayed, the relief

* See Prov. XI, 15.

† Solon was born about 638 B. C. His father was a descendent of Codrus, and his mother a cousin of the mother of Pisistratus. Thus he was high and noble on both sides.

proved only something like a change from the frying pan to the fire. Athens was ere long torn by faction—a state of things which invariably proves the bane of a country's peace and happiness. When his mighty old city was in this sad plight, the ruling oligarchy chose him Archon in 594 B. C., investing him with unlimited power for adopting such measures as the exigencies of the State demanded. He entered upon the duties of his high office in right good earnest and set about making some important reforms. These changes had a very good effect, as by them was laid the foundation of the Athenian democracy. Having bound the Government and the people of Athens by a solemn oath to observe his institutions for at least ten years, he left his country and travelled in foreign lands.

On his return he found that his kinsman, Pisistratus, was aiming at supreme power. He warned the people against the coming evil, but they heeded not his warning. It was, however, not long before they had to repent of their folly, for, as a matter of fact, that ambitious man succeeded in usurping supreme authority (560 B. C.). Solon alone had the courage to oppose the usurpation, and upbraided the people with their cowardice. "You might," said he, "with ease have crushed the tyrant in the bud; but nothing now remains but to pluck him up by the roots." But none responded to his appeal. As for himself, he refused to fly even though invited by Cleobulus to take refuge with him; and when his friends asked him on what he relied for protection, "On my old age," was his memorable reply. It is creditable to Pisistratus that he left his aged relative unmolested, and even asked his advice in the matter of the administration of the Government, which the latter, out of patriotic zeal, did not withhold. Solon did not long survive the overthrow of the constitution. He died a year or two after, at the ripe old age of eighty.

The legislation of Solon had at one time great repute, and was regarded as great improvement upon the laws of Draco, which for their extreme severity were said to have been written with blood. But excellent as it was in its own way, the Salonian laws have become matters of history, and if they exist at all in reality, lie in a moribund state in some old rusty records. But some of the wise sayings, which had their birth and origin in him, have survived the ravages of time and still continue to edify and delight mankind. Of these sayings none possesses such remarkable celebrity as that which has been inscribed in letters of gold over the portico of the famous temple of Apollo at Delphi, namely, "*Gnothi Scaulon*,"—"Know Thyself." From the fact of its possessing very great importance in an ethical sense, its authorship has been ascribed to Pythagoras and several others, including even a mythical Greek Goddess, Phemonoe.

According to the poet Juvenal,* this precept descended from heaven, and Cicero, the great orator† calls it "A precept of Apollo." But the generally accepted opinion ascribes it to the Athenian sage, Solon. This one single saying which lies at the root of all ethics is alone sufficient to show how very wise its author was.

Solon also courted the Muse of poetry, and several fragments of his poems are still extant. They are certainly not of much worth as works of imagination, but their style is vigorous and simple.

Another of the Seven Wise Men was Pittacus, who, though entitled to a higher place than both Thales and Solon in point of age and virtue, was almost as nothing compared to the one as a scientist, and only as a poor substitute compared to the other as a legislator. He was born at Mytilene in the island of Lesbos in 651, B. C., and was highly celebrated as a warrior, statesman, philosopher and poet. Very little is known of his early life except this, that about 611, he in conjunction with the brothers of the poet, Alceus, overthrew Melanchrus, tyrant of Lesbos. Nearly five years after he slew the Athenian commander, Phrynon, in single combat, after having entangled him in a net. As a fitting reward for his eminent services to his country he was entrusted with ruling powers in 589 B. C., and while in this capacity, passed some good laws. One of these laws was that offences committed during drunkenness should be punished with double severity, thereby implying that drunkenness itself was an offence, which it certainly is. For the historian of law of inheritance some interest attaches to the enactment of the Mytilenean sage, that father and mother should succeed in equal shares to the property of a deceased child. This equitable law which made no distinction between parents, a civilized country would do well to adopt in its Statute-Book. In this way he ruled the land with great wisdom and after he had held sway for ten years, voluntarily resigned the Government and retired to private life, in which he enjoyed peace and happiness till he was called away from this world in 559 B.C., when the famous Lydian king, Cræsus, who, as we have already stated, ascended the throne in 560 B. C., was a young man of five and twenty years of age.

Pittacus was, like Bishop Berkeley of modern times, regarded as a pattern of all the virtues which grace humanity, and this high and noble character is borne out by what little we know of him. When Alceus, who had bitterly assailed him in one of his poems, fell into his hands, he allowed him to go, saying that forgiveness was better than revenge. ‡ A similar noble trait formed a feature in the character of

* See Satire XI, 27.

† See Tusc. Disp., 1, 22.

‡ Truly does the moral poet Pope say, "To err is human, to forgive divine."

the famous Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, who on one occasion expressed deep regret at not having had opportunity given him of enjoying the luxury of forgiveness.

Among the sayings attributed to Pittacus the most important are two; the one is "*kairon gnothi*" "know your opportunity"; the other, "It is hard to be good." The importance of the first lies in the fact that as opportunity, if it comes at all, comes but once, it behoves every man always to watch it, and when it presents itself, to avail himself of it. Surely, very terrible to us are those lapses of opportunity with which the consciences of most of us are burdened in some respects. The other saying reminds us of the words of Jesus Christ who in one place says that none but God is supremely good, thereby giving us to understand how very difficult it is for man to be good. In another saying of his, namely, "Rule reveals the man," lies a great truth. We cannot know of what character a man really is until we give him opportunity for exercising it; and it is not till he has passed through this ordeal unscathed, that we can pronounce definitely upon his goodness and worth. As for the saying, "the best rule is that of Law," it also contains a good deal of wisdom; and no wonder, then, that the late Duke of Argyll, who was one of the greatest men of his time, deemed it a fit subject to write a book on. One other precept with which the sage is credited is common enough, and is inculcated in the Holy Bible; it is this, "Speak ill neither of friend nor of foe." But surely, this should not prevent a man from advising another to his good when the latter goes wrong?

Pittacus was also a poet; and Diogenes Laertius states that he composed six hundred elegiac verses.

No less famous than Pittacus, if not more so, was Bias. He was a native of Priene in Ionia and flourished about 550 B. C. His brother, the celebrated prophet and physician, Melampus, having, it is said, cured the women of Argas of the madness with which they had been seized, they are said to have received in consequence two-thirds of the kingdom of Argas. And to add to their rank and importance they were allowed to marry the two daughters of Proctus. Bias was a most eloquent speaker and laboured hard for the injured and the oppressed. He is the author of the famous and oft-imitated reproof to the impious sailors, who in the midst of a tempest were calling on the Gods. "Be quiet," said he, "lest the Gods discover that you are here." That problem of old was also his, "With what art thou not weary? With getting money. What is more detestable? To gain."

A great number of short, pithy ethical sayings or apophthegms,

characteristic of the great sages, are ascribed to Bias. Some of these sayings are of very great value, and have been reproduced in various languages. The well-known saying, "Be slow to enter on an undertaking, but when you have begun, persevere to the end," for instance, has been imitated by Shakespeare, though the application by him is a little different. While warning against entering upon a quarrel, that great poet says, "Beware of entering into a quarrel, but being in, bear it that your adversary may beware of thee." If after entering upon an affair, be it of a peaceful or disturbing character, one does not persist in it, that shows want of strength of character, if not absolute cowardice. Great care, therefore, is necessary to be taken before one puts his hand to the plough.

Another saying of Bias's has also been elaborated by the same great poet. The sage says, "Hear much, speak little." The poet puts these wise words into the mouth of Polonius:-- "Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment."

The saying, "Know and then act," implies a good deal of wisdom. One who is not sufficiently informed about an affair which he takes in hand, runs the risk of meeting with utter disappointment. Previous knowledge is absolutely necessary, and where that is wanting, the act or undertaking is very likely to end in failure. But knowledge, however necessary, merely shows the way; the act it guides to must be done independently. Indeed, to do is far more difficult than merely to know. Bias values wealth only where it is found in union with worth, and, accordingly, he says, "Do not praise an unworthy man on account of his wealth." There is another saying of the sage, by which he recommends not force but persuasion for the attainment of one's end. The saying is, "Take by persuasion, not by force." Brute force may conquer a country, but cannot keep it in peace; for that purpose, moral force is necessary, and none is so efficacious as persuasion. Human life being subject to change from better to worse, man should learn to bear misfortune with patience and fortitude. Accordingly, Milton says, "Suffer and be strong." Bias says, "He is unfortunate who cannot bear misfortune." And another great man has it, "A man in distress is a sacred object." The saying, "So order your affairs as if your life were to be both long and short," contains a good deal of sound wisdom. The tenure of a man's life being of uncertain duration, there is no knowing how long it will last. This being so, we should so manage our affairs that we may not be taken unawares when our end comes a little earlier than we expected. The common precept, "Don't defer till to-morrow what you can do to-day," conveys a similar advice. The last saying of Bias's, which we shall notice, is also true to nature, and is borne out by experience, for

who but admits what he says, "Most men are bad." Wickedness is so very rife amongst men that goodness is only an exception with them, not the rule.

Chilo or Chilon, another of the famous Seven (*Septimus Urium*) was the son of Damaeclos and "a lordly Lacedaemonian" by birth, and like the rest flourished about the year 590 B. C. Beyond the fact that in 556 B. C., he acted as Ephor Eponymous, very little is known of his life. He was said to have died of joy on hearing that his son had gained a prize at the Olympic games. Many of his apophthegms have been handed down. They show much of the weight and brevity that might be expected of a Spartan, but are not so pointed as those of Bias. According to Chilon the great virtue of man was prudence or well-grounded judgment as to future events. "Consider the end" is a saying ascribed to him. But it is only a reproduction of what Solon is reported to have said to the great Lydian king, Cræsus. Similarly, the great Raja Ram Mohon Roy, also, in one of his well-known songs, exhorts us to think of the last dreadful day of our life.

Periander, in place of whom some would have Epimenides, was born about 665 B. C., and succeeded his father, Cypselus, as despot of Corinth in 625. His rule was at first mild and beneficent, but ill advice or domestic calamity converted him into a cruel tyrant. The last few years of his life were embittered by misfortunes, and he died either of grief or by violence voluntarily inflicted in 585 B. C., at the age of eighty. His reputation for sound practical wisdom stood so very high that he was commonly reckoned amongst the reputed Seven Wise Men, though some, as for instance Plato, denied his claim. He was a patron of literature and philosophy. The famous musician Arion was a friend of his, and lived sometime at his court. Arion's musical powers were so very great that a dolphin, charmed with hearing him play on his lyre, took him on its back when he plunged into the sea in order to escape from the hands of the sailors who had designed to murder him, and carried him safely to Taenarium, from whence he returned to Corinth.

Periander also favoured Anacharsis, a Scythian of princely rank and great knowledge.

Periander's rule was one of outward prosperity and power. He was a brilliant despot. With his successor, Psammetichus, who perished in a popular rising, the golden age of Corinthian history came to an end. The well-known saying of Napoleon, "Block-heads talk of the past, wise men of the present, fools of the future," seems to have been suggested by one of Periander's.

Periander's rival, the Cretan poet and prophet, Epimenides, was born in the seventh century before the Christian Era. When keeping

his father's sheep one day, he is said to have retired into a cave where he fell into a sound sleep which lasted fifty-seven years, so says Diogenes Laertius. Thus, it seems he was a Rip Van Winkle in miniature. Returning home to the altered abodes of his family, he was hailed as the special favourite of the Gods, and venerated as the possessor of superhuman wisdom. He was invited by Solon to Athens (about 596 B. C.), in order to give the sanction of his sacred presence to the purification of the city previous to the promulgation of the political Code of the great law-giver.

Epimenides is said to have written a poem on the Argonautic expedition. Many prose treatises, also, are ascribed to him. He is supposed to be the Cretan prophet, to whom St. Paul alludes in his Epistle to Titus. The verse runs thus :—"One of themselves, *even* a prophet of their own, said, the Cretans *are* always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies."

Last though not least is Cleobulus, son of Evagoras. He was a native of Lindus in Rhodes, which town he ruled for some time. He was distinguished for the strength of his body and the pulchritude of his person, as also for the wisdom of his sayings, the acuteness of his riddles, and the beauty of his lyric poetry. Diogenes Laertius quotes a letter in which Cleobulus invites Solon to take refuge with him against Pisistratus ; and this would imply that he was alive in 560 B. C., the year in which that tyrant usurped the Government at Athens. He is said to have held advanced views as to female education, and he was the father of the wise Cleobuline or Cleobule * whose riddles were not less famous than his own. "*Metron Ariston*"—"Moderation is best"—is a favourite saying of Cleobulus. "The golden mean" is only another form of the same saying. Another saying which is ascribed to him, namely, "Avoid extremes," is only a modification of the above.

Here we close our account of the Seven Wise Men of Greece, and in closing it we cannot but observe that their reputation for wisdom lay principally in their having possessed a good deal of what is called knowledge of the world. They were all matter-of-fact men, and did not indulge in idle speculations or wild imaginations. Their minds were all cast in a practical mould, and the result was that they succeeded well in life. Would that their example were followed by the generality of mankind, and the world would, then, be free from many of the evils *

* To Cleobule is ascribed the well-known riddle on the subject of the year :—A father has twelve children, and each of these has thirty daughters, on one side white and on the other side black, and though immortal, they all die."

“THE MARINER.”

“THE Mariner” had never been to sea. He had not even seen the sea, and there was no immediate prospect of his so doing. The denizens of Bun’s Alley do not frequently recuperate themselves by week-ends at fashionable sea-side resorts or inland spas ; a gaily lighted building with a signboard suits better both their tastes and their pockets. And yet “The Mariner” loved the sea with all the intensity that a child of ten years is capable. Possibly he loved it more thus never seeing it than if he had lived in the sound of its waves and moved upon its face. The thought of it was always with him, awake and sleeping. He dreamt of it at night and woke to continue, when time and circumstances permitted, the vision he had seen.

The nickname of “The Mariner” had been given to him by his schoolmaster on account of his ceaseless questions of the sea and his habit of sinking into a reverie during lessons. He was proud of the name, and heeded not the ridicule it brought him. Not unnaturally this passion of his was hardly encouraged in Bun’s Alley. His father, who was usually uncommunicative unless he had met friends at “The Shepherd’s Crook,” frequently took drastic means to endeavour to eradicate the dreaming propensities of “The Mariner,” and his mother, burdened by household duties and the care of eight children, did not display that enthusiasm in the aspirations and hopes of her children that a model parent is supposed to show. In fact, the dominating thought of all the adults and children inhabiting the Alley was to find sufficient food to stave off the immediate pangs of hunger, and any way of thinking, any course of action, which did not actively forward the desired object, was certain to meet with

disapproval. The cultivation of the imagination is not viewed sympathetically in such surroundings, save perhaps late on Saturday evening, and then the language is frequently highly picturesque, but rarely romantic.

"The Mariner" had not obtained his love of the sea from varied or extremely literary sources. All school lessons he detested except geography, and he never tired of pouring with eager eyes and smearing dirty fingers over maps, or of hearing about strange places in the earth's remotest parts. The rest bored him, and he frequently lapsed into a dreamlike condition. In the course of his career, he had come across a few boys' books, which he had eagerly read, and he possessed one, "Run-away Jack." This book, which comprised his library, was his great pride and joy, and he never parted from it. Whether playing in the street, asleep in the garret, or enduring the drudgery of school, he always had it near him. Its impossible adventures with ferocious pirates, the weathering of devastating tornadoes, never palled upon his mind or failed to convey a real pleasure. He knew pages by heart and repeated paragraphs aloud as he walked the streets.

August had been frightfully hot, and everyone who could manage to escape from London did so at the earliest opportunity. And where business necessitated attendance, the working hours were reduced to a minimum. The sun scorched and baked the shadeless streets, and when a breeze sprang up it merely seemed to move the hot air from one spot to another. Bun's Alley was intolerable. If the windows were opened, the stuffy rooms became stuffier; if shut, the atmosphere was laden with scents hardly of Persia. The grown-ups suffered terribly, but the condition of the children was unspeakable. "The Mariner," undersized, mis-shapen and under-nourished, scarcely managed to crawl about, and his mind was bent ever more strongly upon the sea. At last he could stand it no longer, the desire to see ships became too strong and he emerged forth on the quest.

Instinct took him in the right direction and presently, exhausted yet full of excitement, he came to the gates of a dock. His mind was exercised how to avoid the policeman and get to

the water's edge. Fate befriended him, and he slipped in behind a cab. Here at last he was happy, and he wandered about for hours watching the never-ceasing flow of traffic on the river, and the lading and unlading of the vessels at the quays. At last he grew tired and sat near a great ship being unloaded, speculating idly on the nature of the goods and from where they came. Then suddenly he heard a warning cry, and before he could move an enormous crate flashed over his head and fell with a sickening thud on his legs. •

They did everything that was humanly possible for him at the hospital, but the doctors said that the shock of amputation superadded to physical weakness would probably be too much for him. They were right. When he had recovered from the anæsthetic, he looked round the ward and said to the kindly-faced nurse, "I have had such a lovely travel in my sleep, and I want it to go on for ever." The nurse answered quietly, "Go to sleep again, little chappy."

"The Mariner" never woke. Death, the Master Mariner, had summoned him to sail upon the Ocean of Eternity.

E. G. GILBERT-COOPER.

England.

THE HINDU DRAMA IN ENGLAND.

THE successive presentations of Hindu Dramas in England have kindled a great enthusiasm amongst the thinking public, and will ere long capture the minds of the British public as a whole, and thus the sentiments and passions of a race so famous in the history of mankind will penetrate to the homes of the English men and women, and will thereby mould the ideals of the West. Such contributions from all the various races of the world help to create that great Home—the Home of Harmony and Culture—yclept the Home of all nationalities based on universal brotherhood and fellowship. “To know the Hindu Drama,” it has been truly said, “is to know the life and civilisation of a great race.” It is not by the power of conquest that a nation is great, but by the sentiments and the power of imagination which are the gifts of that nation. The Hindu race, which has been kept so very much detached from the rest of the world, had developed within herself a civilization unique in the history of mankind. It grew up within her forests, with ideals unsurpassed in the annals of history. They must come forth and embrace all civilizations, and who can say that this may not be the beginning of that great comradeship which will one day unite all the nations of the world? London is not only the metropolis of England—it is the metropolis of the world : and, on this world wide market of civilization, the East will shake hands with the West, and give the lie to that oft-quoted passage of Rudyard Kipling : “East is East and West is West ; and never the twain shall meet.” And perhaps one of the chief methods by which this cordial relationship will be brought about will be the presentation of Indian Art and Drama—for in them alone are revealed the real sentiments and passions of a nation, which are the only keys to the understanding of her life and her civilization. How many years more will be required to bring before the Western public the Indian Art and Drama in its true spirit and form, no one can foretell, but the humble attempts—which are now being made by Mr. Kedarnath Dás Gupta—will go a great way to arouse a new interest in the West.

And this is not the mushroom growth of a sentiment. Zealous, ardent young Indians, with an optimism which has always been the asset of all ardent workers, headed by Mr. Kedarnath Dás Gupta, are trying their best to bring the great Art and Drama of the Hindu race into the homes of the English people.

I shall not do justice to the short history of the effort to popularise Indian Drama in England if I mention only Mr. Gupta. Years before he conceived the idea of starting a "Company," some Parsees presented "Sakuntala" in 1886 at the Gaiety Theatre, London. And again on the 3rd July 1899, "Sakuntala" was presented by the Elizabethan Stage Society at the Botanical Gardens, and the Indian students of Gray's Inn, headed by Mr. G. Singh Giyani, helped materially in the production. "Sakuntala" is the masterpiece of Kalidasa, who has been fitly styled the Shakespeare of India, and English translations of this play were at that time read with great interest by English scholars.

Since then, slowly but steadily Indian drama has captivated the minds of the British public. This masterpiece of Kalidasa's was again repeated by some Indian students organised under the writer and Mr. Niranjan Pal and others at the Dashera Festival in 1911, and the same Indian students, in the year previous to this, had presented at their same yearly function at the Holborn Restaurant some Tableaux from some scenes of the "Ramayana." The best presentation of tableaux before the English public ever was done, was organised by the joint co-operation of two very distinguished Indian ladies, Mrs. P. L. Roy, and Mrs. P. K. Roy. They presented at the Court Theatre, Sloane Square, in March 1912, the story of Kalidasa's "Kumar Sambhava" (Birth of the War-God) in eighteen beautiful and finished tableaux. This presentation of the drama was organised by these two ladies under the kind patronage of Lady Minto, for the Indian Women's Education movement, of which her Ladyship is the President. Some thirty Indian ladies and children took part in it, and to quote Mr. William Poel, "it may be said without hesitation that in beauty of design and colouring, in grace and delicacy of pose, and in the finish and accuracy of its details, this performance was a revelation to Englishmen of the resources of Indian art."

All these were temporary efforts to make Indian art popular in England, but they are stepping-stones to the great Ideal wherein the art of the East and the art of the West will be as the two wings of the one grand Imagination--that Imagination which is ever trying to soar aloft, which encounters fame and glory by giving forth that which is true, good and beautiful. There are dreamers who always see visions in the future, and, whatever may be their shortcomings, it is

they who contribute mainly to the upbuilding of any ideal. And in this class of dreamers I do not hesitate to place Mr. Kedarnath Dás Gupta, the organiser of the Indian Art, Dramatic and Friendly Society, and his friends.

Under the auspices of this Society in the year 1912, he, in conjunction with Messrs. S. C. Bose, Niranjana Pal, and the writer, presented the dramatic representation of Buddha or the "Light of Asia" by Sir Edwin Arnold. It consisted of a series of episodes, and was produced at the Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Square, London.

Mr. Clarence Derwent as Buddha and Miss Viola Tree as the "Voice of the Wind" drew hundreds in the auditorium of the theatre. The play ran for about a week. The following extract from the *Times* of February 23, 1912 rightly interpreted the significance of the occasion :—

" ' Buddha,' which was produced last night, takes its dialogue from 'The Light of Asia,' and sets it off with all the attractions of costume, scenery and music, to say nothing of the human voice. Six episodes show the young Sidhartha in the garden of his parents at Kapilavastu, where he meets and falls in love with Jashodhara : the Voice of the Wind calling him from his palace of pleasure and his wife's arms to see the world ; his acquaintance in the streets with men who are not kings, and with suffering, age and death ; his temptation by various forms of illusion under the Bodhi Tree ; and finally his return home as a Buddha. Every scene and every group are pleasant to look at, while the verse is well spoken."

The Mystery play of Buddha appears to shew an awakening to the fact that the drama is not 'common and unclean nor religion confined to Church and Chapel.' So said the Hindus centuries ago. They taught that religion was not confined to their temples. They, like others, saw religion in seed time and harvest, in summer and winter, in day and night, in eating, sleeping and labouring, in everything. I venture to say that it was the production of "Buddha" and "The Miracle," which has inspired Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree to produce a play on the subject of Joseph and his brethren at His Majesty's Theatre, as he intends to do in the Autumn. The *Times* significantly remarks that "henceforth religious drama will not be considered unworthy of the theatre, nor the theatre unworthy of religious drama." The awakening which has begun with the production of "Buddha" will help greatly in spiritualising the materialistic West, and will bring forward a new ideal of renunciation, will once again hold up before

men the idea that renunciation and *Nirvana* of all desires are the final goal of humanity. Sidhartha's great awakening and his sacrifice, his going out of the palace from the companionship of his wife who was sleeping with her newly-born babe—all this will once again—even in our own time, and in this Western land—stir the hearts and influence the minds of men.

But the Indian Art, Dramatic, and Friendly Society did not stop there. It took up also the presentation of rather more modern life through an admirable adaptation by George Calderon of the story of the Maharani of Arakan by the India's world-famous poet Mr. Rabindranath Tagore. In this little comedy it has been well said: "Those who look below the surface may find an allegory bearing on the relations of Englishmen and Indians in their search for a permanent reconciliation, the evil of hostile sentiments being healed only when the party is met on the common ground of simple humanity."

The Society's youthful aspiration next soared as high as the enchanted thought-land of India's master-singer, the great Kalidasa, and it staged his masterpiece "*Sakuntala*," of whom Goethe enthusiastically sings:—

"Would'st thou the young year's blossoms and the fruits of its
[decline,
And all by which the soul is charmed, enraptured, feasted, fed,
Would'st thou the earth and heaven itself in one sole name
[combine
I name thee, O *Sakuntala*, and all at once is said."

—an appreciation about which Mr. Rabindranath Tagore says:—"We are apt to pass over this eulogy as a mere poetical outburst, we are apt to consider that it only means in effect that Goethe regarded *Sakuntala* as fine poetry. But it is not really so. His stanza breathes not the exaggeration of rapture, but the deliberate judgment of a true critic. There is a special point in his words. Goethe says expressly that *Sakuntala* contains the history of a development, the development of flower into fruit, of earth into heaven, of matter into Spirit. In truth, there are two unions in *Sakuntala*; and the *motif* of the play is the progress of the earlier union of the first act with its earthly unstable beauty and romance to the higher union in the heavenly hermitage of eternal bliss described in the last act. This drama was meant not for dealing with a particular passion, not for developing a particular character, but for translating the whole subject from one world to another—to elevate love from the sphere of physical beauty—to the eternal heaven of moral beauty. The drama of *Sakuntala* stands alone and unrivalled

in all literature because it depicts how Restraint can be harmonised with Freedom. All its joys and sorrows, unions and partings, proceed from the conflict of these two forces."

It was played with immense success in January 1913 at the Royal Albert Hall before His Highness the Maharaja of Jhalawar, Lord George Hamilton, Viscountess Maidstone, Lord Macdonald, the German Ambassador, Sir Richard Stapley and many other distinguished personages, who expressed great satisfaction at the performance.

"The story of 'Sakuntala' suggests," observed the *Pall Mall Gazette* on the occasion, "a world which has garnered knowledge and wisdom without losing the dew of its youth. It is the product of a drama founded on centuries of thought and observation. It is occupied with the cardinal theme of all sex literature, the struggle of the man to gain the woman, followed by the struggle of the woman to keep the man. Its pictures of romantic love are nearer to our own times than anything that can be found until the later Greeks. Yet the consciousness of Fate rings ever and again with a note that recalls Sophocles himself. There is little suggestion, perhaps, of individual character and its development; yet there is a most acute vision of types. One of Sakuntala's companions talks with an archness worthy of Nerissa; yet it is she whose heart-strings are most sorely wrung when Sakuntala departs to find her royal lover. It is only the dramatist of a mature society that could give us a stroke like that. The innocent coquetry of Sakuntala herself makes the "artless, ageless" impression of the great masters; the episode of the policemen and their captive has the very essence of satiric comedy; and the jester's humour, if it is wondrously akin sometimes to that of the Shakespearean clown, is, on the whole, more certain, "cosmic" and free from "darting" inspirations.

Confident of success, Mr. Das Gupta presented at the Cosmopolis, High Holborn, another Hindu Drama, the "Ratnavali" written about 200 years ago by King Sri Harshadeva of Kashmere, and remarkable as being a link between the old and the new schools of Hindu drama. It shows that 'the stately Indian of the past was capable of the liveliest comedy and the most sparkling wit.'

In 1912 some Indian students, Messrs. Niranjana Pal and B. Roy, and the writer of this article, formed themselves into a brotherhood, and, with the help and co-operation of many others, presented at the then Whitney Theatre, London, a dramatised version of "Dargesh-nandini" by the late Sir Bonkim Chandra, the author of the famous Indian National song, "The Bandaymataram." This performance was given in June 1912 under the name "Ayesha" before a distinguished gathering including the Duke of Bedford, the then Lady

Mayoress, Prince Ranji, the Thakur Sahib of Limbdi, Sir Dorab and Lady Tata, Mr. G. K. Gokhale, Sir Mancherjee Bhowanagri, Sir Sapurji Baroocha, Mr. and Mrs. Abbasali Baig. Her Majesty Queen Mary sent, through her Secretary, a characteristically charming letter expressing her good wishes, and the Lady Mayoress wrote to the present writer of this article an appreciative letter in which she expressed the opinion that those were the real steps by which to bring the ideals of the East before the West.

But I cannot conclude without paying a tribute to the great enthusiasm which has always been shown by Mr. William Poel, who has so thoroughly identified himself with the Indian productions. It was through his energy that the "Buddha" was a great success, and it was through his energy and his great love for the Indian Drama, that he produced "Sakuntala" at Cambridge last summer.

The stage, indeed, has a great effect upon the human mind. It gives a platform to tell the stories with greater effect and with a force which quickens all imaginations :

"For ill can poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime,
And painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but a glance of time.

But by the mighty actor brought,
Illusion's perfect triumphs come ;
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And sculpture to be dumb."

The Hindu drama, which has been for the last couple of years making systematic headway in England, is destined to bring a renaissance in the West in the fulness of time. The Indian Art, Dramatic, and Friendly Society and the other temporary organizations for the production of the Hindu Drama have secured the sympathy of the English public, and the names of well-known personages such as the Earl of Sandwich, Lord George Hamilton, Lord Howard de Walden, Lord Avebury, Lord Lamington, Lord Amptill, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, Sir Charles Wyndham, and others as patrons and supporters of the above society, are at once testimony to the popularity of the Hindu Drama. The more the English public come in touch with the Hindu Drama, the more they will be in a position to understand rightly the greatness of the Hindu race. The time is not far distant when the East and West will clasp each other warmly and share the blessings of an embrace from which they shall never separate themselves. The

present moment is simply the formation of a new cycle of culture, and will indicate clearly where "the twain shall meet." The public will ere long see the full significance of these movements, and for ever will the prophets of evil be silenced.

HARENDRA N. MAITRA.

Middle Temple, London.

THE MYSTERIOUS TRADERS.

(*Messrs. Hornby, Hunter & Co.*)

I.—THE DIAMONDS.

THIS company of mysterious traders was started by five gentlemen of high character and talents, who combined together with the intention of carrying on a lucrative business for the benefit of the public. The subscribed capital was £20 by each member, that is, £100 in all. But at the end of the first financial year of the company it was found that, besides a monthly allowance of £30 that each member received, there was a net profit of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds free from income tax for distribution among the shareholders, who were of course only five in number.

But before proceeding, I think it is only fair that I should tell the reader something about the previous life of the shareholders, who were the directors as well as promoters of this company.

1. Dr. John Hornby.—This gentleman was a qualified medical man with a diploma and a certificate, and was once badly wanted by the Police of America in connection with a case of suspected poisoning. The Doctor thought that prudence was the better part of valour, and moreover he did not like the publicity and scandal of a trial, and so he quietly came away to England to practise in medicine there.

2. Mr. James Hunter.—This gentleman was the chief repairer in a firm of jewellers and watchmakers in America. He was at first only an ordinary watchmaker, and was employed by the firm on a small salary. He was afterwards made the chief man in the establishment and once upon a time he, by mistake of course, delivered a 2,000 dollar repeater, which had been entrusted to him for oiling and cleaning, to the wrong person. It was also alleged that he had received 200 dollars as repairing charges from the person to whom this watch was delivered, (which amount he had

put by an equally sad mistake in his own pocket instead of his employers' cash-box). All this was, however, never proved against him, and lawfully we must deem a man innocent till he is actually proved to be guilty. It was a very shady transaction on the whole, and Mr. Hunter, like Dr. Hornby, did not care for a public scandal. He crossed the Atlantic and came over to England to earn his honest bread. But he had sworn that he would return to his employers every dollar of the money which he had borrowed from them, and further that he would make good the damages which the firm had to incur in satisfying the enraged customer, whose watch was not forthcoming.

3. Mr. Smith Carman.—This gentleman was a railway guard in America. Once by a pure mistake he took a bag left behind in a train by a lady to his own house instead of depositing it in the lost property office. As he was rather curious to see the contents, he opened the bag and found that besides other articles of practically no value there was a leather case, which must have contained a necklace. He returned everything as he had found it to the office, but the owner of the bag declared that the necklace box was not empty when the bag was left in the train. Instead of being grateful for the safe return of her bag, this lady told the police that she suspected theft. Mr. Carman at the same time found that he had important business on the other side of the Atlantic. The necklace, we are told, was never found.

4. Mr. Francis Little.—This gentleman was of very little importance in the States. Once while paying a tobacconist a dollar for a few cigars, he produced a hundred-dollar bank note and the tobacconist, foolish man, suspected that something was wrong. He handed over the note to a police officer who was, as fortune would have it, present at the shop. As the police officer was scrutinising the note, as every stupid police officer does scrutinise everything which is of no importance, Mr. Little found the atmosphere of the shop too stuffy and so he walked out of the shop, but in his hurry forgot to take the change or the box of cigars either. When the police officer and the tobacconist came out to look for Mr. Little with a view probably to return him the change, they found that Mr. Little was not visible. It subsequently transpired that only a few minutes before the incident recorded above, Mr. Little had purchased a ten dollar watch from a jeweller's shop in the same street and had paid in cash in a hundred-dollar note, receiving 90 dollars in exchange. Another jeweller also swore that Mr. Little had purchased a ten dollar ring from him and received 90 dollars in exchange for a hundred dollar note. All these notes were subsequently taken possession of by the police, but what they did with them has not yet transpired.

5. Mr. Thomas Rider.—This gentleman was a keen bicyclist. Passing along the street one day he found a bicycle on the road side. The owner had gone inside the shop to make purchases. The keen cyclist's instinct must have told Mr. Rider that the bicycle was worth 50 dollars as it stood. He thought he would have a little spin and return in plenty of time, in fact, long before the owner came out after making his purchases. He rode away but before he had gone a couple of miles, he found that he was feeling very thirsty and so he dismounted for a drink. But he also discovered to his annoyance that he had left his purse at home. As he found it simply impossible to go a step further without a drink, he pawned the bike for 40 dollars and put the money in his pocket. He had, of course, every intention of returning for the machine and restore it to its owner, but he was informed the next morning that the bike had been taken possession of by the police, and so he had no opportunity of redeeming it. A second transaction of the same nature was successfully carried through but then Mr. Rider found that the impertinent police officers resented any man's riding away on a bike which he had not paid for. And so Mr. Rider came away to England to practise cycling in the streets of London.

These were the gentlemen of the most immaculate character, who engineered the firm of Messrs. Hornby, Hunter & Co.

Having started the firm on a sound financial basis with its unregistered head office in a certain London flat, the promoters of the company decided to do a fast and lucrative business.

The first meeting of the shareholders took place on the first day of April 1902, and on that memorable day the directors decided what their first business transaction should be. It was proposed, seconded and unanimously agreed that their first transaction should be in diamonds, and diamonds of the first water. But £100 were found too little to purchase the Countess of Newford's diamond necklace. Mr. Hunter had seen this necklace, and had assessed it at £45,000, but the lady would give them no credit. Moreover, they found that she was unwilling to sell her necklace for any price. It was, she said, an heirloom, and she would not part with it for any price. There were three pink stones in it, the like of which did not exist in England, and naturally the Countess of Newford was very fond of making a show of them.

There was a ball at the town house of the Countess of Sutherland, and of course the Countess of Newford was there, brilliant, shining, cheerful and happy. She was a lady of 35 and looked much younger. She was the daughter of a very respectable country gentleman of Sussex, and the Earl had married her for her beauty fifteen years ago. He

and been a very kind husband, and she had been a very loving and dutiful wife. She was very proud of her husband who denied her nothing, she was very proud of her two daughters who were very beautiful too, and were learning music and painting and French in Paris; she was also very proud of her two sons who lived in the ancestral Hall at Newford and who had smashed up into atoms nearly all the old china that lay within their reach and of which their great grandfather was very fond; she was very proud of her horses and her motor cars of which she had any number, and lastly she was immensely proud of the Newford diamonds which everybody said were worth sixty thousand pounds, and which Messrs. Hornby, Hunter & Co. assessed at forty-five thousand.

The Earl of Newford, who was a very important man in the Cabinet, was sent for by the Prime Minister at the last moment, and as he loved politics more than dancing, he asked his wife to go alone and tell the Countess of Sutherland that he would be there without fail but would be late.

"Where is your husband, Nora dear?" was the cheerful greeting of the Countess of Sutherland when she found that Lord Newford had not come.

"He will be here in an hour, Emma," said Lady Newford, "he was sent for by the Prime Minister at the last moment, and he said that he would be here in an hour."

"Oh, Lord Newford's hour means two hundred minutes," said Miss Spencer, the daughter of the Cotton King. "I am sure he will turn up when we are all leaving."

"How beautiful you are looking to-night, Nora," observed Lady Sutherland, "your necklace is simply glorious."

"It is a famous necklace, is it not," said Miss Spencer; "father says it is worth the ransom of a king."

"It has been in our family for the last one hundred years, and it is supposed to bring us good luck," said the Countess of Newford smiling.

Lady Sutherland went to look after her other guests, and Lady Newford was joined by Sir John Martin, the young Baronet, whose father was once a poor engineer, but having hit upon a new silent engine for motor cars, had died at the age of sixty a baronet and a millionaire.

"How is your new car going," asked the Baronet, who was like his father a keen mechanical engineer himself.

"Exceedingly well, Sir John," said the Countess. "I like it better than all the other cars that I have got."

"I fitted it up with the self-starting machinery with my own hands," said the Baronet, who took great pride in his own engineering skill. "Have you ever driven the car yourself, Lady Newford?"

"I tried once and nearly killed a man, and I have not tried driving since."

"Where was that," asked the Baronet, who had once had to pay thirty shillings himself for exceeding the speed limit.

"Why, here in London."

"I think if you want to practise driving yourself you should begin in the country; broad roads, no people to get crushed, no carriages to collide with, no cars of greater power to give you the benefit of the dust," suggested the Baronet.

"Yes, I shall take the car with me at the end of the season and try," said the Countess.

"You have not got a small car; begin with a small two-seater," said the Baronet.

"Talking of motor cars," interrupted Miss Spencer, who had come up unobserved, "I say, Sir John, now that you are an engineer, tell me what kind of motorist shall I make?"

"Well, you will be able to kill a man in the first attempt," smiled the Baronet, "that is, if you do not kill yourself first."

"You are a very wicked man—and your prognostication about Mr. O'Donnell came true," said Miss Spencer.

"O'Donnell was too rash and what I said anybody else could have said," laughed the Baronet.

Then they all parted, the dancing had commenced and both the Countess and the Baronet were keen dancers and so was Miss Spencer.

Everything passed off peacefully and uneventfully till 11 o'clock. The Earl of Newford had not yet arrived, but nobody was anxious as everybody who knew the Earl knew that when he went to the Prime Minister he was always late for every other engagement.

At 11-30 there was a slight stir among the Countess of Newford's group and a gentleman, fair, fat and forty, dressed in immaculate evening suit with an abundance of gold chain, from which dangled a masonic charm set with enormous diamonds, came and bowed to the Countess and said in a most confidential whisper that he would like to speak to her ladyship on an important private matter, which was very urgent and could not brook delay.

The Countess of Newford had never seen this gentleman before, but she felt from the tone that he had something very important indeed to communicate. She followed him to the hall and thence to the stairs, where this gentleman informed her that while coming from the Prime Minister's house to that of the Countess of Sutherland, the Earl's chauffeur had smashed up the car, got killed himself and nearly killed his master. That passing along the road in his own car the gentleman, being a medical man himself, had picked up the Earl,

and had carried him to his residence where he was lying in a most precarious condition.

"I came in my car to take you to him with all possible speed," said the stranger, and we shall go as fast as we can.

They got inside the car, which was a very commodious and silent Daimler Landaulette, and started.

"Is he much hurt?" asked the Countess.

"He is badly injured, but I have not examined him thoroughly yet," said the other. "I thought it my duty to inform you first. I have however telephoned for Dr. Crawford, and he will have arrived by now."

"I am afraid I do not exactly know er——er——."

"I am Dr. Richard Green of——."

"I beg your pardon, I have heard your name but this is the first time that we have met."

"I am afraid I never had the honour of meeting your ladyship before."

They were silent the rest of the way.

They reached Dr. Green's house. The Countess was too nervous to observe which way they had come or in what part of the town they were.

The doctor helped her out of the car, and they entered a well-furnished hall, and the well-dressed footman conducted them to the drawing-room where the Countess dropped into a chair. Dr. Green went to his surgery which was adjoining. There he met Dr. Crawford, who had arrived in the meantime and examined the patient.

"His condition is critical, Green," said Dr. Crawford in a low tone, "I am afraid he will not last long."

"Speak low," said Dr. Green, "his wife is here, and I am sure she has not got very strong nerves."

"We must break the news very gently to her," said Dr. Crawford. The Countess was, however, overhearing the conversation as the door between the two rooms had been accidentally left open by Dr. Green when he had passed out of the drawing-room. When Dr. Green came into the drawing-room, the Countess told him that she had overheard every word of the conversation. Dr. Green was very sorry. He saw that the nerves of the Countess were giving way. He rushed to the surgery and thence came out with a glass of some kind of liquid, which he asked the Countess to drink. "One patient is all that we can look after to-night," he said.

The Countess drank the liquid and felt that strength was coming back to her.

Dr. Green then withdrew saying he would be back in a

minute, but it was full five minutes before he returned. He then asked the Countess to follow him.

They went to the surgery where Dr. Green introduced her to Dr. Crawford. Then they went to another room which was nearly dark, and stretched on a bed lay his lordship with bandages all around his face which was very little visible. Dr. Crawford went to the bed and looked at the patient. "Green," he said, "a little more light." Dr. Green switched on the light, and Dr. Crawford after fumbling about the patient for some time announced in a hoarse whisper that the worst had happened.

The Countess had been detained a little distance from the bed. As soon as she heard the announcement of Dr. Crawford, she felt the earth slipping away from under her feet and in five seconds she was lying in a dead faint on a well-carpeted floor. Dr. Green went out and returned with the hypodermic syringe and gave an injection on the arm of the lady. He then called the well-dressed footman, and the three carried the lady to the motor car inside which she was carefully placed. Dr. Green sat inside to hold her ladyship so that she may not slide down from the seat. Dr. Crawford sat outside by the chauffeur. They soon reached the Earl's town residence, where Dr. Crawford got down and rang the bell. The footman who opened the door was informed that her ladyship had met with a nasty accident, and was unconscious. Her ladyship's maid was summoned and the two doctors with the assistance of the maid carried the unconscious form of her ladyship to her bed-room on the first floor. Her ladyship was placed on the bed, the lights were switched on, and the maid was sent for some warm water and brandy. The water and the brandy soon arrived, and a mixture of the two was with some difficulty poured down her ladyship's throat by the two doctors. "She will be all right in a few minutes," said the doctors to the maid, "and you need not be anxious; let her have perfect rest and don't undress her."

"We are both doctors, and we shall wait till the Earl arrives," said Dr. Green.

"But you forget that we have a consultation elsewhere," said Dr. Crawford.

"Yes, I am afraid we must go," said Dr. Green.

He called the footman, told him that there was no cause of alarm, and asked him to send for the family doctor. Then they both left promising that they would look her ladyship up in the morning. When the family doctor arrived, he found that there was nothing the matter with her ladyship. "It is only nerves," he said. He asked the maid to undress her, and when he was told that brandy had

already been administered, he said that he need do nothing more. "She will be alright in the morning."

When the Countess recovered consciousness, she found that she was lying on her own bed. Slowly she remembered everything and wept. Finally she fell into a peaceful slumber.

When she awoke, she found her maid by her bedside.

She got up sadly and began to dress.

"Where is your necklace, my lady?" asked the maid.

"I don't know and I don't care, Mary," said the Countess, "don't talk so loudly, it jars upon my ears."

The discreet Mary kept quiet.

Slowly and sadly Lady Newford went downstairs. But think of her amazement when she saw her husband waiting for her as merry as ever.

"How do you feel this morning, Nora, my dear," was his lordship's cheerful greeting.

"You—here—you—George—they told me—."

"What did they tell you?"

"That you had an accident and were badly hurt—in fact, I went to Dr. Green's house and saw—."

With some difficulty she told her husband what she had seen and heard. His lordship was greatly puzzled. He sat deep in thought for a time and then said, "I think I can explain; what actually happened must have been this. Dr. Green saw the motor smash, the chauffeur was dead, the other man was badly injured, he thought it was I, and so he told you all that; in fact, you too thought it was myself."

"Yes, it must be that," said the Countess; "he promised to come again this morning you said?" asked her ladyship.

"So Thomas tells me."

It was afternoon and still neither Dr. Green nor Dr. Crawford turned up. Mary again mentioned the fact that the necklace was missing, but the Countess thought that it must have dropped somewhere in Dr. Green's house and that he would bring it.

At dinner the Countess mentioned the fact of the necklace to the Earl and the latter agreed with her that Dr. Green would bring it when he comes. The fact that Dr. Green did not come did not create any uneasiness, as everybody knew that he was a very busy man. The Earl, however, wrote a letter to Dr. Green and thanked him for what he had done and dropped a gentle hint about the necklace, which must have dropped at his house in the room where the patient was, and where her ladyship had fainted or in the motor car in which she had been brought home.

The next day in the afternoon the doctor was announced, and his Lordship received him in the drawing-room.

"Your letter was a surprise, my lord," said the doctor after the ordinary greetings, "you say your wife—the Countess, I mean, went to my house; I am afraid you are making a mistake."

"Yes, Dr. Green, my wife says she was taken to your place by yourself from the ball of the Countess of Sutherland and—"

"I am afraid her ladyship is making a mistake."

"You do not say there are two Doctors in London called Green."

"Not that I know of," said the medical man.

It was at this moment that the Countess came to the drawing room, and was introduced to Dr. Green. "You know Dr. Green, Nora," said his Lordship.

"Dr. Green," said the surprised lady, "but that was another gentleman, though he looked very like you."

After a few minutes of further conversation it became plain that the whole affair was a clever trick, by means of which the robbers had succeeded in procuring the famous Newford diamonds. The police were informed, and true descriptions of the two fake doctors, the footman and the chauffeur, were given, but though it is over ten years now, neither the diamonds nor the thieves have been traced.

The following were the proceedings of the special meeting of the Directors of the firm of Messrs. Hornby, Hunter & Co., held on the 1st July, 1902.

Proposed, seconded and unanimously agreed that the following accounts be passed;—

Income.

Carried over	£	100
Sale of diamonds		43,000
								<hr/>
TOTAL							£	43,100

Expenditure.

Rent of a furnished flat for quarter ending 30th June	£	20
Rent of a furnished house for quarter ending 30th June		80
To hire of motor cars		9
„ cost of telegrams		3
Paid to each partner £ 30, per month		450
To rent of Office in advance		20
„ price of two motor cars		1,000
„ price of five bicycles		50
								<hr/>

TOTAL .. £ 1,632

Divided among five shareholders .. £40,000.

Balance carried over for next quarter £1,468.

The managing director Dr. Hornby then delivered the following speech:—

"Gentlemen,—It is a matter for congratulation that the working of the first quarter has been so satisfactory. This shows that unity is strength not only in precept but also in practice. Gentlemen, the nine days' wonder caused by the disappearance of the Countess of Newford's diamonds has subsided, and nobody has the least idea of who the perpetrators of the offence were. As a matter of fact, gentlemen, I had the pleasure of meeting the Countess once; but, gentlemen, she did not recognise in thin, slim Dr. Hunter, the superfatted, overdressed Dr. Green of that memorable night. Gentlemen, we started this firm with the idea of collecting a capital, which will allow us to lead pious lives in future. According to our original scheme we dissolve this partnership as soon as we have got £40,000 each. At this rate, gentlemen, the 200,000 pounds that we require will not be long in coming; but, gentlemen, we should not try luck too hard. I shall impress upon you that the robbery of the Newford diamonds has made all owners of costly diamond necklaces very suspicious. Our next transaction must be in some other line. We have been very busy of late, gentlemen, but now after all the accounts are settled we can have a little rest. But, gentlemen, we should not be extravagant. The eight thousand pounds that each of us gets goes to the bank, and we must help ourselves as best as we can with the £30 per month. I have therefore decided, gentlemen, that we go to the seaside for a month. We shall take a house of our own, and there we shall decide what our next business will be. The expenses including the expenses of one motor car, gentlemen, will be paid out of the working capital of £1,468. I have, in anticipation of your sanction, gentlemen, taken a neat little house at Yarmouth, where a motor car has been sent, a chauffeur, a real chauffeur, has been engaged, besides a gardener, a footman and a butler. I shall be the host, gentlemen, and you will be my guests. I shall start this night, and you will all join me in three days. I now terminate the proceedings and dissolve this meeting."

Three minutes later five well-dressed, well-groomed gentlemen were seen leaving the flat.

S. N. MUKERJI.

Allahabad.

CURRENT EVENTS.

It used to be said at one time that the unrest in India was the result of introducing Western political theories into an Eastern country and the difficulties of the administration are increased by the teaching of Burke and Mill to young men who do not find adequate employment after they leave the high school or college. A perusal of the important speech delivered by H. E. the Viceroy at the last meeting of his legislative Council will show how the sphere of Indian politics is constantly widening and may embrace questions which cannot be said to be the creation of Western education, but may be traced to Eastern aspirations and "self-realisation." Of the various topics comprehended in that speech the leading place was occupied by the unrest among Musalmans. It is not due to a neglect to provide employment to the educated and deserving members of the community. The composition of the executive and legislative Councils, and of the Benches of the High Courts, as well as of the higher ranks of the public service wherever education has spread in the community, has left little room for the complaint that, as compared with other communities, talent is allowed to languish through want of recognition. In fact for the time being many of the leaders of the community deprecate the jealousies which may arise from comparisons; they advise their co-religionists to work with the Hindus for the common good. The unrest is due to the Pan-Islamic sentiment, not the propagandism known by that name, but the natural bond of sympathy between the followers of the same Prophet and the inheritors of the same civilisation, from whichever part of the world they may turn their face towards Mecca in their prayers. The worst is now past in the Balkans for Turkey, and the collapse of Bulgaria and the terms which it

has enabled the Turkish Government to secure by direct negotiation with the exhausted foe have afforded proportional satisfaction to the millions who were watching the events with the keenest interest from Morocco to Malay. The time is not inappropriate to dwell on the lessons taught by the war, the opportunities lost in the past, and those which may be improved in the future. To awaken to the task that lies before them is the exclusive duty of the Turks in Europe. The Viceroy of India is called upon to address Indian Musalmans on the affairs of a European Government, because he represents one of the great Powers that guide the destinies of Europe, and the Muhammadans committed to his charge take such keen interest in the destiny of Turkey. No Viceroy could speak on those affairs with more authority than H. E. Lord Hardinge, and none convince his hearers of the disinterestedness and wisdom of the advice given to Turkey by British statesmen with more sincerity and deeper knowledge of facts. Having spent eight years of his diplomatic service in Turkey and three years in Bulgaria, and having had unrivalled opportunities of studying Turkish and other affairs as head of the Foreign Office in London, His Excellency could speak with intimate knowledge on the events which have agitated the minds of so many Musalmans in India. A mission consisting of the honorary secretary of the All-India Moslem League and the editor of the *Comrade* left India in the early part of last month to explain to His Majesty's ministers, members of Parliament, and other influential men in England "the Indian Moslem's point of view" in regard to the great events which have been taking place here and elsewhere, and "the salient features of the the true Moslem situation in India." In explaining the objects of the mission Mr. Mohamed Ali's journal remarks that "notwithstanding her position as the greatest Moslem Power, Great Britain has throughout maintained an unfriendly, though not actually hostile, attitude to Moslem countries and did not lift its little finger to advocate the cause of the weak and the oppressed, so much so that even when Turkey, by a favourable turn of the wheel of fortune, recaptured Adrianople, the British ministers did not fail to wound the feelings of Musalman subjects of the Empire by their irresponsible and uncalled for utterances." It is not likely that the mission will tell the British public that the utterances of His Majesty's ministers were irres-

possible and uncalled for ; the ministers were bound to explain their attitude to the nation. But the mission may represent to British statesmen the state of feeling among Indian Musalmans and the time had come for the head of the Government of India to dispel the unfortunate notions that were gaining ground. His Excellency's speech categorically denies the correctness of the various accusations against Great Britain, and explains how the present situation has arisen out of Turkey's neglect to act upon the advice tendered by her best friends. Sir Edward Grey said in the House of Commons that while the British policy should never be one of intolerance or wanton and unprovoked aggression against a Musalman Power, "we cannot undertake to protect Musalman Powers outside British dominions from the consequences of their own action." H. E. the Viceroy advised Indian Musalmans to cultivate calmness of judgment, self-restraint and breadth of view ; and so far as the Balkan war was concerned told them that—

The only chance of avoiding the war would have been to have accepted the disinterested counsels repeatedly urged upon Turkey by Great Britain and to have introduced such reforms in the Turkish provinces as would have satisfied the subjects of Turkey of different denominations who inhabited them. But during the reign of the former Sultan, Abdul Hamid, other counsels prevailed. It was then that the seeds of all the present troubles were sown. When the revolution of 1909 brought in constitutional government, the British Government welcomed the change, since it held out hopes of a new era of justice, reform and progress, and they gave the movement their encouragement and firm support. But again a situation arose in Constantinople, which hastened the coming disaster. To the last possible moment Great Britain did all that was possible to prevent the outbreak of war. Furthermore, as stated by Lord Morley in the House of Lords, the British Government, during the course of the war, made representations to the belligerents on behalf of the Muhammadan population to an extent never done before. The British Government are still anxious and ready to help the Turkish Government to introduce reforms and good government and to consolidate the position of Turkey. There is absolutely no reason why Turkey, while pursuing a steady policy of reform, should not still be strong and powerful, and the second greatest Muhammadan Power in the world.

Sir Edward Grey himself could not have explained the situation more frankly and more clearly. We have not seen

the last of the troubles in south-eastern Europe yet. While Turkey and Bulgaria have settled the disputes between themselves by direct mutual negotiation, Albania is not yet in a settled condition, and notwithstanding the treaty of London a situation may arise there which will again afford room for the criticism that no great Power moves its little finger to put an end to war and anarchy. If each Power begins to move its finger in its own way, we may first have a conflict of fingers leading to a more disastrous conflict, from which every Power naturally shrinks.

The other events on which the Moslem mission hopes to enlighten the British public would appear to be the Cawnpore mosque affair, the working of the press law, and the position of Indians in South Africa. The alleged rioters at Cawnpore are still under trial, and His Excellency could only assure the public, in view of certain interpellations in the Council, that the Queen's Proclamation of 1858 is still in force. His Excellency offered no remarks on the press law; no member of the Council seems to have represented it as a grievance, and if any agitation is set up against it in England, it will be associated in the public mind with the proscription of a pamphlet received by Mr. Mohamed Ali from Europe and published by him in this country. The Calcutta High Court has decided that it has no power to interfere with the executive Government's order of confiscation. The Viceroy had something to say about the prevalence of a certain species of crime in Bengal and in the Panjab. He advised the young men of Bengal not to be drawn into the net cast by the enemies of peace and of the Government, but rather to follow the example of the students who did such excellent work in relieving the sufferers from the recent disastrous floods in Burdwan. The press law is enacted in the interests of the public tranquillity, and in the Panjab, where the serious crime which has become a little too common in some of the districts has not been labelled as political, the Lieutenant-Governor has attributed the disturbed state of public feeling and at least a part of the lawlessness to the influence of a section of the press which sows discord between the adherents of different religions; and His Honour has pronounced it to be essential in the interests of the public peace to work the press law vigorously. In

obtaining redress for the grievances of Indians in South Africa and Canada, the Government of India has not been idle. Fresh representations have been made to the colonial Governments in both the continents, and a commission consisting of a European Civilian and an Indian gentleman of commercial experience is expected to study the grievances of Indians in South Africa on the spot. His Excellency hoped that some benefit will accrue from the action taken by his Government, and we hope that its endeavours will not be overlooked because they are silent. With the revision of the partition of Bengal and the transfer of the capital to Delhi, certain phases of political agitation have been allayed, but the responsibilities and anxieties of the central Government have not abated substantially, nor is the Viceroy permitted to rest upon his oars. Happily the material prosperity of the country is advancing steadily and silently, and the vast majority of the people are concerned with ploughing and sowing and exchanging their commodities.

As a rule, those who want to find out the material and moral progress that has taken place or is taking place in a country refer to statistics. **Conferences of Specialists.** These record the progress already achieved, but do not furnish an adequate indication of the discussions and deliberations which precede the efforts to improve the condition of the people. One indication of administrative activity is nowadays afforded by the conferences of experts and others engaged in sanitary, agricultural, and other improvement that are annually held in almost every large province, besides the Imperial or inter-provincial conferences that are called by the central authorities. Specialists in sanitation have already acquired a considerable quantity of knowledge by diligent research. They know how malaria, plague and cholera spread and how their spread may be arrested. But the practical application of this knowledge is to be learnt outside the laboratory. It involves questions of organisation and administration and a frequent comparing of notes is felt to be necessary. How are sanitary inspectors to be trained? What

femuration would attract the best men? How are the funds to be raised by the local bodies, and if the Government makes a large grant, how can it be best applied? If ignorant people oppose sanitary measures, how can the opposition be successfully overcome? Are the powers given to the local bodies and sanitary officers under the existing law sufficient or is fresh legislation necessary? How can knowledge be diffused among the people and how can the value of European medicines be demonstrated to them? Such are the questions that are discussed in almost every province at the annual sanitary conferences. The recent Panjab sanitary conference has expressed its opinion that municipal committees should in special cases have the power to demolish buildings in slum areas and to recover a portion of the cost of compensating the owners from the owners of property in the vicinity who are likely to derive advantage from the improvement resulting from the demolition, and also that the Government of India should take measures to secure for municipal purposes an adequate proportion of the unearned increment accruing to landowners in urban areas by reason of a demand for building sites arising therein. It was decided after much discussion that no fresh legislation was expedient for the improvement of village sanitation in the Panjab, and especially that compulsion is likely to defeat its own ends. The conference discussed whether itinerating non-professional lecturers may not be substituted for the existing travelling dispensaries and came to the conclusion that such dispensaries must remain. The general opinion was that the people must be educated and must realise their sanitary needs and the utility of the measures recommended to them and that mere official pressure, which would be resisted by the people, cannot meet with enduring success. One speaker recommended the establishment of a National Public Health Society with its headquarters at the capital of the province and with branches in all towns and eventually in villages. The conference, however, came to the conclusion that such societies should be formed and worked by the people and their leaders, and should on no account be official in character. In Bihar also, a sanitary conference discussed a similar question. One of the resolutions was to the effect that the services of schoolmasters, village headmen and panchayets, and chowkidars should be enlisted for the sale of quinine

and a sufficient margin of profit must be left to the vendors to make them keen on the sale. The conference also recommended that in each large village, bazaar, or *mela*, at least one large well should be acquired or constructed by the district board for public purposes and that local boards should be invested with compulsory powers to disinfect private water supplies during epidemics.

Co-operative conferences were held during the last few weeks in the Central Provinces and in Bombay. The international co-operative conference held this year at Glasgow shows how widely the movement has expanded in Europe and to what an extraordinary variety of purposes co-operation is applied in the West. That conference is said to have been attended by 600 delegates representing 130,000 societies among 24 nations. Most of the co-operative credit societies in India have been founded for the purpose of enabling the members to obtain loans at a cheap rate of interest. Some of them have learnt to be independent of Government help; yet, the movement as a whole cannot stand on its own legs. And before it can arrive at the stage when Government may altogether withdraw its aid, education will have to spread in the villages to a much larger extent than at present. The conference at Poona discussed whether the societies may make education of children compulsory on the part of its members, for the future of the movement depends entirely upon the education of the coming generations if it is to be independent of external aid; and it was decided that the time had not yet arrived for using compulsion and the societies must rely only on persuasion. An agricultural conference held at Poona also discussed some very important questions connected with rural economy. Like the co-operative conference it was opened by His Excellency the Governor, who is an enthusiastic farmer. A conspicuous feature of the conference, was the announcement made by His Excellency that as an example to the Chiefs, Sardars, and other great landholders of the presidency, in addition to his own personal predilections, he had decided upon breeding the best kind of cattle to be found in the presidency and improving them. One of the most important resolutions passed by the conference was in favour of levying a special agricultural rate for the organisation of agricultural improvement.

Several Bills have been introduced into the Imperial Legislative Council during the Simla session.

The Legislative The idea of decentralisation is advanced by a
Forge. Bill which delegates to a lower authority

powers and duties vested by law in a higher authority. The schedule specifies the various Acts of the Imperial Legislature which are thus dealt with, and provincial Acts will be dealt with in local Decentralisation Bills. Perhaps the measure which possesses the greatest interest is the Bill for the better protection of minor girls. It will be remembered that Mr. Dadabhoy of the Central Provinces introduced a Bill for this purpose last year, and the Government announced its intention of placing before the Council other proposals with the same object. Mr. Dadabhoy has ceased to be a member of the Council, and the Government has framed a Bill in the light of the opinions received from Local Governments. The principal clauses fall under two classes—those that are intended to prevent by penalties the disposal of minors for immoral purposes, and those that are intended to facilitate the removal of minors from undesirable surroundings. Sir Reginald Craddock has given up his last year's proposal to create a separate offence in which the age of consent was to be raised to a higher figure than 12 as against persons other than the husband. Perhaps he thought that such a law cannot be worked satisfactorily unless mock marriages are penalised, and sham marriages cannot in certain communities be easily distinguished from genuine marriages. In prohibiting the disposal of girls for "illicit sexual intercourse" the customs of the people have, again, been taken into consideration, and it is explained that sexual intercourse is not illicit if it is sanctioned by law or custom. Concubinage is in a sense sanctioned by custom in certain communities and may not be illicit. In the circumstances the proposed legislation marks a rather small advance in the direction of enforcing better ideas of morality, and Sir Reginald acknowledges that it is very cautious—we should say a little too cautious. Perhaps the non-official members of the Council will convince him that so much caution is not necessary.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GREATEST FRIEND OF DISEASE.

TO THE EDITOR, *East & West*.

SIR,—The general belief is that the worst property alcohol possesses is that it makes people drunk. This is a great mistake. This popular notion has made it difficult for teachers to make much headway against the evil, for people think that if they guard against this property of alcohol, they are safe from its evil influence. The worst property possessed by alcohol is that it weakens the tissue resistance of the body in its fight against disease, *i.e.*, all diseases. Alcohol increases the mortality of all diseases. It predisposes to all diseases and it makes diseases more rapid and more fatal, when a disease is once acquired. Many people get pneumonia and die, because they drink—not because they are drunken—but because there is drink in their tissues, amongst the fighting-cells of their body. This bathing of the vital tissue-cells in alcohol weakens them in their resistance to germs and the inroads of disease. Many people die of typhoid, of tuberculosis, of atheroma, of neuritis who would recover if it were not for the drink in their veins. This is why Life Insurance Societies will not insure the lives of brewers, or publicans, or barmen. This is why the total abstinence sections show such good mortality figures, while the other sections which include only moderate drinkers (not drinkers to excess who are not accepted) show such an increased mortality. Alcohol does its most deadly work through diseases other than those which are peculiarly its own creation like cirrhosis, peripheral neuritis, delirium Tremens, &c.

It is the closest friend of all diseases. It kills more by helping other diseases to kill than it could possibly do alone. An accident is more likely to be fatal, or a surgical operation more likely to fail, if the tissues are and have been bathed in alcohol. We must teach these things. There is plenty of accurate knowledge, there is plenty of material. We must stop teaching that alcohol is an evil because it makes people drunk. We must teach all, young and old alike, that alcohol is an evil because it is deadly and it makes its poison doubly sure by creating a craving for itself.

Yours faithfully,

W. A. CHAPPLE.

London.

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DEATH INTERPRETED.

(Mr. Fielding Hall's Thoughts rendered into English verse.)

The Sun set in a gold
And crimson pageant drawn
Across the West. It throbbed
With living light.

A glory caught the clouds
That lay like islets bright
On the blue sea of heaven,
And the declining day's
Magnificence was thrown
Upon all things. The far
Off mountains robed themselves
In funeral purple, and
The rivers burnt like fire.
Light died, and suddenly
All was grey, and Earth drew
Her mist still closer to
Her, and she was wrapp'd in
Fear and in mystery,
And grief. Death's shadow came
Upon her, and she said
Within her heart "My King,
My life is gone; he will
Return no more. The night
Comes fast. I die, I die.

Ye that still have the light,
Make use of it, for O,
The day returns no more,
The darkness takes all things.
Live while the day's with you.
My light has gone," said she,
And hid her face. The last
Flush linger'd for a while
And faded. Darkness took
The world and tense became
The hush that then prevail'd.
A great peace fell from heaven,
It seem'd the peace of death.
Then the fear pass'd, and the
Great Silence lifted, and
The night awoke in all
Her Majesty.

Her diamond eyes were
Full of great pity, yet
There was a laugh hid in
Them as she look'd. The Earth
Moved in her sleep. She feared
That she was dead, but slept ;
And on her face a smile
Arose as one who knows
She is not dead, but lives,
And dreams, and will awake.

The perfumed breath of night
Moved, and then whisper'd in
Her ear, " There is no death
But sleep. Where is the fear ?
This is but rest and sleep ;
Art thou not tired ? Look up
Into my stars, my eyes.
There is no death in them."

*

Behind the eastern hills
A radiance shone, and then

The outlines stood on heaven.
The stars grew wan ; and then
The silver turned to gold,
And all the East throbb'd with
The Ecstasy of Dawn.

The long gold fingers of
The Dawn reach'd down and down.
They crown'd each sphere and hill
With living flame, and fell
Still lower ; and they caught
The sheeted mists that lay
Upon earth's face, and with
A touch dissolv'd them all.
The Earth still slept and then,
Quick from the glowing gates
Of the East the Sun leapt,
Down and kiss'd her.
She moved, and with a laugh
Held up her arms ; and then
A rapture ran across
The meadows and the streams.
There was a magic in
The air, and in the land,
And the strong Sun then cried :
" Awake, for I am come
Again. Life never dies,
And after every night
There is the Dawn."

BAHAR-UD-DIN AHMED.

Dacca.

INSURGENT WOMAN.

THE writer of this article would wish to remark in a prefatory manner that the ground-work of the positions taken up here may be traced in several novels written by him in his youth, wherein the status of women was incidentally discussed; and more recently in a chapter on the "Advance of Woman" in the "Progress of the British Empire in the Century" (1901) and in "The Doom of Western Civilization" (1907). He has devoted his attention to the subject for many years past, and has grown into his present position by steady stages.

In what follows an attempt will be made to approach the subject to be dealt with—the remarkable evidences of a condition of unrest and discontent affecting a considerable section of the women of the British Isles which have manifested themselves in recent years—in a judicial and dispassionate spirit, and without *parti pris*. It may not be possible for a male to divorce himself from the pre-occupation, or, if the word be preferred, prejudice of sex. It would certainly avail nothing, were it so much as possible, to discuss this matter from the standpoint of a sexless person; while the androgynous, or rather let it be said, epicene position, can only exist in the imagination; since a man is a man and cannot free himself, a woman is a woman and cannot free herself, from those subtle and inalienable distinctive dissimilarities inherent in sex. As a matter of fact, while the pages of our reviews, magazines and journals have been flooded since many a long day with woman's views on the woman question, men, on the whole, have observed a discreet silence on the subject; indeed, it seems to some of us that they have pushed their reticence to extreme limits; since there is always the danger

that judgment will be entered against them by default. Seeing that the time has long since passed, when the woman question meant merely the question of according to women, some or all, parliamentary votes on equal terms with men, and that so far as the more aggressive leaders of the movement are concerned, has resolved itself into nothing more nor less than a sex war, as bitter as any class war—an undignified attack on man *qua* man—it is certainly essential that an effort should be made to discuss this matter on the basis of sanity and commonsense. The assumption that sin, original or acquired, is to be laid at the door of the male wholly and unreservedly, is untenable from an historical and from a scientific point of view; and the insistence on this proposition, erstwhile amusedly conceded with a smile or a shrug of the shoulders by man, has been pushed to such extremities, and insisted on with so much vitriolic violence by a minority, though too large a minority, of so-called advanced women, that signs are not wanting that the chivalry and forbearance of man are being put to too severe a strain; and that the hatred and loathing of man, which fills the hearts and bars the tongues of the extremists among women, is in danger of altering man's feeling for and attitude toward the sex; a result neither anticipated nor desired by a large proportion at least of the hysterical women who have persuaded themselves that in the scheme of nature man is their natural enemy and oppressor.

A little reflection ought to assure any fair-minded woman of the extravagance of this view, since the history of civilization has been largely the history of the voluntary concession by man, step by step, of those prerogatives, privileges and crude advantages which in a savage state the possession of superior brute force, and the inherent natural physical ascendancy of the male over the female throughout the animal kingdom, gave him. These concessions have been made, because the chivalry and love of the higher male types have imposed on their fellowmen the obligation to make them. Man has, of his own accord, and not because the votes of women compelled him so to do, imposed upon himself all manner of restrictions and restraints to which, had he been the utterly ruthless, selfish and sensual creature he is represented to be, he never would have submitted himself. It is, of course, not disputed that the influence of women, exerted, for the most part, silently

and inobtrusively, has had much to say in this matter. It is likewise conceded that man's love of order, and above all his desire to carry on his race, have played as great a part in inducing him to legalise the institution of monogamy, and to subject himself to all those limitations which have grown out of the universal recognition of this convention, as have his love and respect for the woman of his choice and his sense of justice towards her, together with the growth of the spiritual as opposed to the material aspect of marriage. For so far as the carrying of his race is concerned, it must not be forgotten that in the ruder states of earlier civilizations, classic and modern, men concerned themselves little as to whether their offspring was the result of regularised relations or not. The instance of the generations of Norman dukes immediately following Rollo, well known to the student of history, illustrates a state of affairs regarding family succession which was common enough in those and earlier days. Professor Charles Letourneau, in his illuminative book, "The Evolution of Marriage and the Family," remarks that "monogamy is a type of marriage to which mankind has found it very difficult to bend itself." Obviously the French professor has an easy task in establishing, out of the store-house of his learning, the general truth of this assertion. Man has undoubtedly found it very difficult to bend himself to monogamy, seeing that it runs counter to his primitive instincts and appetites. Nevertheless, he has imposed it upon himself and its corollaries, the institutions of the home and family life, institutions demonstrably far more essential to the well-being and happiness of woman than they are necessary to the comfort and content of man; for they are indispensable to woman in the first degree, while man, speaking generally, is too often apt to accept them as more or less irksome impositions, which, foreign to his original nature, he had forced himself to endure as second nature. In a word, to quote from an article over the signature of Mrs. Billington Greig, "the whole spirit of man-made laws proves that the male sense of justice and right has imposed on men obligations and restraints from which they would be free if they had regarded merely their selfish interests."

I do not propose to cumber these columns with the re-iteration of the threadbare arguments, pro and con, as to the justice and expediency, or the reverse, of granting parliamentary votes to women, since the object of this article is an attempt to get at the

kernel of a matter of which the question of votes for women is merely an external husk. One may say in passing that it must be obvious to any dispassionate person, approaching the consideration of the matter in a detached frame of mind and from a scientific basis, that the extension of the franchise so as to make it include persons who possess no possible qualification which can enable them to exercise it intelligently and whose votes must of necessity be given ignorantly and sentimentally, has resulted in reducing the government of this kingdom, and that of many another civilized State, to something like a farce. Sane and wholesome legislation may prevail at the eleventh hour, when the yawning precipice to which folly and ignorance have driven the country comes clearly in sight, and in the extremity of fear a last effort has to be made to arrest the nation before it makes the final and fatal plunge into the abyss. If it could be shewn that the addition of many millions of women's votes would counteract the mischief of giving the preponderating voice in the government of the country to persons quite unable to grasp the real significance of all the larger political issues, the case in favour of female suffrage would be established completely. Certainly the contention so frequently marshalled, and regarded by many as a conclusive argument against female suffrage, that since in the last event the obligation of defending home and country by force of arms must fall upon man, therefore man has the right to a sole voice in the government of the country, is entirely inadmissible in the case of a civilized state; this fact could only apply to savage communities, while it comes with especial ill-grace from the citizens of a nation who steadfastly refuse to take upon themselves those duties of national defence willingly assumed by the peoples of every other European country. As a matter of fact, this refusal of the males of the United Kingdom to recognise an elementary duty bound up in their manhood is largely responsible, mainly subconsciously no doubt, for the feeling of contempt toward man on the part of woman, increasing evidences of which manifest themselves from day to day. The pusillanimity of man in this matter, in spurning a foremost duty and privilege particular to his sex, and the general flabbiness of the attitude of the vast majority to all questions of real and vital national importance, his willingness to allow things to drift so that he may not be troubled to make sacrifices, have prompted a large number of forceful and energetic women to enter the arena and

challenge man's hereditary right to the sole governance of all those matters which lie outside the home, to question the validity, in a word, of what man has hitherto considered to be his birth-right. Clearly, man's weakness, cowardice and smallmindedness have prompted woman to make this attack upon his privileges. Moreover, the militants have stated plainly enough again and again, that since man bases his right to govern on the grounds of his physical superiority, and the above-mentioned necessity imposed upon him in the last event to defend, in his own person, his home and country, to resist unjust government or arbitrary rule by force of arms, then, woman must show that she too is ready to use physical measures to attain what she regards as being her rights, and to right what she considers to be her wrongs.

The lengths to which women have gone in deeds of violence—for no inconsiderable number have resorted to this means of enforcing their views—and the large measure of sympathy for their methods among women not prepared to go to these extremities in their own persons, have surprised and shocked most of us. On reflection we ought not, perhaps, to be greatly surprised. The language of the militants has been violent enough for a long time past, and history supplies innumerable instances of what women of this type will do in the way of brutality and violence when once their blood is up. The point, however, is that many of these women are of fairly good birth, education and position. Under certain influences women of an excitable temperament will traffic in threats and denunciations of the utmost violence and poignancy; it would be impossible for a man to indulge in an invective of one quarter the violence without blows following. But the male of the better sort reflects that after all this is woman's way and that, constituted as she is, there is a physical reason and excuse for these outbreaks. Nothing matters overmuch in woman, so long as she is womanly, and above all, so long as she is faithful and pure. Now, however, things are very different, for violence of language has culminated into violence of action and is indulged to the full in public affairs.

That there is any great mental superiority in the rank and file of the sexes, male over female, cannot be maintained, though of course what is called genius is a phenomenon occurring in the male far more often than in the female. Nevertheless, in dealing with the two sexes *en bloc* the differences in mental equipment are

marked. Even in the matter of physical strength the superiority of man is not so much a matter of degree as of kind. Certain differences between the sexes have been settled by God and cannot be altered by man—or even by woman. The woman must bear the child, and take the main part in its early rearing : she must take the lead in ordering the house and in keeping the family together. These inherent and hereditary functions have certain physical bases on which they rest, and as their concomitants certain inherited and inalienable tendencies. These physical bases and inherited tendencies make a great demand on woman's nervous energy at all times, and especially at certain times and seasons and under particular strains and crises. Thus, in the very nature of things, woman must be far more emotional than man. Able by the greater quickness of her perception to arrive at opinions and come to conclusions more rapidly than man, she is consequently more liable to be swept along under the influence of her sentiments, her sympathies and her affections. She is apt to veer round from an opinion she has held sacred for years when her feelings, not her intelligence, are powerfully acted upon or aroused. The complete change of front, which a forcefully written book, or still more the argument and pleading of an interested person to whom she is attached, will effect in a vast number of women, is perfectly appalling to man, whose slow-moving and more cautious and logical brain is generally proof against these sudden conversions. And let it be remembered that it is rarely the force of the argument *per se*, that has effected the change ; it is the sympathy felt with the personality of the reasoner, veiled as it may be in book or essay, actual as it more often is in flesh and blood.

Here, then, lies the crux of the matter ; herein lies the fundamental reason why one should pause and consider before breaking away from the established usage of civilized communities in this matter of electoral privileges. Certainly the action of several of the Dominions does not in its results tend to re-assure us. That it is hard for a well-educated woman of property, with strong and original views on political questions, to be denied the privilege which every politically blind and intellectually besotted man in her employ enjoys, no fairminded person can deny. But two blacks do not make a white, and I hope in the course of this article to show that the question of votes for women must, or should be

decided on broader grounds than can be affected by anomalies of this kind. Unquestionably the cause of woman suffrage is upheld, sanely and sedately enough, by many large-minded women ; nothing written here must be taken to imply that the writer includes such in the category of insurgent women. It may be conceded, too, that since actual consistency is as impossible in politics as in everything else, since compromise is an essential condition of life beneath the glimpses of the moon, it would have been wise, years ago, when John Stuart Mill claimed it for such women, had the vote been granted to all women, with certain well-understood necessary exceptions, who stand in the place of men. Obviously moreover, no such mild compromise as that is now possible, since it is only an infinitesimal proportion of the advocates of woman suffrage to whom this would be acceptable. Nor would they be contented were they placed on an exact equality with men in the matter of the franchise. No one doubts that so soon as votes were granted within certain limits, the next step would be to demand exact political equality with men. The fulcrum any limited concession would give for attaining more is obvious ; the power exercised by certain factions in Parliament to-day supplies conclusive evidence of this. Moreover, should adult manhood and womanhood suffrage become an accomplished fact, the result would be that women would have many thousands of votes more than men. The natural outcome of this would be, the most simple must see it, that women would be declared eligible to sit in Parliament. That, indeed, is the avowed aim of the aggressive and militant wing of the feminist party, and it is of course this wing that counts in practical politics. Let us pause for a moment to consider what this would mean. We all know that in heated arguments between the sexes, where emotion governs the woman, the mere man's only defence is absolute silence. Women are adepts in putting men in the wrong, nimbly seizing upon a mere quibble which has nothing to do with the main facts or logic of the point at issue, for they can convince themselves of the truth of a thesis which rests solely on the emphatic and constant re-iteration of inaccuracies. In a word, in the matter of tongue man is no kind of match for woman. These things are stated dispassionately, without any kind of feeling. They are simply everyday facts which all who run may read. They have to be stated because they bear directly

on the issue. To-day, full in the public eye, we see the kind of women who will push themselves into Parliament should women gain the entrée to the House of Commons. We can guess the kind of legislation they would initiate and place on the Statute Book. Then man, having renounced his birth-right, will find himself called upon to renounce many another right. Unless he become "a mere brute," throwing to the winds the chivalry and courtesy he would fain accord the sex, he will be talked down and outvoted by the man-women and the woman-men in Parliament. The picture which one sees in the mind's eye is not a pleasant one. Just as a woman-ridden family comes to grief, so must a woman-ridden State.

Be it remembered that the insurgent woman has made it only too clear that at the root of her discontent is to be found impious rebellion against the Deity for having imposed on women certain physical disabilities and onerous obligations. As well rail against the Almighty, should He deny to the individual health, wealth, physical comeliness, commanding intellect or any other blessing, or because He has decreed that we shall all grow old and die.

Demonstrably this granting of the vote to women is a matter of expediency and not of justice or principle. Is it expedient to do so? That is the whole question. If it could be shown, if one believed it to be likely that granting it would redress the balance, help to remedy the crying evils and pressing dangers to our internal welfare and external security—the evils and dangers which have followed on giving votes to all sorts and conditions of out-of-sorts and ill-conditioned men who have no moral or intellectual right to the privilege—one would, of course, warmly advocate the measure. But for the reasons given, which of course admit of much elaboration and extension, it seems to the present writer not merely exceedingly doubtful if this would result, it seems to him too much like a certainty that it would make confusion twice confounded.

It must be seriously considered whether it is wise to do anything to accentuate the tendency of modern woman—naturally one is not including the whole sex but is thinking of a section thereof which looms large in the public eye—to spurn the family and the home, while neglecting the province in which she can alone, again speaking generally, find happiness—the province which

is hers alone, must for ever in the nature of things remain hers alone, by entering into and confusing the work and duties which, since the dawn of civilization, have belonged exclusively to man. Has she the strength, time and equipoise for these extra-feminine and what in the external necessity of things must generally be double activities, functions, and duties? The threadbare old argument that women cannot all be wives, and mothers cannot all have homes, cannot all do feminine work, however much they may wish to be, to have and to do all, is really no argument at all. In the humble opinion of the present writer women so situated are likely to be more profitably and more happily employed in assisting wives and mothers than they will ever be in usurping or intruding upon the province of man, thereby alienating man's feeling for the sex *qua* sex, irritating and baulking him; obliterating the fine differences between men and women; obscuring those erstwhile well-defined orbits in which they respectively revolved; taking, in a word, the very salt out of social life and reducing all its romance, all its piquancy to commonplace, its sweetness and snugness to drabness and babel; making chivalry an anachronism and that reverence for woman, which all men worthy the name passionately wish to continue to cherish, wellnigh impossible.

However, it is clear, as has already been said, that dissatisfaction on this question of the parliamentary vote is not by any means the only grievance of woman on the war path; it is a very small part of it, for a growing section of advanced women, so called, are out under a revolutionary banner, pure and simple. Such earnest spirits as the earlier pioneers of the "votes for Women" movement, such women for instance as Mrs. Wolstenholme Elmy, Mrs. Jacob Bright, and Lady Dilke, imagined, and the suffragettes of to-day appear to imagine that the possession of the vote would and will enable women to insist on the removal of certain disabilities and injustices under which they allege that they suffer. For instance, it is contended that women doing the same work as men are habitually accorded a lower wage. Whether this injustice, if injustice it be, could be removed by act of parliament is a moot question, since to settle the matter of wages by legislative enactment would be a grave and probably disastrous interference with economic liberty and development. In any case there is another side to the business. Women everywhere

are persisting in invading the factory, the mart, the office, all those spheres of industry which formerly were, in the main, filled by men, with the result that men find it more and more difficult to maintain themselves and to provide homes for women ; in a word, to marry and to bring up families. The rebellion of women against the home began at the top. It is unfair to ignore the fact that the revolt of the women of the lower classes against the humdrum duties of the home, is largely the result of the evil example set by too many women of the upper and middle classes, who desire to spend their days in gadding and their evenings in some form of amusement. Of course here, again, one is speaking generally. It is a case of action and re-action. Upper-class women excuse themselves for their growing repugnance to household duties on the score that the faults and demerits of servants—their unreliability, waywardness, insubordination, the difficulty indeed of securing any sort of service—have made their lives a burden to them. The plea is wholly justified. It is, however, idle to contend that women of the lower classes are entirely responsible for the mischief, since they have merely caught the fever of unrest, levity and often worse, affecting too many of their betters. One may say in passing, that naturally upper class women who are entirely innocent of this reproach have to suffer for the guilty. That is simply the law of life. The fact remains that the responsibility for this unhappy state of affairs lies in women generally, it is one of the more painful symptoms of the evils arising from female insurgency. Men of all classes are blamed for their reluctance to marry and unquestionably their own self-indulgent habits largely account for this hesitancy. Nevertheless, the economic question bound up in the revolt of women against home duties and their persistent invasion of man's labour market are in a large measure responsible for this grave condition of affairs.

Again, many of the spokeswomen for female suffrage maintain that if women possessed the vote, men would pay more respect to the sex, and especially is it urged that the more brutal types among the artisan, labouring and shopkeeping classes—the lower classes generally, in short—who now often treat their wives as inferiors, and by their selfish indulgences and grossnesses make home well-nigh impossible for their women folk, would revise their point of view, were their wives possessed of the like electoral prerogatives with themselves. The contention need not be

emphasised or discussed ; but it seems to the present writer strange that anyone acquainted with human nature, could imagine for one moment that the harmony of the home and the comfort and happiness of women would be increased by throwing into every household a bone of contention of this magnitude. On the contrary, I am persuaded it would add one more disruptive factor, and a very potent one, to those many factors which have made in recent years for the splitting up of home life—the bedrock on which civilization rests and must continue to rest. In a word, the question has to be put and fearlessly faced as to whether all and every outgrowth of female insurgency does not make for social anarchy. To the present writer the answer seems unquestionably in the affirmative. If this is so, then, unless a more chastened spirit arises among womankind, we must continue to head straight for social chaos, racial ruin and extinction.

We are constantly asked to assent to the proposition that in comparison with our grandmothers and remoter ancestors, the women of to-day are a vast improvement on the women of the recent past. But so far as our actual experience goes, together with tradition and history, the diaries and commonplace books of our female forbears with their revelations of strong commonsense, shrewd intelligence, breadth of view, marvellous cleverness and patience in feeding, clothing, healing and soothing their families, and above all, of their womanly grace, practical faith and religious observance, it seems to some of us that albeit Girton did not exist and women's clubs were unthought of, the gentlewomen of the past centuries, speaking widely, need not fear comparison with the women of to-day, and that they by no means merit the pitying contempt with which their advanced offspring regard them. Women, too, were formerly more reticent than they are to-day. They would have lost their tongues rather than discuss instances of conjugal infidelity and sexual irregularity in public and particularly before their young people. These were brought up in a moral atmosphere which made them regard the breaking of the seventh commandment with horror, a tragedy and disgrace in any case, not to be thought of as possible of occurrence in their own families ; as remote from them in fact as the possibility of any of their family becoming murderers. In familiarising the young mind with vice and irregularity, in discussing the

wayward doings of the amateur or rather semi-professional demi-monde—the ephemeridæ of the ‘smart set’—so called, of the stage and the music hall, with easy tolerance, instead of regarding them all as improprieties and their shameless doings as matters with which they should not soil their lips, too many women of to-day, who wish to be regarded as “advanced,” and free from bourgeois respectability, have incurred heavy responsibility and merit severe reproach. The lengths to which the typical insurgent woman is prepared to go in her insensate desire to place herself on complete equality with man, and to rob herself of that fine aroma of reticence, modesty, and indeed virtue which is her chief attraction in the eyes of man, and the preservation of which is absolutely essential if the standards of clean and wholesome living are to be upheld—and these are necessary of conservation if the race is to endure—are nothing less than startling. Mr. W. S. Lilly, writing some years ago in the *Nineteenth Century* under the title “Marriage and Modern Civilization,” said:—“It is a true saying that a man is formed at the knees of his mother. The kind of man found in civilization depends upon the kind of women found in it. The *ethos* of society—what Burke called “the moral basis”—is determined by women, and their goodness or badness, as our very language bears witness, depends upon their purity. That is the root of all feminine virtues and the source of the people’s genuine greatness. Renan’s saying, “La force d’une nation c’est la pudeur de ses femmes,” is so true as to be almost a truism. And the bulwark of woman’s chastity is the absolute character of matrimony.”

But what do we find to-day? Take the manifesto of the Spiritual Militancy League, for instance, with its attack on the marriage service, the service not only used by the Church of England, but by the vast majority, in almost identical words of the Christian churches of the Anglo-Saxon world. In this connexion Ibsen’s “A Doll’s House” was answerable for much. It set a match to the inflammable material, neurotic sentimentality and worse, already existing, and now to-day we are confronted by all sorts of revolutionary demands on the part of women, among them many which amount in plain English to the demand that sexual irregularity shall press no more heavily on the woman than it does on the man, demands which have no concern at all with the so-called spiritual emanci-

pation of women from the thralldom of base man. To quote from Lilly again :—" To degrade indissoluble marriage to a mere material fact governed by the animal not the rational nature, will be to throw back modern civilization to that wallowing in the mire from which she has rescued it." Nevertheless, the hideous and anarchic doctrines of free love with all its welter of vice under super-fine names, marriage on the lease system, the-right-to-your-own-body heresy and all the rest of the go-as-you-please doctrines, which we find boldly advocated in the erotic and neurotic novels mainly read by women and many written by them, stalk triumphantly forward, while we are repeatedly told that if infidelity is sufficient reason for divorce when woman is the sinner, the same lapse should be equally penal in man. Lady St. Helier, who indirectly as the wife of the sometime president of the Divorce Court spoke out of the fulness of knowledge said, if my memory serves me, some years ago that the success of any such effort would be fraught with untold disaster to the race, or words to that effect. In nothing that is written here must it be supposed that a brief is held for the man who is untrue to his marriage vows, though those who have had especial facilities for arriving at the truth of this matter, experienced men of the world, physicians and the clergy for example, whose métier it is to receive confidences, are ready to attest that it is not merely wayward and polygamous instincts which lead men into sins of this description, but that the sin is often due to the impossible attitude of the wives themselves. Be that as it may. The fact remains that the plea that there should be absolute equality between the sexes on the grounds on which divorce should be granted is a dangerous proposition, for it would constitute another factor for breaking up homes for reasons insufficient on the grounds of public policy, whatever they might be, or appear to be, on private grounds. It is true that this plea for equality was practically accepted by the recent Royal Commission on Divorce, a commission composed, in the writer's opinion, of a body of men far too limited in numbers and manifestly not sufficiently authoritative or representative as to the individuals composing it, as to give weight and value to its findings. The Bishop of London expressed the sane and judicial view of the matter at the London Diocesan Conference the other day. " It was not," said the Bishop, " that there were not hard cases in married life, but what appeared upon investigation was that the proposed

remedy was worse than the disease, and that in order to alleviate hard cases, it was not worth while to weaken the whole marriage bond throughout the Empire." However that may be as to the recommendations as a whole, in the matter of adultery, to assume that the sin is of equal heinousness in man and in woman is entirely against fact and logic and against public policy. Again I say that I am not concerned in holding a brief for *this* sin in man. Apart from its iniquity in a religious sense, it is one of which no high-minded man should be guilty; the offence is caddish and underbred and involves as its corollary lying and deceit. Marriage is a sacrament; but even those who repudiate this assumption, must allow that it is a binding and lasting ordinance and that its provisions must be observed both in the letter and the spirit. Those earnest and high-minded women who insist, that before as well as after marriage the same standard of purity should be exacted from man as from woman, seem to forget or they refuse to acknowledge, certain well-ascertained physical facts; the facts of the enormous difference, implanted by nature, in man and woman. There are absolute and undenyng differences between the sin of infidelity in man and the same sin in woman. This is so both in its physical and its spiritual aspects, and in its consequences, an aspect of the matter of the highest importance which cannot be ignored. A man who so sins commonly goes outside his home and his family and the act has in most cases no more significance than any other physical indulgence. Sexual passion is in its highest manifestation associated with spiritual love in the normal man; but nature in its determination that the race shall be carried on has decreed that it shall be a thing apart, whereas in unperverted woman sexual passion is the outcome of spiritual love. Therein she stands spiritually a head and shoulders above man. The wide physical and moral differences between the sin of adultery in male and female cannot be discussed further; but the possible consequences of infidelity in the married woman must be distinctly reckoned with. She, the custodian of her husband's honour, she, who should be the chief pillar of his household; she, whom he has chosen to carry on his race, in her falsity betrays him in his most vital interests and cherished sentiments, turning the man she has promised to love, honour and obey into a mockery, the mockery of which she herself has knowledge; and although

the secret may never be divulged, nevertheless in the paramount desire of his nature, the desire to perpetuate his race, he is cheated and outraged by her whose duty it was, and whose delight it should be, to insure its fulfilment. The "wedded harlot," to use Tennyson's phrase, is certainly the greatest of all sinners against society.

The "advanced woman," in her insurgency, is mainly responsible for calling the pace in the restriction of families, a subject to which the writer has referred recently elsewhere and need not restate here.* This again is another unpleasant sign of the determination of certain women to make the home a worthless possession for man. If he is neither to be sure of his children nor to be permitted children, if the home, domesticity and all it implies, is to be spurned by women—for that is the attitude of too many women who are willing enough to take all the soft things of life, its purple and fine linen, admiration and flattery, but wish to give nothing in return—then man will turn away from his old ideals, refuse to maintain a home, and will seek his pleasures where he may and secure his heir from a purely animal rather than a spiritual union. Then family life must come to an end. For what man would incur the restraints of home-life were it not for his deep respect for and belief in the purity of woman, and his inherited family and home-loving instincts? Everything which tends, as this forward woman movement undoubtedly tends, to belittle the institution of home and family, must inevitably lead to the break-up of society to decadence and chaos.

No, No. The case for the insurgent woman is now proven. I have, I hope, explained the class of woman grouped under this head; women Dr. Nelson Hardy at the recent Medical Conference designates as victims of "an epidemic mental disorder," diagnosing their doings as evidences of mania. Their case fails no less from the social than from the political point of view. It rests on no solid foundation but rather on the shifting sands of hysteria, and neurotic envy. Although the propaganda of such advanced women as Sarah Grand, Victoria Woodhull, George Egerton, John Oliver Hobbes, and their more chastened congeners, Mona Caird and Elizabeth Robins, in which there is much good mixed up with more that is impracticable and anarchic, has found

* "The Value of Birth as a National Asset," (*Empire Review*, August, 1913.)

many followers, it has but captured the great body of womanly women. Neither can it be maintained that despite the tremendous advertisement of recent years, any wide-spread desire for the vote exists among women. They are content to achieve such reforms as they still desire indirectly through the agency of man, in the same way as they have achieved reforms in the past. That an immense amount of harm has resulted from the talk and acts of the insurgent women, is self-evident. On the growing generation, on the children, the effect has been lamentable to a degree. It has increased the number of women who genuinely dislike men, has given fresh powers of science and evil to those who love not wisely, but too well; women in whom the feminine weakness of vanity and love of admiration and self-adornment is an all-consuming pre-occupation; while the body of women wittily described by the late Mrs. Lynn Linton as Excelsiorites and elsewhere as Asymptotes, married women for the most part who find their husbands uncongenial to them, and who view maternity with special aversion, has grown greatly in numbers and in influence for evil. The political and social propaganda of feminine insurgents of the brand one has in mind is a very different thing from that, let us say, of Mrs. Wolstenholme Elmy and Edward Carpenter. Purity has given place sometimes to its antithesis, but in any case to something very different. Level-headed men and women recognise that woman has a better, higher and truer mission in life than to immerse herself in the ugly game of party politics, so destructive as it proves itself of the morality and rectitude of man. Obviously, when the "purer nature of woman, with her higher ideals of life," to quote Lady St. Helier, is exposed to its corrosive influence, its effect must be, and has shewn itself to be, more pernicious still. It has not been the Catherine de Medici, the Catherine of Russia, or even such parti-coloured women as our own Queen Elizabeth, with their strong wills but evil passions, who have really accomplished anything for the good of society. The women who have exercised lasting sway have been rather the selfless Jeanne d'Arcs of the past, the Florence Nightingales and Agnes Westons of the present. The triumph of the political and social doctrines preached by this motley band of insurgent women would be coincident with immeasurable loss to society at large, and most of all to women themselves. It would establish the fact of our decadence. It is not the screeching sisterhood,

who have set a lamentable example to the other and numerous discontented factors among us, who will accomplish the redemption of society ; not they who will preserve the sanctity of the home and keep the relations between the sexes sweet and wholesome. The future lies rather with the so-called old-fashioned women, content to play a woman's part and do a woman's work, a part and work nobler and higher than falls to the lot of any man ; women who lead lives of true usefulness and dignity. They are the real pillars of society and the actual bulwarks of the race.

JAMES STANLEY LITTLE.

England.

THE FORMATION OF SCHOOL-GARDENS AS AN AID TO NATURE-STUDY.

A DEMAND is gradually springing up among civilized peoples all over the world, that children should be trained more in accordance with the limitations prescribed by Nature rather than according to the conventional and, therefore, artificial methods adopted in the education of the past generation. At one time it was considered highly essential for the education of a child that he should learn his lessons by committing the same to memory by constant repetition. Now this system of memorising by rote had, of course, certain advantages. But it had one great defect, namely, that the lessons were instilled into the child's mind like so many bits of parrot-gabble without conveying to it any clear and definite idea of the thing taught in its concrete form. It is a matter for sincere congratulation, therefore, that this old conventional method of education is being gradually supplanted by novel and improved systems which have for their aims the training of children by instilling into their minds object-lessons and by leading them on to the study of Nature in her native haunts. Among these new systems is the Kindergarten which is nothing more or less than a development of the Nature-Study system. It not only stimulates the child to exercise his imaginative faculty to a certain extent, but also imbues him with a taste for studying things in their concrete form. But it does not go far enough. It is for this reason that some modern educationists have devised the plan of Nature-Study. This method of education by Nature-Study produces one important result, namely, that it develops the child's innate powers of observation.

It is in the United States of America that very marked progress in the direction of Nature-Study is made, as will

appear from the following extracts from an article on "*Nature Study in Our Schools*" which appeared in *Education* (Boston, U. S. A.) some years ago :—

"Although much had been done by the teachers, with varying degrees of success and with differing shades of value in the matter of teaching Elementary Science, no united effort had been made in Plymouth County up to the fall of 1888 ; and, so far as I know, no such effort had been made by any other county of Massachusetts. But at the annual meeting of the Plymouth County Teachers' Association of that year, after the delivery of a very able paper on School Work in Natural Sciences, by Mr. G. H. Martin, Agent of the State Board of Education, a vote was passed and a committee of five appointed to consider the advisability of introducing a course of Natural Sciences into the public schools of the country. This Committee was to report at the next meeting.

"At the meeting in October 1889, the Committee reported, and the Association voted to print the suggestions contained in the report and to send a copy to each teacher in the County, also to send to each teacher, in June 1890, a list of questions concerning the work done.

"Plan of study proposed by the Committee :—
Winter Term.

"Study of trees, native and cultivated, in the following order :—

(a) General appearance :—size ; form ; branching. Sketch.

(b) Distinctive marks :—bark ; buds ; favouring locality and soil : leaf-habits (time of shedding, etc.) ; wood, appearance, qualities, and uses.

"In spring add study of tree-leaves. Sketch and press.
Spring Term.

"Study of native plants in order of appearance in flower :—

(a) Common name. Make list on board.

(b) Favouring locality and soil.

(c) Distinguish as herb, shrub, or tree ; as annual or perennial.

(d) Time of flowering.

(e) Parts of flower, distinguish and name. Sketch.

"The following suggestions were made to teachers :—

(1) Study trees *with pupils* in out-of-school walks. (2) Use facts gained by observation for oral and written language train.

ing. A permanent record-book for each pupil may be useful.
 (3) Accompany work, as far as possible, with freehand sketching.
 (4) Do all the work suggested, if possible. In any case *do something* and note carefully the result."

The aforesaid method of studying trees and plants, for teaching which the teachers were best prepared or rather best unprepared, has succeeded so admirably that the author of the article, from which I have quoted above, says: "In this work the teachers have taken the children by the hand, to speak literally as well as figuratively, and gone into the woods and also, so to speak, brought the woods and the flowers into the school-room where they could be seen and talked about."

Another author, Augusta Tovel, who is thoroughly experienced in Nature-Study as taught in the United States, in the course of an article on "*A Plea for Increased Study of Nature in the Common School*" also published in *Education*, some time ago says:—"The æsthetic, as well as the scientific, has been too much neglected in the schools. Nature never forgets to adorn her creations. The delicate mosses growing on the edges of the mountain brook, and the flower that blooms in the vale where man never comes to admire it, are touching in their beauty. Nature was designed to be our first teacher, for the first faculties that awake in our being are those that apprehend her. Let us open the windows of our school-rooms to her and teach the little ones to admire and love her beauties, to use her joyfully, and not to abuse her."

While so much is being done in the United States and in Europe to initiate and foster Nature-Study, almost next to nothing has hitherto been done in this direction in connection with the great public schools in India. Neither the Indian boy has heretofore been taken by the hand into the woods, nor have the woods with their wealth of trees and flowers been brought into the school-room where they could be seen by him and talked about. In short, he is neither encouraged to observe nor to study Nature. The utter neglect of this aspect of his mental development is, therefore, all the more regrettable. But hopeful signs of a change for the better are already visible; and we, therefore hail with sincere pleasure the announcement made in February last that the Government of Madras had sanctioned a scheme for the provision of gardens for elementary

schools in the Southern Presidency. This is certainly, a move in the right direction. The Director of Public Instruction in Madras proposes to distribute the sum of Rs. 10,000 granted by the Government for this purpose among certain selected schools where there is every likelihood of the experiment proving a great success.

But there are several factors which are absolutely necessary for ensuring the success of the scheme promulgated by the Government of Madras. In the first place, the services of teachers competent to train young students in Nature-Study should be procured. If a teacher duly qualified for this purpose is not available, each school should select a tutor with predilections for scientific study from its existing staff, make him study some of the popular works on Indian botany and horticulture, and then tell him off to commence giving lessons in Nature-Study. If no such teacher is available from the existing staff, the authorities of the school should enlist the assistance of an officer of the Botanical or Agricultural Department for imparting to the students practical instruction in botany and horticulture, say, once or twice a week. Secondly, when the teacher has been selected, it shall be his duty to take the students for a walk out of school-hours into the school-gardens or, where such gardens do not exist, to a country-lane and familiarise them with the following particulars about the trees or plants cultivated in those gardens or any they may come across in the course of their out-of-school excursion :---

- (a) Common name in Vernacular and English.
- (b) Favourable locality or soil.
- (c) Distinction as herb, shrub, or tree ; as annual or perennial,
- (d) Time of flowering.
- (e) Parts of flower, distinction and name.

Thirdly, the student should, thereafter be asked to write a short description of the said trees or plants so that the facts of Natural-History he has learnt concerning them may impress themselves upon his memory and, at the same time, furnish him with material for a reading-lesson, an exercise in spelling and also in composition. Fourthly, once the student imbibes a taste for Nature-Study, he may be expected to make further progress therein, more especially if he is stimulated to greater

exertions in this behalf by the award of a prize, no matter how small it may be.

Some insects exercise a beneficial influence upon plant-life and by carrying the pollen from one flower to another, fertilise the latter. Some members of the insect-world, again, feed upon certain kinds of trees and plants and, as the result thereof, produce such valuable commercial commodities as silk and lac, while others are injurious to crops and other plants of great economic importance. The depredations caused by these insect-pests are so tremendous that they cause the loss of lakhs of rupees to the Indian peasantry. There are, however, certain birds which, being insectivorous in their habits, devour a goodly number of these insects and, thereby, act as friends of the agriculturists. It will thus be seen how important is the economic bearing of insect-life and bird-life on plants. It is, therefore, very important for the young students engaged in Nature-Study to know which insects and birds are the friends, and which the foes, of plants and trees. Consequently, while explaining to them the habits and habitats of the trees and plants, the teacher should also invite their attention to the unbidden guests of the plant-world—the insects and birds which frequent trees and plants and their relations to the latter.

The excellent example set by the Government of Madras in the matter of providing gardens for schools in the Southern Presidency may, with advantage, be followed by the other Provincial Governments throughout India. This scheme should also be taken into consideration by the Committees which are now sitting in connection with the foundation of new Universities at Dacca and Bankipore. As these Universities will be teaching ones, it is sincerely to be hoped that the governing bodies of these institutions would see their way to insisting, as a *sine qua non* for the affiliation of schools to them, on the establishment of gardens in connection with the latter for facilitating the prosecution of studies in Botany and Horticulture, and to the inclusion of Nature-Study in their curriculum.

The formation of gardens in connection with our schools will, therefore, not only facilitate the prosecution of Nature-Study, but also awaken powers of observation in our young students. When these students undertake advanced studies in botany, horticulture and agriculture, their researches, it is to be hoped, will

result in the discovery of new and improved methods of cultivation, fertilisation of crops and destruction of insect-pests, which methods would, no doubt, do incalculable benefit to Indian agriculturists.

SARAT CHANDRA MITRA.

Hathwa.

MAYONII.

Into the fields one dewy morn,
A lady came, her face grown old,
She wore a jewel on her breast,
Her hair was burnished gold.
The flowers wooed her tender feet,
The light wind, blowing from afar,
Woke all the woodland, fresh and sweet,
For eyes that nothing saw.
Like the swift passing of a dream,
Or stars that vanish from the view,
She passed to where the mountain stream
Sweeps to a pool of blue.
And loosed her gown of silver white,
Unveiled the glory of her hair.
Tears splashed upon the stones that cut
Her soft feet, cold and bare.
And stood all silent, save a sigh,
A sob that fluttered into prayer.
And slipped into the pool, and sank
Down where the shy stars are.
And lay among the lilies, caught
With one swift kiss, in Death's strong arms,
Released for ever, from the thrall of
Life, and its wild alarms.

M. L. FORBES.

Mussoorie.

NUREDDIN ALI.

A TRUE STORY.

Nureddin Ali—noble was his name,
 The green he wore not—though some said he might;
 Perhaps he found all colors were the same,
 In any case to this he had a right.
 He hated Europe's ways, and even thoughts,
 But changed loose garments for a modern fit,
 Still kept two Cheetahs tethered in his courts.
 Quite far from both he often used to sit
 And watch their graceful gambols within bounds.
 It is perhaps a fiercer kind of sport
 To hunt with leopards, rather than with hounds.
 An Arab in the desert cares for naught
 So like an antelope keeps up the pace,
 Which really forms a most exciting race.

He had three wives who in their order sat,
 The eldest one took precedence of course,
 She wore a turban, very like a hat,
 And spoke in a mild whisper, as though hoarse
 The third was really handsome, and still young.
 While all were well behav'd, of the old school
 Their jokes were innocent : they play'd among
 The slaves and children, as was then the rule :
 Now at the Opera behind the veil—
 Were Harem boxes, such a treat to those
 In some sense, quite beyond the world's gay pale,
 Though not in beauty, fortune, nor in clothes :

* As a descendant of the Prophet.

The Pacha had much money at the Bank—
Besides—he was a man of serious rank !

They occupied a Box there twice a week,
(The Princess Dowlet took the other half)
And there they passed the hours, were quite discreet,
You scarcely heard a murmur, or a laugh.
Perhaps a tangled intellect they harass—
Between Society and that queer stage.
Now Dowlet Hanem, she had been to Paris,
And so appeared of quite another age,
But ne'er by chance looked in upon their night—
That would, of course, not be quite etiquette.
So they in darkness sat, for little light
Is introduced behind the lace-like net ; *
Among the slaves—a girl from the Soudan—
Exclaimed one evening—" What a goodly man ! "

Mafiah Hanem—she the elder wife
Looked at Saniah—who was number two,
And said—" My dear, I do not wish for strife,
But your slave's conduct really will not do ! "
Saniah answered—" I'll tell Nureddin—
He has suggested that she soon should wed,"
" O—do not breathe a word of this to him—
But of the wedding speak to her instead " :
Then Iffet—number three—of lovely face,
Murmur'd—" What now is wrong—I cannot see
Why gazing at a man is such disgrace,
We all are hidden, so it seems to me."
Mafiah sigh'd, " I know not what to think,
I fear indeed—we stand on peril's brink."

Why is it when the West comes to the East
No matter from what country it may hail,
It must intrude itself on Fast or Feast
With recklessness that makes the cheek turn pale ?

* This lace is made in white zinc patterned like a curtain and hides the occupants.

The men by demons seem to be possess'd
 And women sometimes also fall a prey
 To love of pleasure follow'd with such zest,
 They hardly know if it is night or day,
 Unbounded life seems flowing in their veins—
 Their hearts beat fast, their eyes see all—yet naught—
 I cannot answer for such bubbling brains :
 Much less abide within their realm of thought :
 I had a friend whose brother came from Pesth
 Alas ! in madness he surpass'd the rest.

His sister charm'd, when women did not hate
 The number of her very pretty frocks
 Which came from Paris, so were up to date
 Also the coiffure of her raven locks,
 Her manners, too, were not those of the crowd,
 A soft, low laugh, a quiet, soothing voice—
 I never heard her scream, or talk as loud
 As many other seem'd to do from choice,
 But then she did not speak our native tongue,
 That was the only fault—and it spoilt all,
 Though round about her men in shyness hung
 Perhaps just ask'd a dance when at a Ball,
 There was no coterie of friends *intime*
 The brother too was hardly ever seen.

Then suddenly a change came—as one dazed—
 He would not shoot—thought riding was a bore,
 And often left his valet quite amaz'd
 While some would smile and more than hint—he swore.
 Instead of shooting boots, or such like kit
 He wore light trousers, dainty silken socks :
 “ Lénè,” he said—“ I have just thought of it
 Our evenings are so dull, I'll take a box,
 The Baignoires all are let, as well you know
 To get one there—too difficult I fear,
 It does not really matter where we go.
 Would you mind mounting to the second tier ? ”
 “ Why—that's the first—if opposite the screens,
 “ You cannot wish to gaze at the Harems.”

" O no ! why should I ? and we cannot see
 " Save just perhaps the flutter of a fan.
 " One must imagine what those beauties be.
 " I'm not, you know, such a romantic man,
 " Besides, you've seen the Palaces and Court,
 " And might now tell me what to think of them ".
 She looked at him and said—" I really thought
 " You never cared for Eastern things—and when
 " I spoke of Princess Dowlet and her eyes
 , So large and limpid, I was there to blame
 She is secluded." He in mild surprise—
 " That matters not, it is a horrid shame—"
 " A shame ! why what's a shame ! I do not doubt
 Many are happy, though they don't go out."

Mafia Hanem in her stately way,
 Entered the salon, with a scented note,
 " The Princess Dowlet is not well, they say—
 And yesterday she very kindly wrote
 Offering her Box, so we can go to-night
 If you should care, Iffet, or will you stay ? "
 " O ! I will go, I really love the sight
 , Of pretty Giaours, and their form of play ".
 She ran upon the carpet as she spoke
 Chased by her little Turkish soldier boy—
 Knocked down the table, all the china broke,
 A form of pleasure, which could never cloy.

Nureddin told his beads within the hall,
 He had for the first time been at a Ball.*

" Allah ! " said he, " not in this sinful world
 Should Turks be puzzled by a woman's face,
 But at a Ball, with all her robes unfurled
 She tempts us more than betting on a race,
 We lose our souls who follow in this way,
 The shocking maze of every witching dance,

* H. H. the Khedive usually gives a State Ball every season.

No peace have I, am haunted now by day,—
 And then the softness of a blue-eyed glance,
 Heaven ! I tremble for these wilful Giaours,
 And for the Faith, I fain would kill them all,
 Alas ! to one, I've sent a heap of flowers
 And this ! and this ! through Effendina's Ball !
 These civilising ways are but a sham
 A false Gehenna, catching every man."

Béla came not to lunch, much less for tea,
 At dinner simply gave a laughing bow,
 His sister smiled, and turning said to me,
 I really wonder what he's doing now,
 (If mankind likes to wonder) on that night
 Many had cause for either joy or fear.
 Mafiah Hanem simply shook with fright,
 The Soudanese was smile from ear to ear ;
 Their Box ! no, surely not—some magic bower,
 The ceiling, walls, the very curtains hung
 Scarcely an inch, without some lovely flower,
 But how, or why, or who the thing had done !
 Iffet sat down, then just as quickly rose.
 A fan of cupids lay beneath her nose !

" Mafiah ! " Iffet gasp'd with flashing eye
 " I really wish you would not stare at me,"
 " No, no, my dear Effendem, do not cry
 Our eunuch surely will look in and see ! "
 Four bags of bon-bons stood upon the shelf,
 The slave with due decorum gave each one,
 And took the fourth, as quite meant for herself—
 All wreathed with flowers, and angels, nicely done ;
 Mafiah said—in Turkish—" I feel ill,
 Sali, pray call our carriage to the door."
 Saniah sigh'd—Iffet was weeping still,
 The slave seemed eating sweets upon the floor.
 Thence cast a lingering look upon the fan,
 But all had left—so down the stairs she ran.

The Palace court was silent as the tomb,
 Scarcely less dark the moon was on the wane,

The spell of sleep had fallen with the gloom
 Of day's last hour, 'twas twelve o'clock again,—
 One Cheetah dreamt he hunted—snarl'd and wept,
 The other woke and turned upon his bed,
 Then from his kennel stealthily he crept
 Toward the bowl, from which he had been fed,
 And from this point of vantage felt his chain
 A little short—too short for that nice bound—
 His purring changed to savage snaps of pain,
 Until he heard another well-known sound,
 His master's carriage with the unclipp'd mares—
 He only drove at night—these matchless pairs.

The light was dim in his long 'lofty hall
 Of many styles, and epochs quite unique,
 Rare Persian carpets pannel'd in a wall,
 A lamp of Tûlûn's, jasper bowls antique,
 Fine swords and helmets, round the frieze there ran
 Some heavy writings 'neath a golden vine,
 Damascus trophies, from great Timûr's time ;
 Alas ! for there, with their mediæval air,
 Were toys from Paris, now quite à la mode
 The all and sundry, which to one's despair
 Made such a medley of the fair abode.
 Nûreddin said, he loved a bunch of charms
 As much, nay more than an old Tartar's arms.

The hall was travers'd, and his foot had touched
 The first step of the stairs, he look'd around
 For a slight rustle, as of something crushed—
 Or trailing silk, that softly swept the ground—
 A form he knew, and onc he smiled to greet
 Sprang forward from its hiding place in tears,
 "The flowers !" she said, and fell down at his feet,
 Her hair unbound, her face distraught with fears,
 "The flowers !" he echo'd, with a mild disdain—
 "But what is that to thee, good Iffet, say,
 Am I a Christian ? It is surely plain,
 You have your home, your pleasures, and your play,
 While I do all things, sometimes—even work,
 I am a man, nay more, I am a Turk."

"My lord," she murmur'd, looking in his face,
"I am your slave, your true and humble slave,
Estrang'd from you, what have I in your place?
I hold most precious the great love you gave.
Ah! tell me not that that fair day is done,
This is a dream, a strange fantastic dream,
I will lie down now, by my little son
And hold him close as though it had not been!"
"Allah Akbar! you have a woman's head,
Good night"—he turned and walk'd toward the door—
Then went his way, she, through the windings fled
As one who neither felt, nor heard, nor saw.

Mafiah too was hiding—all gay smiles,
"Our Pacha then is caught in his own wiles!"
By the great gate a *bowab* sat and sang
Well through his nose, to keep himself awake,
(Perhaps you know the nasal Arab twang).
The others had on dominoes a stake,
All sprang aside as back the Pacha came
Who call'd to Sali going to the Club,
"Did Hanem have the Opera-box again?"
"Yes. Yes," said Sali, "and a rare hubbub."
"But why?" Nureddin queried, "why? why? why?"
Sali look'd up, and folding both his hands
Glanc'd at the Pacha with a steadfast eye,
"Effendi did not give me his commands!
I saw the Box—as if a Genie gave
The order for some fair enchanted cave."

The smoking-room was full, there had been 'play'
Béla sat sulking in an easy chair,
(The Opera-house is not so far away—
And many men just like to drop in there,
The Club I mean). A friend of his, a Greek,
Was listening to a story—Nureddin's!
Oh! what a noise, thought Béla, can't he speak
More quietly, why add this to his sins.
'You find he's too excited,' said the Greek,
"Ah, mon ami! 'tis a romantic page,

I'll vouch for it that well within a week,

It's told in all the Town, and quite the rage " :

" Their ways are strange," quoth Béla, " well—ta-ta " ;

" Why, what think you ? It was not Baccara ! "

" But let us talk alone, I dare not here

Repeat the facts, for really his good wives,
Have very probably some cause for fear,

Perhaps are trembling—even for their lives,

His Harem box was full of gifts, a fan,

All set with pearls, and other things galore,—

So now Nureddin says—he'll shoot the man !

First he must find him, which will be a bore.

Ah ! your cigar is out " A cigarette ? "

" Then—the Pacha can the truth discover "

Said Béla mildly—" Yes ! but don't forget,

Egyptians rarely tell of one another.

To-morrow you will shoot at Bedraschine,

Good luck I wish you with the Becassine."

After three days Béla returned to Town

And walked into his sister's room for tea.

She looked so pretty in her simple gown—

' And sat between his becassine and me :

" Pray come and talk, we have so much to say,

The Princess will not go outside her door,

It may be false, we only heard to-day .

New stories that we never guessed before,

They think it was for her—those gifts were meant,

She was at home in bed, and really ill—

The Turkish ladies say, a punishment ;

And vow she's flirting with their Pacha still,

For after many funny outs, and ins,

The flowers, it seems, were only Nureddin's ! "

" Ah ! Béla dear, rough work has done you good

(How red you are, and what a sparkling eye,)"

" Yes, Yes," he said, " I thought perhaps it would,

Much more of this—and I should surely die.

Why did the Pacha get into a rage

If he had sent the flowers and the fan ? "

If not, why is he silent—is his craze
 By subtlety to try and find this man ?
 If I were he, I'd rather fight it out
 Than talk so much, it's really such a bore, "—
 " But no one knows what he should fight about,
 How can he shoot a man he never saw.
 And if he sees the man, and he's the man,
 Then both sent flowers—what is now your plan ? "

" I give it up " sigh'd Bela ' Do come out !
 The air is fresh—I'll say we dine at nine,
 And thus shall hear your doings, which no doubt—
 Most pleasantly will while away the time,"
 Then as he wished—I could not make out why—
 There being no moon, we talked and drove along
 Skirting at length a wall so strangely high,
 Near this, he stopped the carriage for a song !
 " What nonsense ! " Len mumbled, sing out here !
 I'm sure the Coachman thinks that we are mad."
 " Ma'alesh—he knows me very well, my dear,
 These Arab Jehus are not quite so bad,"
 She hated to refuse, so half in flight
 Sang one short verse of Night, Beloved Night '.

And as she finished something touched my face
 Like a thin cord, and fell down at our feet,
 But where it came from, through the darkened space,
 Or what it was that flutter'd to the seat,
 I cannot say We turned for our drive home,
 Only the whisper of the Lebbek tices
 Broke the soft silence—almost with a moan
 Their swaying branches bent beneath the breeze :
 The ending of the story, who can tell ?
 That Eastern city stands just where it stood
 But time has taken—ah ! we know it well—
 The brave, the beautiful, some wise, some good.
 O could the eyes so gay, so brilliant then,
 Now smile at me, as I put down my pen.
 Their last brave smile was given unto Death,
 Not through ripe, fruitful age when Wisdom sings

Life is Immortal—this its faintest breath,

Which like the morn a thousand perfumes brings
To herald summer, though the trees are bare !

Alas ! those loved one's are some garden's dust,
Albeit carvéd marble guards them there

Among the dead, each country holds in trust .
And where the Nile flows fast, Nureddin sleeps

In a domed Mosque begirt about with palms,
Yet there perchance, the sweet-faced Iffet weeps,

And crowns departed glory with her alms
The sun still rises, and at evening sets
Alike on fruitless tears and worn regrets.

VIOLET DE MALORTIE.

Oxford.

THE MENTAL TAPESTRY OF A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

(Continued from our last number.)

IN the sample pages circulated by the *London Times* to advertise the Historians' History of the World, it is said that Egypt and Babylon gave the arts of Government and Life, Israel bequeathed a Spiritual Heritage, Greece gave Self-Government, Art and Literature, Rome spread over the world the reign of Order and Law, and the Dark Ages formed a transition period from which the modern nationalities emerged. Apparently poor India gave nothing, but herself.

Says Mr. H. H. Johnston in an article on "How to make the Negro work" (in the *Nineteenth Century* of January, 1908): "For at least 3000 years the black man, where he has come into contact with the white race, has grown accustomed to be defrauded in greater or less degree. Fortunately, unlike the Asiatic, he seems incapable of long cherishing any grudge—he is the readiest of all races to forgive, the greatest optimist of all the human types." What a compliment to the White races, and to "the laws of economic and political gravitation and the dynamic conceptions of master-minds," which, according to Lord Curzon, have built up modern Empires! What has the Historians' History, I wonder, to say about this cheating of the Negro?

A zoophyte rooted to an oyster shell is now discovered to be a colony of little animals with a commissariat department, a co-operative store, a housing department and a breeding

department. Each of the members of the colony possesses a mouth, tentacles and a simple body cavity. Each captures food and sends the digested material onwards from the branch on which it resides to the stem through which the material circulates. The zoophyte grows like a plant. It sometimes mimics a fir tree in miniature, and sometimes grows in festoons. It sprang from an egg, liberated from a parent colony. The egg produced a single unit which, by a process of budding, gave rise to the plant-like structure. So Brahma's Egg produced this Cosmos, according to the Hindu Mythology. This whole solar system is but a branch of that little zoophyte, and this Earth is but a little body on that branch, and we—oh great Historians and Histories—what are we? Tentacles perhaps of the Earth.

Life, however, is reflected even in the zoophyte, and such is its unity that the biological laws are the same practically in the zoophyte and in man! So at least thinks Herbert Spencer. It is not the zoophytes alone that have a social scheme. There are co-operative societies of ants, bees, wasps and beavers, and their unselfish efforts for a common end are certainly remarkable. Who knows there may be some ærial or ætherial co-operative societies for even the manufacture of souls. "I leave it to the reader's pondering," said Ruskin, "whether among national manufactures, that of Souls of good quality may not at last turn out a quite leadingly lucrative one." One would like to know what Historians and Histories have to say about this manufacture. Whence comes the development of character on which Dr. Emil Reich justly lays the greatest stress? How is it that when the inmost force of even Authority is not character, it has not an abiding grasp over men's minds?

"Character," says the Doctor, "is by nature imperious and imperative, spiritual, non-temporal and non-temporising. It insists upon the realisation of things such as they ought to be. It is each man's Paradise, the central essence of his being, his propelling force and mainstay, the force that shapes and colours his desires, his hopes, his fears. It is the oldest of man's assets

It disregards, frequently disdains time." This is high testimony to the existence of the Purush within us.

The national ideal, also, according to the Doctor, is "both intangible and tangible, spiritual and material, human and superhuman." This is another testimony.

What are the great factors of history? What is progress? Is it "constant betterment of our human capital, both ethically and intellectually," as Dr. Reich says? Is it the function of a constant quantity, like character? Dr. Reich divides the factors of history into two classes, the static and the dynamic, which, he says, are as "the abscissæ and ordinatæ of the curves of history." The static factors or constants are, according to him, four namely, geo-political causes (*e.g.*, insularity), secondly, economical causes, thirdly, social causes (*e.g.*, classification and stratification of people), and fourthly, ideas, national and international, which he calls the imponderables. The dynamic or variable factors "come under the one heading of personality," or cephalic causes, and, in this important respect, differ from the static causes, which are impersonal. Says our worthy Doctor: "If Hebrew history is one pre-eminently of character, Greek history is one of character and beauty, while Roman history is one of character and authority . . . The history of the Phœnicians, Hebrews, Greeks and Romans is cephalic . . . In the Middle Ages, on the other hand, the secular history of Europe is not at all dependent on cephalic causes, while the ecclesiastical history is. In modern times, personality, on the whole, plays a minor rôle." The Doctor does not satisfactorily explain the genesis of towering personalities.

It is said, impersonal causes prepare the way for great personalities arising from an obscure background. It is also said, the pent-up forces of energy focus or incarnate themselves in such individuals. We, in the East, believe, on the other hand, in individual and national Karma. We believe that just as the geometrical point has no length, breadth, or thickness, so there are

points of character (Vasanas), which have no dimensions, but which nevertheless are Points in Time and are never lost. We introduce the conception of the conservation of these points (Sanchit Karma) not in a single life but through successive lives. Which is the better explanation of the genesis of, say, the great world poets in the West ?

The blind man that dwelt in rocky Chios had more powerful visual search-lights than any of his contemporaries. Does Dr. Reich explain his inspiration ? What made him the *vates sacer* of the early Achæans ? Why was he adopted by the Dorian conquerors ? What gave him a national and canonical character in Greece and its colonies ? Why were his poems recited on every occasion of the Pan-athenæa ? Why did so many cities claim to be the cities of his birth ? It is doubtful if writing was at all known in those days. There were warriors, ballad-singers, workers in metals, workers in wood, workers in leather, potters and carvers. The women did spinning, weaving and embroidery. The government was carried on by a king and council of elders, and the king was also not seldom the high priest. How came a genius like Homer to be born in such a society ? Why has this eyeless servant of the Muses become a Voice, which we still hear across so many centuries ?

It is said that three days before his death in the island of Ios, Homer had met some young fishermen with their nets on the beach, and had asked them.

"Fishermen sprung of Arcadia, have we aught ?"

And they had replied

"What we caught, we left behind,

What we caught not, we bear with us."

What did the riddle mean ? Did it mean that whatever worldly goods were coveted or captured were not carried with him by any one when the death-summons came, but whatever was captured not with hands, that is all his mental and moral and spiritual goods accompanied him. Homer had had a warning from an oracle of the young men's riddle, and he wrote his epitaph and breathed his last.

He apparently believed that he had had a past life, and would have a future life. We say that no effort is ever lost, that his labours fructified in the evolution of his genius, and that he was able to attract to himself, in his environment, all the points of character which were likely to be helpful to him.

Dante was certainly another world-poet. Whence came his inspiration? Macaulay thought him superior to Milton and "neck and neck with Homer." Walpole, on the other hand, called him "a Methodist parson in Bedlam," and Voltaire spoke of "feats of imagination as stupidly extravagant and barbarous" as those of the *Divina Commedia*. It will certainly be thought barbarous nowadays for a modern Dante to announce that none who existed before Christ's birth (except Adam, Abel, Noah, Moses, Abraham, David, Jacob and his children, Rachel and a few others) are among the saved, that a meadow of fresh verdure is good enough for Homer, Virgil, Horace, Ovid and Lucan, and that the lot of even Socrates and Plato in the unseen world is not cast in very pleasant places.

In the third Canto of his *Inferno* he wrote:

"Through me is the way into this city doleful
Through me is the way into the eternal pain,
Through me the way among the people lost.
Justice moved my High Maker.
Divine Power made me,
Wisdom Supreme and Primal Love.
Before me were no things created
But the eternal, and eternal I endure.
Leave all hope, ye that enter."

Did he mean Death or the Devil? Did he mean Death as darkness or as the gateway of life? But where is the place in the whole cosmos, dear Dante, or if you please, in the Chaos itself, where Hope does not enter, or which is disdained by Mercy? Your God was not the Hebrew inscrutable Lord, "eccentrically appeasable through the dreary iteration of the litany of sinfulness." Your Mediæval God was as different

from the Homeric Zeus as from the God of the Renaissance, and the latter again was as different from the modern God, the God of Goethe, as the God of Goethe will be from the God of the Twenty-fifth Century.

What a difference there is between Dante and Shakespeare, and Shakespeare and Goethe. Dante is said by Western scholars to be the embodiment of the scholastic teaching, Shakespeare to be the Voice of the Renaissance and Goethe to be the Voice of Universal Self-culture of a very catholic character. Would Goethe who called in angels to save the soul of Faust, sold voluntarily to Hell, would Goethe have ever placed Francesca and Paolo or Dido or even Cleopatra in the Inferno? Dante himself sympathised so much with Francesca that he fainted on seeing her condition. And yet he apparently imagined a God, who had not even a particle of pity and who consigned her to a place of torment where no star shone, where there was a noise like that of sand when the whirlwind breathes, and where there was no hope even of death!

Guelphs and Ghibellines, Blacks and Whites, what a Styx the Italian world really was in Dante's time! Plutus all-powerful, the Minotaur, the Centaurs, and Cerberus and the Furies busy finding inmates for the ten Bolgias, Leviathan encumbered heavily, the six giants overburdened, Phlegyas overworked, the seven Gates of the Castle of Philosophy—the Trivium and the Quadrivium—neglected. Yet in such a world Dante's soul could create a Beatrice! "Already nine times after my birth," he writes, the heaven of light had returned as it were to the same point, when there appeared to my eyes the glorious lady of my mind, who was called Beatrice by many who knew not what to call her. She had already been so long in this life that already in its time the starry heaven had moved towards the east the twelfth part of a degree, so that she appeared to me about the beginning of her ninth year, and I saw her about the end of my ninth year. Her dress on that day was of a most noble colour, a subdued and goodly crimson, girdled

and adorned in such sort as best suited with her tender age. At that moment, I saw most truly that the spirit of life, which hath its dwelling in the secretest chamber of the heart, began to tremble so violently that the least pulses of my body shook therewith, and in trembling it said these words, 'Ecce deus fortior me qui veniens dominabitur mihi.' Whence comes love at first sight? In all his life, Dante, after this first vision of Beatrice, saw her only once or twice with his bodily eye, but in her light was the light of his own eyes, and she was his guiding star throughout his life. Beautiful truly was the passion, the white passion, of this "scarred veteran of a lifelong war" for "the glorious lady of his mind!"

It is said the lives of both Milton and Dante were failures! Failures indeed! The heavens laughed at the Blacks repeatedly sentencing the epoch-making White Guelph to perpetual banishment and to burning alive if captured. Captured he never was, but banishment he did suffer from his beloved Florence. But how was his life a failure? Was the *Divina Commedia* a failure? Was it a failure in sowing the seed of a united Italy? True it took the seed about 500 years to ripen, but the seed-sower was certainly Dante, and such a seed-sower can never be called a failure! He had, like Homer, by iteration and intensification of certain thoughts, feelings, and images, qualified himself for what he became, and he is another Voice coming to us across several centuries:

Does any one call the life of Shakespeare a failure, because he was sentenced by Sir Thomas Lucy—Justice Shallow—for trespass on a forest, because, at one time, he had to help his father in his work as fell-monger, wool-stapler and even butcher in the dark days of poverty, or because he became an actor and led the life of an actor? Has any one been able to explain how, if there are no past lives, Shakespeare was able, in such circumstances, to produce his immortal works.

Take simply his portraiture of love. He describes its dawning in Rosaline and Juliet, in Julia and Portia, Beatrice and

Rosalind. In his sonnets he describes his passion for his "dark lady." Do the above realistic and idealistic pictures of the dawning of love take us to the noontide of his passion for that lady? Did his love, purged of trust, harden to lust, and show itself in jealous rage in *Hamlet* and *Othello*. Did the jealousy breed despair when he came to write his *Lear*, and did the despair deepen into the dread of madness, and something like madness itself? Did the ravings die gradually away in *Timon*, in moans and cursings? Did the sky grow lighter again when he came to write his *Troilus* and *Cressida* and *Antony* and *Cleopatra*? Is the latter "the St. Martin's summer, so to speak, of his passion, on account of the warmth and sunshine and ecstasy of joy that are in it?" Mr. Frank Harris, in the *English Review*, deals with Shakespeare's passion in this manner. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that he is right, how came Shakespeare to write these plays, any one of which is sufficient to confer immortality upon him? Assume that none of his efforts in his past lives was lost, and you have an explanation. Assume that Shakespeare's life was merely a few years, and yet he was able to give masterpieces to the world, and you have hardly any explanation.

Shakespeare had certainly experience of the Karmic devil in man, for, otherwise, he would not have made *Troilus* say to *Cressida*, when she was protesting her loyalty:

"But something may be done that we will not,
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we would tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency."

Goethe is another world-poet. His worship of *Gretchen* did not prevent him from carrying on affairs of the heart successively with *Fredrike Brion* of *Scenheim*, *Lotte Buff*, *Anna Sibylla Münch*, *Lili Schonemann* and with *Christiane Vulpius*, likened to a young *Dionysus*, whom he took into his house in 1788, who became his wife in conscience and the mother of his children, but whom he did not marry till 1806? Men like *Dante*, *Shakespeare* and *Goethe*, who, on account of their efforts in their past lives, are not born into the slavery of mechanical careers, who experience the struggle between the actual and the ideal, the antagonism of the sensual and moral principles, in whom *Beauty* and *Duty*, *Love* and *Knowledge*, are confronted

with each other, can more easily focus in themselves the movements of their Age than others who have no Karma like theirs to their credit.

Dante's great book gave the Italians their national ideals. It gave them a polished instrument of expression. It made them feel they were one. Shakespeare's works gave a similar instrument to the English and made them feel their unity. Goethe's *Gotz von Berlichingen* was the forerunner of the 'Sturm und Drang' period in Germany, and his *Wilhelm* and other works gave the Germans a similar instrument and made them feel they were one. Like Dante, like Homer, like Shakespeare, Goethe studied all the moods of Nature and longed to possess his soul in peace, possess it sacred and inviolable for meditation, and probe in silence the depths of his own being. The strength of every great Poet and Seer comes mainly from the Realms of Silence—the Silence of their past.

When the battle of Valmy was being fought in 1792, Goethe rushed into the thickest of the fight in order to experience "the dangerous rapture of the cannon-fever!" That lets us into the secret of his mind. He wanted to see everything for himself and to have experience at first hand. This characteristic will explain his roving about like a bee gathering honey. It will explain his travelling incognito for about two years in Italy. It will explain his great power of observation and his almost intuitive perception of truth. His mental concentration—the result apparently of many efforts in his past lives—was such that he could continue his optical studies during the bombardment of Mainz in 1793! He saw, as in a vision, the scheme of Evolution—(perhaps itself a half-truth)—long before Darwin. He knew that all the different parts of the plant, except the stem and the root, were modifications of the leaf, and the modification of leaves depended on the variety of nutrition received by them. Coming across a sheep's skull one day, he made the notable discovery that the skull in vertebrates is only a development of the spine. He was also the first to find out that the intermaxillary bone, which exists in the lower animals, exists in the human subject in a rudimentary state.

When ennobled by the Emperor, Goethe took for his arms a silver star in an azure field. What did he mean to symbolise? Did he mean to symbolise his ideal of beauty, simplicity and repose, when anxious to disentangle his life from the Karmic complexities suffocating it?

The life of every one of the great world-poets was truly a work of art! Probably the life of even the humblest peasant, if we but knew it aright, would be found to be a work of art. It is certainly not unimportant in the sight of the Giver of all Life. The true form of art is "that which holds the wayward impulses together by an invisible bond just as in the life of man necessity is wedded to free-will." So the life of man is truly a work of art.

Wilhem Meister teaches this great lesson for it shows that though a man may appear the sport of fortune and the plaything of chance, his experiences have their definite result in the training of his character. "Like the son of Kish, he goes forth to seek his father's asses, and finds a kingdom."

Faust teaches the same lesson, for it shows that the microcosm of the individual resembles the macrocosm and is a work of art. We move from heaven, through the world, to hell, and return therefrom, through the world, to heaven. Between the two comes the assimilation of the past. We learn by sad experience that the lesson of life is to renounce in order to find its true value, that the human is in process of union with the divine, and that self-conflict and self-command are wonderful sculptors of nature into symmetry and proportion. "It is not until Faust is blind to outward objects that one moment of divine rapture reveals to him the continuance of his work in coming generations and convinces him that he has not lived in vain. Mephistopheles is shown to have worked out the good in spite of himself, and Margaret appears transfigured as the revelation to man of divine love."

The appearance of a truly inspired poet is like the flashing of lightning in the heavens. Lightning makes patent what is latent in the atmosphere, namely electricity. A poet makes patent what is latent in his Karma, namely genius. Both lightning and genius seem to open the breast of heaven. Both sometimes take an irregular direction. Both sometimes, without throwing off a single definite spark, spread a general illumination over a large surface. On rare occasions both have an explosive effect. Genius, thus, can be likened to forked lightning, sheet lightning and globular lightning. But just as lightning has a cause, so genius also is not without a cause.

(To be continued.)

SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

OF SWEARING.

For those now swear, who never swore before,
And those who always swore, now swear the more.

SWEARING is in the nature of things. Somewhere, deep down in the "onta," the noumenon, the "thing in itself," the immanent, the Seyen, in "Das Ich," or "Das Nicht-Ich," in substance, swearing must be. Now and then, in the collision and impact of matter, it emerges into phenonena, and emitting a spark or two, dives under again, into the rock-bottom of noumena. Heracleitus must have had this in his mind, when he said, "Strife is the father of all things;" for the matter obviously and naturally resolves itself into a syllogism, in the mood Barbara.

Strife is the father of all things.

Swearing is a thing.

Ergo : Strife is the father of swearing.

Having thus firmly established swearing on this adamantine ontological basis, the rest is mere child's play. It is scarcely necessary to carry the classification further, or vainly endeavour to pigeon-hole the entity in any of the categories of Kant. It would suffice to say, that it comes in somewhere in the border land, between the "Kritik der reinen," and the "Kritik der praktischen Vernunft," and that, after every process of analysis and synthesis, integration and disintegration of tissues, there remains the bare indestructible residue, and *caput mortuum*, viz, swearing is.

The history of the art carries one back to the dim twilight of fable and myth. It certainly flourished in full vigour before the dawn of authentic history. There is no doubt that the heroes

of the Iliad and the Mahabaratha swore, for they were troopers, and it is known that troopers swear. Grammar and fact, and proverbial philosophy have firmly cemented together this substantive and this predicate. Hercules swore, when in an interesting crisis of his life, he clapt on the shirt of Nessus, and in the most bitter imprecations, inveighed against the credulity of Deianira, the cruelty of Eurystheus, and the jealousy of Juno, which resulted in the loss of the fair Iole. Timon and Diogenes swore,—none more lustily. Bacchus had a tag-rag of rollicking swaggerers even in the halls of Olympus. From what little we know of Thor, a Scandinavian swear word, now and then, would not have tarnished his reputation. Then there are the great swash-bucklers of the Orlando Furioso—each a host in himself. Then again there are the great names of Gargantua and Pantagruel, and Friar John, and Panurge, and Picrochole, and Epistemon, and Raminagrobis, and Rondibilis, and Triboulet—all artists with an extensive and original vocabulary, whose utterances are worth whole encyclopædias on the art—so much so, that if all the literature and tradition of this art were sunk together in some cataclysm, it could be built up and evolved again from the single volume of Rabelais alone.

Who has not trembled at the terrible name of Ernulphus, the very Coryphæus of this band? The Swabian Emperors all swore. The Graf von Hohenzollern, who was a specialist in the art, had earned for himself the title of “*das böse Wetter von Zollern*” (the bad weather of Zollern). Witness what Hauff saith in the following passage.—“*Wenn einer ihm begegnete, und schnell die Mütze abnahm, sich hinstellte, und sagte: ‘Guten Abend, Herr Graf, heute ist es schön Wetter’*”, so antwortete er: ‘*Dummes Zeng!*’ oder, ‘*Weiss schon!*’”

The Emperor Sigismund, in the middle of a speech, when reprimanded for his bad Latin by an erudite, but not discreet Cardinal, flared up like a brandy-barrel, and with vigorous expletives declared that the Emperor of the Romans was above the rules of grammar. Brutus swore at his friend Cassius, and Alexander the Great at his friend Hephaestion—these are clear authenticated facts in history, and the very date and hour may be fixed from Plutarch. When Waterloo was lost, and the Imperial Guard was asked to surrender, and save its remnant from certain destruction, Cambronne answered in one word, but

threw so much of the tragic and the sublime in that single bad word, that its denotation has ever since been known as "Cambronne's word."

From this ancient and illustrious pedigree may be traced the lineal descent of this fine art, in an unbroken chain down to the present day and hour. Hour do I say—nay, this very minute and particle of time; for there in the broad daylight, at this very moment, is a maccadam rallying, hustling, and swearing at his coolies in the richest dialect of India, singling out for special treatment all the ancestors for fourteen generations of each one of his patients, all his living relations, and all his descendants for fourteen generations more. Such high proficiency and ingenuity, unattempted yet in prose or rhyme, could not have been acquired in a day, or even in a generation. Truly has some one said, man is the heir of all the ages. An artist has here surely been lost to fame—greater than the fiddler that was lost in Nero. .

Swearing, like 'tort' is not easily defined. After taking in the fifty pages of Sir Frederick Pollock's definition, one asks, what is a tort? Swearing, however, may be metaphysically defined, as a vigorous expression of a feeling of protest. It is an easement, with sharp clauses on the dominant and servient tenements. It is not always "*damnum sine injuriæ*," and contributory negligence is often a good defence. It is a seton for harmlessly drawing off wrath and peccant humors. As it does not require to be taught, it may safely be inferred, that it comes by instinct, or intuition, and thus it may finally be placed among the 'a priori' ideas. It certainly comes within the sphere of poetry, metaphysically considered, a kind of poetry for the million, who are not born poets. "Many people suppose that poetry is something to be found only in books, contained in lines of ten syllables with like endings. The child is a poet when he first plays at hide-and-seek; the city apprentice when he gazes after the Lord Mayor's show; the vain, the ambitious, and the choleric man all live in a world of their own making; and the poet does no more than describe what all the others think and act" (Hazlitt). Its rhythmic compass exceeds that of music, for while the latter is cramped within the eight scurvy notes of the gamut from A to G only, the former is at home along all the letters of the alphabet, and then back again like a witch's prayer.

Any one who has witnessed the performance of a sailor, or a carter, or a drill-sergeant will admit the scope and justice of this definition.

The forms and disguises under which Swearing appears are Protean in their variety. In the hands of an inferior and bungling artist, it appears in its naked simplicity. It is truly wonderful what tones can be brought out by a specialist. Some one complimenting Milton, said his wife was a rose. "I am no judge of colors," answered the blind bard, "but I dare say it is true, for I feel the thorns daily." It was delicately put. In the hands of Uncle Toby

The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew

Soul-animating strains, alas! too few;

the form and circumstance were such, that the recording angel dropped a tear on the page, and blotted it out for ever (see the story of Lefevre in *Tristram Shandy*). One may almost say with Dr. Johnson, "I like a good swearer." Luther's words were half battles. But then he had milk in his constitution when he wrote

Der nicht liebt Wein, Weib, und Gesang,

Er lebt ein Narr sein Leben lang.

Swearing conferred on Judge Jeffreys an immortality which his law failed to do, for by virtue of his proficiency in the art, Fame, taking by way of reprisal an epithet from his own vocabulary, has handed his name down to posterity as the 'bloody' Jeffreys. Bacon was no stranger to the art, for, talking of heresies, he recommends that 'they be d—d and sent to hell for ever' (*Essays*). Is it any wonder then, that he left his name to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and the next age?

It is not true that swearing is prohibited by the Indian Penal Code. It is a gentlemanly vice, like the pocketting of another's matchbox. Its use, however, must resemble the light shafts of Apollo, or the fine flashes of Uncle Toby, and not the crab-stick of Hercules, or the jawbone of an ass of a Samson. It appears an attempt was once made to stamp it out in the army, with this dismal result. The bugler on a review day sounded the wrong call. The drill-sergeant was about to let loose his figures of speech, when the forbidding eye of the

colonel shrivelled up his rhetoric. With admirable presence of mind he glared upon the culprit, and addressed him thus—"You naughty, naughty trumpeter;" what must have been the feelings of the man—the only outlet for his pent up wrath a pair of glaring optics, and a mild adjective, which carries one back to the nursery. He had earned his commission.

The Abbess of Quedlinberg, when her coach stuck fast in a quagmire, permitted her postillion to swear once. A bishop under similar circumstances, is known to have parted with a plenary indulgence.

What are the ethics of swearing? Is it bad for the liver? Does it check the flow of the gastric juices? Has it anything to do with metabolism? Does the British Pharmacopœia contain any antidote for it? These are questions that open up endless vistas for speculation. There is this general proposition—if you cannot steer clear of the Scylla of profanity, and the Charybdis of vulgarity, do not swear at all. A judge on the bench, and a clergyman in the pulpit may not swear under any circumstances. It should be subjectively unknown to them, or they should imitate those chimneys that swallow their own smoke. A tedious jabbering counsel, and a prevaricating witness are cruel tests. Half the congregation fast asleep under the soporific effects of a sermon, requires skillful handling. May it be permitted when they begin to snore? The case law on the point is limited to one precedent only. The Chaplain of Charles II once found his majesty fast asleep, in the middle of his sermon. Three of the peers followed suit, and, as lords are but men when asleep, one of them began to snore. The Chaplain, in a polite parenthesis, said,—“May I request my Lord xxx not to snore so loud, lest he may awaken his majesty.” The old Greeks, from their usual metaphysical standpoint, viewed these things with great liberality. At lover’s perjuries they said Jove laughs. In the strict code of modern idiopsychological ethics it would appear that swearing is never justifiable. The whole weight of modern authority and precedent is against it.

However, there are occasions and circumstances when a little judicious swearing may be said to be a favourite of practical ethics. Thus when you open your drawer to look for your last rupee, and find that it is not there, when the second bell has gone for church, and you find yourself still grappling

with an elusive collar stud, when your neighbour's cow has strayed into your verandah and eaten up your socks and neckties, when you are walking peacefully along between high walls, or over a covered bridge, and are overtaken by a motor-car, and you find yourself for a few minutes in a vortex of dust, street refuse, and fine flakes of mud, you may safely claim the indulgence accorded by the Abbess of Quedlinberg, or the unknown bishop. It is a prescriptive right, with the saving clause that the user be not excessive—but first make certain who is in the car. It may be offensive or defensive, or a mere interjection against fate and things in general, or silent and more effective than speech. Thus when you run into a man round the corner, both parties swear on the defensive, when you sit on a tin tack, placed there on purpose, you are at liberty to swear on the offensive at the person who then happens to wear the most amiable countenance; or when Pickwick found himself in the wrong room with the lady with the yellow curl-papers, he might have sworn against things in general. The fourth alone is reserved for the unhappy judge and the clergyman. It should always be a last resort or forlorn hope. A perpetual and indiscriminate use of it dulls its edge, and it becomes a mere pattering of water from the colander of the Danaides. When it comes from one, who has the reputation of a total-abstainer, its effect is deadly, but it must still be a last resort, like the last charge of the imperial guard of Napoleon, or the tenth legion of Cæsar, or the onslaughts of Peter in the Tale of a Tub, or the Cæsarean section in obstetrics. Like the temple of Janus it should be shut up in times of peace.

But only a Linnæus would attempt an exhaustive enumeration and classification.

Alas! if all things in this world went on as well as they do in Plato's Republic, and life were a journey in a chariot, with reason as charioteer, and the will and feelings as horses, instead of, as it is, a wretched peregrination in a jolting country bullock-cart on an unmacadamised road, swearing would not be.

Lastly, it may be said, it is best not to swear at all, but and if, silence is impossible, and you are sure of your ground, and have a fair working knowledge of the law of easements, prescription and limitation applicable to the case, swear out loud and bold—but never in a weak and puling fashion, for

remember, it is of the latter that Dante has said,—‘a dio
spiacenti ed a nemici sui,’—and Shakespeare —‘I had as lief the
town cryer spoke my lines.’—and always remember the advice
given to Sir Walter Raleigh—

I fain would swear, but that I fear to do it—
If thy heart fail thee, swear—but do not show it

B. G. STEINHOFF.

Nagpur.

MEN AND WOMEN OF INDIA : A FEW PSYCHOLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

(Concluded from our last Number.)

BUT what is the product of these narrow conceptions and prejudices that we have examined ? What sort of women have they produced, it might be asked ? For if the product is as good as it could be, we need not interfere with the cause or the process. Here we have just to cast a glance around and record our observations. And we find that in the upper and middle classes where women have passed the chattel stage—when they were considered as much the property of men as a dog or a horse—they occupy the doll stage, when their physical well-being is carefully looked after and they are treated as companions to be well-dressed and beautified to adorn a man's side. We are well aware that this is their condition not only in our own society, but in many civilised countries, as we read from their everyday literature. However, that does not remove the stigma from our head. At this stage, women are required to be not only beautiful, but to be admired ; they are not to be clever, but to be acknowledged as such. The *raison d'être* of their entire being is to please men, apart from whose pleasure and judgment there is no such thing as a woman's personality. And for that purpose, they have to beautify their homes, beautify their persons by dressing well, and beautify their minds with a little smattering of English or Vernacular, or with a little bit of music. The butterfly function of beautifying is thus made their sole business in life. And though we do not condemn them for attending to it any more than we rebuke a lawyer or a doctor for attending to his duties, we often wonder how two such different creatures as man and woman can pull on in life

together. Would not a stranger coming in our midst—a visitant, like Mr. Wells's Angel in the 'Wonderful Visit'—be struck with the discrepancy that exists between the two sexes in a great many families ?

No doubt a little music is attractive and serves to cultivate taste, and a little smattering of English or Vernacular, however bad it might be, is useful in the society in which we live. It is when these are substituted for the sum and substance of woman's education, for the Alpha and Omega of her mental equipment, that mischief begins. For then it is forgotten that education does not consist in stuffing the mind with idle facts, letters and figures, or in driving into it musical notes ; that it is a leading forth of the mind out of its own immediate circle—a process which enables it to grasp the facts of life, to think over them, and to utilise them. And it is this neglect that makes our average woman, in Dean Swift's language, as incapable of thinking as of flying.

Similarly, there is nothing wrong in the fact of the woman being a beautifying agency or a power of attraction in man's life. It is when she is looked upon solely as an ornament or decoration, when beauty is unduly separated from utility, that the principle proves harmful to society and implies much waste of energy. There is nothing paradoxical in a woman being a rational creature and at the same time a beautiful playmate. Both the qualities can be easily combined to suit the double nature of man, and it is possible to have, instead of the fairy kingdom of man's imagination in which beauty reigns supreme, a proper social system in which, according to the wise saying of the illustrious Pericles, we can be lovers of beauty with economy, lovers of philosophy without effeminacy.

One feature of this type of existence is want of self-respect in women. We know the great importance assigned to this quality in civilised society, the characteristics that primarily distinguish the civilised man from the barbarian being self-control and self-respect. We also know how indispensable it is in the moral and religious field. Nothing is able to take its place in a man's moral and religious life. It is said he who has no respect for his self, for his moral manhood, fails to respect his God and only acts through a servile or selfish motive. Yet we hear of this quality only with reference to men ; our women are asked to

take shelter in the retiring virtue of modesty. Now, no woman who has lost the noble gem of modesty from the crown of her character deserves to be called a woman. But that is no reason why she should not respect her modest self as much as a man does. Indeed, no other quality of her mind helps her so much to preserve her modesty as self-respect does ; and no other quality will tend to raise the tone of our society so much as self-respect in woman. But circumstances are such that she cannot preserve her self-respect. That requires an independence of mind which she seldom comes to possess. And the result of it is that she is more or less servile, her slavery being the worst kind of slavery, for it is more mental than physical : a slavery in which the mind, accustomed to the thralldom of ages, acquiesces in the present state and never tries to rise above it.

If it be said that the proverbial vanity of woman goes to prove the contrary, and that the Indian woman is no exception to it, the statement is untrue. By its very nature vanity has nothing to do with self-respect, which might show itself at times in a gleam of pride peeping through the armour of some souls. And woman is not proud, but vain. She is vain of her possessions, of her beauty, of her husband's wealth or title. In many cases, the Indian woman is aware that she is a satellite shining with the help of borrowed light. Hence her modesty and want of self-respect go hand in hand with her vanity.

Mr. H. G. Wells, while describing his country-women in one of his books, uses the following words:—" They were neither pets nor partners—but something between the two ; now indulged like spoilt children, now blamed like defaulting partners ; constantly provoked to use the arts of their sex, constantly mischievous because of their provocation." Are these words not equally true of the Indian women ?

One of the chief products of the modern age is its Historic Method. This is the method that has proved most fruitful and is made use of in science, philosophy, and every other field of knowledge. " In the last century," writes Lord Morley, " men asked of a belief or a story, Is it true ? We now ask, How did men come to take it for true ? " Everything is to be explained with reference to its history or origin. And the question might be asked, To what is due the position of woman at the present

day ? The theory of 'might is right' is put forward by the friends and supporters of the suffragette movement. It is said that woman being the weaker, owing to the sufferings and incapacities involved in the birth of children, has been prevailed upon by the stronger sex in the struggle of life. Man has become her master and she suffers through man-made laws. But closer attention reveals another side to the problem. We need not enter into it here fully, for that will be like carrying a handful of foam to the sea of talk that is raging over it. It will be enough to say that though 'might is right' has been the law of physical nature and man has all along put it into practice, consciously or unconsciously, he has not intentionally tried to suppress woman's personality. His laws have been, on the whole, more good than bad ; they have afforded safety and protection to woman ; and the severities of nature have been to some degree softened or nullified by the growing conscience of humanity. If woman has suffered, it is owing to the working of the principle of Division of Labour in all societies. Her present position is due to economic considerations. Man is primarily an animal ; he has material wants to the satisfaction of which he is bound to see first. And nothing has done so much to make this satisfaction easy and possible as the principle of Division of Labour. It has come into existence with the very birth of society, and its existence is wound up with the stability of society. Society, in order to live and to progress, must have division of labour ; some of its members must do one kind of work, others another. Consequently, men were taken to the fields, or the cattle, or some other outdoor work, women were kept at home, and from the economic standpoint society flourished.

But economic considerations, however important they may be, are not the only considerations, for man is not merely a wealth-manufacturing machine. There are moral considerations as well, and comparatively late, it has been discovered that these have suffered. The most prosperous economic state of a country is not necessarily tied up with its highest spiritual or moral bliss. Not infrequently has it proved to be the contrary. And so the principle of Division of Labour remains to be corrected on the moral side. Where it has tied men to the daily round of physical duties, it has deprived them of all opportunities of

cultivating their minds, as in the case of our workmen. And so it is in the case of women, specially in the East.

Man, we know, is not truly human apart from society. He owes all his higher virtues to society, without which, as a philosopher describes him, he is "poor, nasty, dull, brutish and short," a caricature of the modern man. How could woman be then womanly, if according to a strict interpretation of the principle of Division of Labour, she be given no share in the social interests of the community? How could she engender and develop social virtues, if she is confined in utter darkness within the four walls of her room? No wonder that all theories framed to give her a good social training by keeping her out of society have proved untenable, and left us with nothing but the domesticated animal on hand.

Besides, where division of labour in theory implies vicarious work in practice, where it keeps one-half of society idle and the other half overworked, it is an imperfect division, however chivalrous it may be. The breadwinner of the family is overworked, while the women-folk have very little to do at home. At most they are assigned a negative function and required not to spend much. This does not tax their energy and leaves them free to fritter away their time in doing nothing or worse than nothing. Their thoughts and aspirations have nought to do with the larger practical or social life; dove-like, they soar over the waters of life, scarcely touching them with the wings of their fancy. Surely, Aphrodite, thou hast risen, but thou art not the perfect goddess of old, rising from the mythic sea!

And this portion of society does not suffer by itself; women are not deprived of their mental and moral privileges without producing some effect on society at large. Our world consists of many things, many persons, many propositions, many ideals. And its unity does not certainly lie in the philosopher's head. It lies in the influence which every so-called atom, mental or physical, exerts over others. On every plane this action and reaction is going on; no being, no thought, is free from its effect. Those who have attained to a certain height aspire higher, those above them stretch out helping hands, while those below try to drag them down. One woman aspires, others put her down or help her up; one man aspires, his wife and child hold him fast in their delicate clutches. And so the influence spreads from

plane to plane, from world to world, from star to star. Man has made woman what she is ; she in her turn makes or mars his life. He is to be punished or rewarded by the works of his own hands. It is getting clearer day by day that he and she are to be saved or lost together. Salvation in next life might be individual or personal ; salvation in this world seems to be collective. It is of an entire nation, or of the whole human race, half of which cannot be saved without the other half.

One instance of this reciprocal influence has been forcing itself too much upon our notice nowadays. A hue and cry has been raised with regard to the output of the Indian universities. The average Indian graduate is declared to be inferior in mind and culture to those of the other universities. Flaws have been discovered in the university curriculum ; college-teaching has been found fault with. But it is overlooked that so long as public opinion remains unchanged, so long higher education will be undertaken in the wrong spirit, so long there will be a hankering after degrees and a possible remuneration in the form of Government posts, and the result will remain the same. And who forms public opinion ? Any outsider looking at Indian society will be surprised to learn that it is moulded by women. For it is generally believed that women's influence in India is not so great as in the countries of the West ; that they do not take much active part in society, and are mostly huddled together behind the *Purdah*. It is overlooked that all the same they are unseen forces pulling the strings of society from within ; that their influence, though latent, is as great as that of the women of the West. And this influence, if wanting in the direct line of action, makes up for it by traversing various curves and underground passages, and reaching its object as surely as an arrow flying straight to its mark. For by their very nature and force of long-sustained domestic habits, the Indian women are fitted to represent the feeling-side of society. All the thinking, all the active work in society is done by men ; they are its vocal organ and give expression to its thoughts. Now, thoughts express outer impressions, *i.e.*, impressions forced upon the mind from without, from the world of surroundings, and inner feelings. And though at first sight it might appear that the objective element in thought, consisting of the outer impressions, is of consequence a plunge into the subject reveals that it

is the inner feelings that have a greater bearing. For they represent the active side of thought, whereas the outer presentations are merely passive. Man, while looking at the universe, brings his own personal bias into it. His feelings give his impressions a peculiar tone or colouring. They determine what he sees and what he shall not see. Is not woman's influence great, then, in a society of which she represents the feeling-side and man the thought-side? Is it not she who determines public opinion by making men what they are, and what they think? Does she not determine from their early childhood what things are good and what are bad for them? No doubt a few men might rise above this influence, and try to attain to a sort of neutral impartiality, just as a few men attempt to philosophise without bringing in their personal factor. But it is not these few who form public opinion. Public opinion is constituted by the average 'many.' And what is the average Indian? Like all ordinary men, he is nothing more than a curious medley of his mother's virtues or vices, his wife's feelings, and his grandmother's superstitions, all tinged with a germ of his own feeble reason, if he has any. It is women who give him a particular outlook upon life; they teach him to look at things in a particular way, and if he happens to find out that this bias given to his conduct is not what it should be, he might spend his life in kicking at it without getting rid of it.

Let us push this psychological analogy to its end; let us ask, what is the function of thought in general? It is action. Thought is expressed with a view to action or intercommunication. If there were no need of action or intercommunication, if it were not necessary for men to live in society, there would be no need of expressing thought and no language would have been invented. Action faces us at the end, and action is the physical manifestation of thought and feeling: on one side solely of feeling. So woman stands at the fountain head of the river of life, man with the ripe fruit of achievement at the other end. And if his achievements are not what they ought to be, if the waters at the mouth of the river contain impurities, where should we look for them with a view to removing them except at the source? It would be too late to think of removing them at the mouth.

Such is the indirect influence of woman in Indian society, an influence that will last so long as the institution of family

lasts among civilised nations, and the home is cherished as a possible place for the realisation of hopes often deferred to heaven. It is the family where her influence is supreme, and there, though ennobling and purifying, it is as a rule narrowing. In her "Thoughts on some Questions relating to Women," Dr. Miss Emily Davies says :—" A young man of the middle class, who enters upon life with generous instincts and aspirations after perfection, is apt gradually to lose them. He becomes day by day less public-spirited, more engrossed by selfish aims. The more home-loving he is, the more likely is this to be the case. In his best moments, where is he to look for sympathy? His highest thoughts and feelings cannot be shared by those nearest and dearest to him."

"Any expression of them is likely to be met by a blank, uncomprehending stare. If there is any question of a small sacrifice to be made for the good of his town or parish, he is advised against it. That his first duty is to think of his children, or, in other words, always to make the aggrandisement of his own family his primary consideration, is a maxim about which his wife feels not the slightest doubt, and which she never fails to impress upon him. . . . He will learn unconsciously, but very surely, that the great thing for him to do is to stick to his business, think of nothing else, talk of nothing else, aspire after nothing else." This is a faithful picture as far as it goes of the average Indian home of the upper and middle classes. In a great many cases, we see the stamp of a woman's hand on a man's character and actions as clearly as the impression of a seal on a wax tablet. The wax might be good and soft, the man's nature might be tender and noble, yet it is defaced and distorted by the impression it bears. He is wanting in refinement of character, in the broad mind and varied interests of the civilised man. Culture and refinement do not pay, they do not bring name and fame, pride and prosperity, like university degrees. So they are rejected by his womankind together with social service. As a result, the height of art, the sublimity of intellect, the realisation of beautiful acts, and the grand rolling notes of social harmony are all alike lost to him, the poor victim of home-bred desires and home-sick illusions. Take, for instance, our public men. How many of them are not men of mere words? When it comes

to action, how is it that they fail ? It is because their hands are as fast bound by family trammels as those of any ignorant or superstitious men. Their eyes are opened ; their vision is clear ; the darkness does not come from their mind, but it is there, and envelops them as much as anybody else. The power to do good is theirs, they know it, but they cannot use it.

The problem of " home " is not one of recent growth. It has been the puzzle of philosophers and statesmen since centuries. The home has been found to be a stronghold of selfishness, a jarring element in the midst of social harmony, whose interests have ever conflicted with the larger welfare of society. That was why Plato tried to banish it from his ideal state, his communism offering to all alike not only common property and common dwellings, but common parents and common children ; and that is why wise men have despised and ridiculed the very instinct of love which lies at the root of all home-life, and preferred to its wild ecstasy the mild joy of friendship. But nothing reveals the importance of home in society so much as banishing it. With its disappearance there disappear the thousand little charms and virtues which have made life so interesting. If anything has transformed the savage into the civilised man, it is family affections, and any attempt to promote social unity by crushing the institution of family seems preposterous and threatens to reduce men to the state of ants and bees. There is but one way in which social harmony can be effected, and that is by enlarging family affections into social enthusiasm and converting the good parent into the good citizen.

And how can that be done ? There are two elements that go to constitute the narrowing influence of home : the exclusiveness of love, and the narrowmindedness of women. Of these the exclusive power of love is short-lived, unless it is fostered by the influence of women. Hence it is not so perverse as the second factor, and can be overlooked for the present. Moreover, it is a necessary evil accompanying a great good, and has to be put up with. As to the second factor, which is generally omitted from the discussion of home among civilised people the evil can be easily removed by raising women to the height of men, by educating them carefully in the general principles that under-

lie the working of society and the world, by teaching them that the good of the many constitutes, in the end, the good of the few and that the course of nature or morality cannot be reversed for them in any instance. And where can they learn this better than in society or practical life ? Where is the narrowness of their vision, side by side with their sweet submissiveness and noble unselfishness, so great as in a country like India, where the separation of domestic from social life is almost complete and where women are kept very little in touch with the practical interests of the country ? No wonder that those "airy acquirements" that pass under the name of education among them, those social duties that are nothing more than superficialities, have been found insufficient to remedy the evil ! The work that lies before the Indian society is uphill work ; it has not yet reached those heights where it can saunter leisurely. Its mind cannot be wholesomely fed on dainties and luxuries in *lieu* of solid food. It is only when the home ceases to be a narrowing influence in man's life and becomes a centre of light from which sweet beams of sympathy irradiate in all directions and to all quarters, and women shine by their own light, instead of shining by the light of circumstance, that genuine progress becomes possible to it.

SIRIN S. PARUCK.

Bombay.

WESTERN AFFAIRS AND PORTENTS.

II. THE CONFLICT OF EUROPEAN POLITICAL AND CULTURAL INTEREST.

THE immediate turn of events in the Balkans following the Turkish collapse might form a variation for the moralist on the theme of the *unwisdom* with which the world is governed. Obviously, the higher interest of the "allies," with the whole of this territory virtually in their possession, lay in a permanent confederation for mutual defence and economic expansion, whilst retaining their individual autonomy. Questions of territorial demarcation and the like would thus become of minor interest, to be settled by a general accommodation combined with complete religious freedom—the basic principle of any healthy modern State. Thence there opened up a prospect of this troubled region, united under a settled regime, becoming a new factor in European affairs. This prospect has for the time dissolved under a storm of sectarian jealousy, national rivalry and racial feeling, let loose as soon as the cause of a common hostility towards Turkey appeared within sight of success. Instead, there is the likelihood of these separate States—comparatively weak in themselves—becoming instrumental to the larger ambitions and rivalries of the Powers centering in the Near East. The position, however, at present is too indeterminate to venture on speculation as to its upshot. But there are indications of a disturbance of the previous balance of international forces through recent events which have a peculiar significance for their bearing on the course of European civilisation. To one or two aspects of these developments in this regard, let us direct our attention.

It throws a fresh light on the antithesis of Occident and Orient to realise that, just as there are differences and antipathies of race and usage within the Orient, so is there cleavage in similar respects to be found in Europe, more particularly in the field of cultural conditions, the beliefs, institutions, political forms, economic organisation, freedom of thought and action (or the reverse) which mark the general deed and aspiration of each great ethnical division. European peoples, as we find them to-day, are the product of the migrations and segregations that followed in the middle ages on the break-up of the Roman Empire, further modified by historic circumstance, and the nationality and industrial movements of last century which have practically dissolved the mediæval social order. The countries and nationalities, as now organised, are composed of mainly similar populations in ethnical character. True, several of the "Powers" have alien elements among their subjects; Austria-Hungary in particular, ruling over a non-German and non-Magyar host more than equal in number to the dominant race in each of its two divisions. But the struggles for organic nationality that make the last hundred years so momentous to European life have had the above result. Even sectional rivalry in the Balkans has its roots in historic tradition antecedent to Turkish domination. With the frontiers of the greater States adjusted roughly to ethnical affinities, there has followed the rise of a wider racial consciousness, a movement towards closer association with kindred peoples of separate State organisation, signified, for instance, in the Pan-Slav and Pan-German idea.

Though all the races as now distinguished are of mixed origin, and ever harbour in certain cases Asiatic strains, the language test points to the chief element in their composition. The 60 tongues spoken in Europe may be classed under six main heads. These are neo-Latin, as French, Italian: Celtic, as Irish, Welsh: the Teutonic, subdivided into Scandinavian, low German (English) and literary or high German: Slavonic, as Russian, Polish, Czech, or Bohemian: the group including Magyar (Hungarian) which connects with pseudo-Asiatic tongues and the Turanian of the Crimea and Turkey. Then there are the Semitic and other dialects like the Gypsy; and the classics that survive in literary or liturgical forms—Latin, Greek, old Slavonic, and Hebrew. Corresponding with these divisions and

affected by their cultural associations is the broad ethnical grouping of the European family. Within Britain is found Celtic and Teutonic strains tenacious of their own idiosyncrasy ; but she pertains to the northern stock that differentiates from the main Slav mass of Russia. France, Spain and Italy inherit northern and southern elements amalgamated under and deeply affected by the old Roman policy as embodied in the Mediæval Church. In central Europe, Austria-Hungary dominates sections of the mixed Slavic race which stretches eastward and south-eastward to its confines on Kirghiz steppes and the Balkans. The Balkan Peninsula and Russia mark the sphere of influence formerly exercised by the Greek or Eastern branch of the Mediæval Church that carries with it a detachment from the stream of spiritual life of West Europe.

Within the Balkans are peculiar differences descending from various tribes of Slavonic type who pressed into the Greco-Roman empire and established roughly-defined kingdoms at its expense. Although brought into the Christian fold by the Greek Church there are sectarian distinctions which, as usual, are cause of keen antagonism. Under Turkish rule these traditions were a factor in commercial self-preservation, and with its collapse have strongly asserted themselves. The Serbs dream of independent union with similar folk in Austria. Roumanians conserve Roman tradition as a Latin colony on the Danube, isolated by the tide of alien immigration from the north-east. Bulgarians are of mixed origin, and were excommunicated some years back by the Greek Patriarch for adopting the liturgy in their own tongue and setting up a national head or Exarch of their Church. The Greeks have an historic link with the old Empire and aspire to a pan-Hellenic Kingdom with Constantinople once more as its Christian capital. Albanians seek independence on their own account as a distinct people tracing their descent to the Illyrians of Alexander's time. Of such is the rivalry blazing up into internecine strife as soon as the contest with Turkey reached a victorious climax. The issues involved, of comparative unimportance in themselves, connect in a singular fashion with the dominating trend of European ambition and conflict.

Political combinations as shown during the last decade or so are not altogether at one with racial interest—or what would appear to be such. Passions and purposes stirred by the preceding

national wars have brought about curious alliances and *ententes*. The Bismarkian policy of maiming and alienating France in order to set up a German hegemony in Europe has failed in the first resort and thrown resurgent France into the arms of Russia. The French revival, the feelings surviving in the annexed provinces, particularly Lorraine, this open wound and its dangerous reaction on European peace is a signal comment on policies of "blood and iron" applied to the extension of national influence by force in Europe. Italy, though assisted by France to regain her unity, has been driven by subsequent quarrels into the German alliance, despite other links with her Latin sister. The German Empire would seem by ethnical affinity and many historic and intimate connections to be the natural ally of England on the continent. Yet Germany and Britain have been in almost open hostility for some years over naval and imperial issues. Deliberate antagonism has been preached by certain extreme exponents of Teuton *Welt-Politik*—the expansion of German world-power—to which England is the standing obstacle according to their interpretation. To what extent the utterances of rabid publicists can be taken as guides to the aims of responsible statesmen, is of course doubtful. But the dominance of German influence in the councils of Old and Young Turkey—the prospect of a revived Ottoman empire drawn into the orbit of German diplomacy and subserving a policy affecting the position in the Nile Valley and the Persian Gulf to the detriment of British interest in these regions—has had something to do with the course of our international relations: the adoption, that is, of a working accommodation with Russia and a cordial understanding with France, where previously there had been continual mistrust or recurring friction with both these Powers over territorial and commercial questions in Asia and elsewhere.

The new Balkan situation with Turkey, virtually effaced from Europe—whatever her exact frontier line may be in future—and Russia slowly recovered from her recent troubles, contesting the erstwhile Austro-German predominance—all this has changed the diplomatic outlook, together with the seizure of Tripoli by a member of the Triple Alliance. So that the spectre of a Slav combination backed by ascendant Russia, threatening by mere mass Teutonic hegemony, undermining by a Pan-Slav

propaganda the allegiance of Slav-Austrian subjects, is what events have conjured up to German statesmen. Already extravagant claims of Slavdom to "master" the West, outrivalling those of Pan-German fanatics, are forthcoming. That would be fulfilling Napoleon's dictum with a vengeance—that Europe must either become Republican or Cossack! Though as yet too early for this spectre to materialise in tangible form, the shifting forces at work have considerably modified the strain in Anglo-German relations and naval rivalry; and a tremendous Teutonic effort is being put forward to enhance internal resources for future action. The Pan-German idea has also been quickened in its defensive aspect.

The extension of racial influence by means of culture factors is a quite different thing to dreams of armed aggression by demented militarists, which, in the present frontier distribution of Europe, could not but evoke stubborn resistance and menace its entire civilized hopes. And between Germania and Slavdom is a wide historic and cultural gulf. Should a commanding contest arise between them for ascendent power—political and intellectual—the sympathies of Britain would lie largely with her Teutonic kinsfolk. Although German genius has given little to the development of European thought and action on the side of popular politics compared with France and England, it has added priceless contributions to the life of the free spirit, to exact scholarship in every field of intellectual enquiry and scientific investigation, and wrought for Western emancipation from mediæval theocracy. Russia is now the greatest embodiment of the absolutist and theocratic principle. A certain school of Slavophil opinion is in direct antagonism to everything that distinguishes progressive life in the West—constitutional government, freedom of thought and individuality, love of knowledge, economic advancement. Even Tolstoy, who stands for a peculiar phase of Russian religious feeling and social sympathy, apart from Orthodoxy, reflects this negative attitude towards the institutions in question. If these things carry with them casual imperfection in their existing stage of realisation, that is only ground for pursuing their improvement. And in the greatest sphere of all—that of spiritual illumination and art—we have to acknowledge the gains from such diverse personalities as Luther, Lessing, Kant, Goethe, Heine, Beethoven, Wagner.

The mystic, Carlyle, may be taken as a revealer and interpreter of one great phase of the Teutonic genius in its universal expression, in connection with our national literature.

While, therefore, imperial statesmanship, taking account mainly of material interest, must guard jealously Britain's position—strategical, territorial or industrial—from any menace, from whatever quarter it comes, our humanest sympathies may play freely on behalf of European life in the direction above indicated. It is worth noting here that in the matter of mere material power those nations most advanced in education and the industrial arts stand to succeed, other things being equal: so potent is the weight of science and efficient organisation in this course, which further tends to the growth of liberal institutions.

If we can conceive of a public opinion arising in the countries which can be classed under his category transcending coarser aims and policies, then the difficulties that beset their working harmony are not beyond removal. Hence a movement might spread to others less happily placed, resolute that the cause of European culture in its true modern sense shall prevail. Brethren of the Free Spirit may well proclaim in clarion tones, paraphrasing for their purpose a famous international Socialist appeal: "Workers for Light and Betterment—unite! You have everything to lose and a world to win!"

London.

AUSTEN VERNEY.

THE MYSTERIOUS TRADERS.

(Messrs. Hornby, Hunter & Co.)

II—THE PICTURES.

THE house which was taken by Dr. Hunter, now temporarily called Mr. Howard, was a large one with a big compound and a spacious garden attached to it. It was one of the best houses at Yarmouth and no men of moderate means could take it because though the rent was not so very high yet the cost of keeping the garden was beyond the means of the ordinary man. The gardener was attached to the house and so were the footman and the butler and the cook. The chauffeur only had come from London. The butler was an old man who had been in Yarmouth all his life and he could say everything about every house in the place. The footman was some relation of the butler and he too was well informed.

Three days after Mr. Howard's arrival came his four guests. The servants who are still attached to the house will tell you that they were five jolly old, confirmed bachelors. They were an over-merry, careless lot who all the time that they were at Merriville (that was the designation of the house) ate, drank and made themselves merry. They were out most of the time, kept no regular hours and played bridge when the weather kept them indoors. Old Mr. Howard with a slight hump, which his guests called his scholarly stoop, was the easiest going of all masters. He did everything for himself, specially his dressing, in which he never sought the aid of the footman. Why he had not brought his own footman from London, neither John Smith the butler nor Thomas Hardy the footman ever understood.

The master, Mr. Howard, always liked late dinners and the guests were even more tardy. They never sat down to dinner till well after nine at night and kept on smoking and chatting till midnight. But the servants were allowed to retire soon after 10-30.

At the dinner table they discussed England and America, bicycles and motor cars, watches and necklaces and all sorts of things, and from their conversation it was evident to the servants that like their master, Mr. Howard, his guests were all shrewd business men and enormously rich. They were all good-tempered people and made friendship fast. Within a month of their arrival their roll of acquaintances had swelled enormously and there were a number of neat little dinner parties which the richest and best people of the neighbourhood joined with pleasure. Within six weeks of their arrival they had become the most talked-of people in the whole neighbourhood.

On the 10th of August, after the servants had retired to rest, Mr. Howard and his guests were sitting at the dinner table with wines and cigars, and a lively discussion was going on.

"The three Corots at Leonard Villa ought to sell for £12,000," said Mr. Howard.

"Undoubtedly they will, did you not hear old Johnson say that he purchased them for 18,000 pounds and was offered £20,000," said Mr. Little.

"How long shall we have to keep them before we can sell them out without fear—?" asked Mr. Rider.

"If we ship them off to America, we can find a purchaser without difficulty who will pay fair price and ask no questions," said Mr. Carman.

"But how will you avoid the custom officer?" asked Mr. Howard.

"That will be my business," said Mr. Carman, "you procure the pictures for me and—."

They all agreed that Mr. Carman would have to go to America with the pictures, but then it was discovered that Mr. Rider knew more people in New York who would purchase things without asking questions than Mr. Carman did. But Mr. Rider would not undertake to avoid the custom barrier safely. It was, therefore, decided that both Mr. Rider and Mr. Carman should go. The expenses would be high, but that could not be helped. Moreover, some such accident may happen that it may require two brains to bridge over any temporary difficulty.

There was a large gathering of ladies and gentlemen at the house of Mr. Johnson, the millionaire, of Leonard Villa. The dinner was to be followed by a dance and at dinner the engagement of Emily Johnson with the impecunious Lord Hallbury was to be announced. This gentleman had inherited an empty title and a bare £500 per year which scarcely kept him in cigars, and so there it was that the rich heiress Emily Johnson came in handy. It was a

marriage more for convenience than love and everybody at Yarmouth knew it. Lord Hallbury and Emily Johnson were the two special favourites of old Mr. Howard of the Scholarly Stoop and the engagement ring that was to be given to Emily that night was a present from the last named gentleman to Lord Hallbury. It was a costly ring with a single diamond in it and must have cost at least £400. Besides the ring Mr. Howard had promised Emily a diamond necklace worth £2,000 on her wedding day that was not very far off. After dinner, in the usual course of things, the engagement was announced and the date fixed for the marriage was also made known. The wedding was to take place early in November.

The dance commenced at about ten and all the fairest and best joined. Mr. Howard had quietly slipped away, but as everybody else was engaged none took any notice of the fact.

Mr. Howard quietly slipped out of the hot ball-room, went into the dining-room and thence into Mr. Johnson's office which was in darkness. He groped his way about, opened the communication door and passed into the corridor. Quietly and silently like a cat he passed through it and reached the door of the picture gallery. The door was securely locked. Mr. Howard produced the key which Mr. Hunter had given him earlier in the day and with a trembling hand inserted it into the lock and turned it. The lock opened with a click. Mr. Howard looked fearfully around. The corridor was in total darkness, as while coming along he had switched off the only electric light. Nobody had overheard. He passed into the room the walls of which were literally covered with costly pictures. He then closed the door behind him and felt for the switch. Soon the room was flooded with light. Mr. Howard, all nervousness now gone, walked straight to where the three Corots were. He took out a sharp knife from his pocket, took down each picture in turn and removed it neatly from the frame. He then rolled up the pictures, wrapped up the lot in a sheet of newspaper, opened the window and dropped the pictures through the bars on the lawn below. He then closed the window, put out the light and came to the door. He listened for half a minute. Everything was silent as death. He turned the handle but the door would not yield. Mr. Howard had forgotten to remove the key from the lock outside and bring it along with him. Somebody must have observed him, after all, then. He was trapped like a rat. He stood inside with clenched fists and clattering teeth. It meant an exposure and probably a trial. It meant the failure of all his schemes and probably three months in jail. He stood inert for full one minute, then he heard the key turned in the lock. He knew that everything was over but he could not stir an inch. The door slowly opened. The corridor lamp

was alight. Mr. Howard heaved a sigh of great relief. It was only Mr. Hunter. "You are a fool, Hornby," said Mr. Hunter, "you had no business to leave the key outside. I thought I would give you a lesson."

"Has anybody observed my absence?" asked Mr. Howard.

"Nobody yet, but if you stand there trembling like a coward, I am sure somebody will," said Mr. Hunter sternly.

Mr. Howard came out but he was trembling still. Softly they went out of the corridor after taking care that the key had not been left in the lock this time. Then they entered the darkened office and by way of the conservatory returned to the dining-room which had been converted into a supper-room with a number of small tables. They sat down at one of the tables and Mr. Hunter ordered whisky. "Drink it, it will help to restore your nerves to order," laughed Mr. Hunter. "I shall in the meantime go and see that the pictures are safely concealed in the motor car."

While Mr. Howard was still sipping his whisky, Miss Ethel Cotwood came in.

"You here, Mr. Howard, I thought you were dancing," said Miss Cotwood.

"I thought I should have a drink first and a cigar afterwards," smiled Mr. Howard.

"On the lawn? Don't you think this room too hot," asked Miss Cotwood.

Mr. Howard again felt his nerves leaving him, but it would not do to give way; Hunter must be given five clear minutes to stow away the pictures safely.

"Are you not dancing," he asked,

"No, I shall have a stroll first, on the lawn, and that with you," smiled Miss Cotwood.

"Then you must wait for two minutes, and let me finish my drink." Miss Cotwood agreed.

Mr. Howard did not approve of drinking whisky after dinner, but he did order another glass and sat sipping. Hunter must have his five minutes. Before he had finished his glass, however, Hunter returned all radiant. From his face Mr. Howard knew that everything was all right.

"You are not dancing, Hunter," asked Mr. Howard:

"I may ask you the same question," replied Mr. Hunter.

"We are going out for a stroll on the lawn first," said Miss Cotwood.

Mr. Howard had in the meantime finished his drink and lighted a cigar. Miss Cotwood dragged him away, leaving Mr. Hunter lighting another cigarette.

Old Mr. Howard was a universal favourite. His Daimler Landaulet was used more by the *children of Yarmouth*, as he called them, than by himself. His age and his wealth, moreover, gave him a privilege which few men enjoyed. He called every young girl his darling, and every young man his young friend. Within a month of his arrival at Yarmouth he could say a lot of things about people more than anybody else. Confidential family matters had been discussed with him which none except the members knew.

"What do you think about the engagement of Emily, Mr. Howard?" asked Miss Cotwood.

"I don't think of things that do not concern me directly," said Mr. Howard.

"But Emily is your darling."

"So are you, my dear."

"But do you think she will be happy," asked Miss Cotwood.

"I have no reason to think otherwise," replied Mr. Howard sagely.

"But Emily does not love him."

"She will be dutiful and he will be kind and loving."

"Then you approve."

"Of course I do."

"Did you know him before?"

"Never met him till he came here."

"Then how can you say he will be kind and loving?"

"I can read the character of a man on his face," said Mr. Howard.

"Then do read my character, please."

"I said I could read the character of a man."

"Oh, Mr. Howard, you are—."

"Yes, fire away, my dear, I am—."

"You are—you are absurd."

"But not stupid."

"You are intolerable, let us go in."

"I don't mind."

As they went in, Miss Cotwood left Mr. Howard and joined a group of youngsters. Mr. Howard was subsequently joined by Emily, Johnson.

"Why are you looking so pensive, Emily?" asked Mr. Howard.

"Oh, let us go out, Mr. Howard, the room is so hot and I want to speak to you," said Emily with a sigh. "Do you think, Mr. Howard, that—that—"

"Yes I think you will be very happy," said Mr. Howard, guessing what was forthcoming. "Lord Hallbury is not a man who will make his wife unhappy."

"But you see, he cares more for my money than for myself."

"In three months you will find the order of things reversed," said Mr. Howard sapiently.

"Do you really think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"But I hardly know him."

"Look here, Emily, my dear, you must not forget that your father knows things much better than you do. You have heard about love and have read a lot about it in novels, but it is all rot. No novelist knows what true love is. Your father and myself are not very old friends, it is true, but we are good friends. He had consulted me and I had agreed with him and we both think it is a very good match."

"But I hardly know him."

"But we do; you must remember that whatever your father does is for your good and I have no reason to do otherwise."

They then went inside.

"Where have you been, Howard," asked Mr. Johnson, as they went inside. "I have hardly seen your face since the dancing commenced."

"Out on the lawn all the time with some young girl or other," said Mr. Howard imperturbably.

"Yes, you would not dance, and not allow Miss Cotwood——"

"It was Miss Cotwood who suggested that I should go out with her," interposed Mr. Howard with a smile.

"Come and let us have a drink. Your friends are all dancing and I am always happy when I see youngsters enjoy," said Mr. Johnson.

The dance lasted till four in the morning and they all enjoyed themselves immensely. The stars were fading in the east when our five friends went to bed.

The next day there was the following conversation after dinner, after the servants had retired to rest at Merriville.

"How did you procure the key, Hunter," asked Mr. Howard.

"I would bet you a penny, you can't guess," smiled Mr. Hunter triumphantly.

"No, we are afraid we can't."

"Then I shall tell you," said Mr. Hunter helping himself to some whisky. "You know I always maintain that it is a very foolish thing to leave the key behind in the lock when you are going inside a room and will stay there for some time."

"Yes, you always say that, in fact you gave me the greatest shock I ever had in my life last night, when you locked the door from outside," said Mr. Howard, the very memory of which situation set him trembling.

"Well, it was like this," continued Mr. Hunter. "The day that old Johnson took us to see the pictures I knew that I should require the key, so I had taken with me a ball of well-kneaded flour. As you all went in, you must have observed that I brushed against the key and it dropped from the lock. I picked it up and reinserted it. Old Johnson was at that time busy with opening the windows on the other side of the room. But before I restored the key to the lock, I took a neat impression of it on the ball of flour."

"But why flour, why not wax," asked Mr. Carman.

"My dear Carman, wax is something very old, I wanted to do it on original lines ; moreover wax leaves the key oily."

"Well, proceed," said Mr. Howard.

"There is not much to add. I had been a jeweller's assistant long enough, and nothing was easier than making a key like that," said Mr. Hunter helping himself to a little port.

"I wonder when he will discover the theft," said Mr. Rider.

"Not before the beginning of the next season when some guests come in, or probably on the occasion of his daughter's marriage," said Mr. Howard.

"By that time the pictures will have been sold and the money realised," said Mr. Hunter.

"If luck does not desert us."

"When does the next boat for America sail?" asked Mr. Hunter.

"On the day after to-morrow, and we go by that," said Mr. Carman, "my servant Rider and myself."

The voyage from Liverpool to New York was the pleasantest Mr. Carman had ever enjoyed. Posing as a Cotton King he found himself the most important man on the steamer. His servant Rider was equally important among the steerage passengers.

Mr. Carman could talk a good deal on any subject, but motor cars seemed to be his favourite theme. It was understood that he had purchased the best motor car in England, that the King of England once drove in that car and Mr. Carman sat behind the wheel himself and went so fast that His Majesty had palpitation of heart and the policeman stopped them. "You should have seen the officer's face when he discovered who my fellow motorist was," was Mr. Carman's favourite remark.

"You should see my master's new motor," Mr. Carman's servant would say to his fellow voyagers, "it would do your heart good to have a look at the thing."

The voyage came to an end uneventfully. As each voyager passed through the customs barrier, he or she was critically examined.

Mr. Carman's turn came. The officers saw a stout gentleman, stiff and straight as if he had swallowed a poker, with an enormous gold chain from which dangled a masonic charm set with diamonds. They allowed him to pass.

"My servant will show you that there is nothing dutiable with me," said Mr. Carman in his lordly style.

"Thank you, Sir" said the Yankce who could not for the life of him guess that the real size of the gentleman before him was seven inches smaller round the waist and that the padding contained three rolled up pictures which were very much dutiable.

Seventeen days after the theft of the pictures from Mr. Johnson's house, Mr. Howard one morning received the following telegram from America.

"14,150 bags safely arrived, approved, returning Corona Tuesday." Mr. Howard was at his breakfast with his two guests. The telegram was handed over to him. He read it and passed it on with a smile to his guests.

"Not a bad business after all," said Mr. Hunter.

Three days after the receipt of this mysterious telegram all Yarmouth knew that Mr. Howard with the scholarly stoop and the motor car was a corn merchant who sent bags to America. And they were all satisfied inasmuch as everybody wants to know the affairs of his neighbours in spite of the fact that he looks indifferent.

By the time Messrs. Carman and Rider returned, all the people knew or supposed they knew everything about the mysterious residents of Merriville.

It was about the end of October that one morning our friends were sitting at breakfast which was nearly over, but Mr. Howard and his guests were still sitting at the table. One of them was reading the morning paper and the others were listening. Miss Johnson was announced.

"Show her into the drawing-room," said Mr. Howard.

But Emily Johnson, whose friendship with Mr. Howard had continuously increased, came into the dining-room which was adjacent to the drawing-room, without any ceremony and dropped into a chair. She was breathless and flushed.

"Early rising and a brisk walk has done you good, Emily, my dear," said Mr. Howard peering over his gold framed glasses. He was not reading but he had reading glasses on.

"Oh Mr. Howard——there has been a theft in the house and all the pictures have gone," panted Emily.

Mr. Little who was reading the paper, put it down on the table and then all of them looked at Emily and then at each other.

"You don't mean to say that the thief has carted away all the pictures—there were about 400 of them," said Mr. Howard.

"No, the three Corots have gone."

"Where," asked Mr. Little.

"That is exactly what we do not know," said Emily.

"The three Corots gone," said Mr. Howard slowly, "they were the best of the lot."

"They were, and father is mad with rage and grief," said Emily.

"When were they stolen—last night?" asked Mr. Carman.

"That is what we do not know," said Emily, "the rooms were opened after how long we do not remember."

"But why were the rooms opened?" asked Mr. Howard.

"There were some guests and they wanted to see the pictures," said Emily; "father keeps the keys himself."

"Well—" said Mr. Howard.

"We went in this morning and discovered that the pictures were gone."

"Did you find any of the windows open—or—"

"No, everything was just as father had left it when he went in last, that was about two months ago."

"Does Johnson suspect anybody," asked Mr. Howard.

"How can he, did I not tell you that he is too angry and prostrated with grief," said Emily.

"Smith," shouted Mr. Howard, "the car at once."

"I go on my bicycle," said Mr. Rider.

"I walk with Little," said Mr. Hunter, and the three gentlemen marched out of the room.

"Have the police been informed," asked Mr. Carman.

"Not so long as I was there," said Emily.

"Then as we go we shall pick up Inspector Hichman on the way," said Mr. Howard, "have a cup of coffee in the meantime, Emily, my dear."

"Thanks, I think I do require a drink."

The coffee came and our friends sat silent till Emily had finished it. The car was ready in the meantime and they all started. Mr. Howard's chauffeur was a clever man, and could drive fast. Within

five minutes of starting they had reached the police station where Mr. Howard informed Mr. Hickman that there had been a theft at Mr. Johnson's house. The inspector was ready to go with them in three minutes and by the time Messrs. Little and Hunter had arrived, Mr. Howard reached Mr. Johnson's house in his car. Everything was in a confusion there. Four guests had arrived on the previous evening for Miss Johnson's wedding and it was to show them the pictures that the rooms had been opened that morning after breakfast when the theft was discovered. Everybody had a theory of his own, but neither Mr. Johnson nor Mr. Hickman could find any clue of the thief. The windows were just as Mr. Johnson had left them on the occasion of his last visit and the door lock, which was a costly Chubb's key-catcher, had not been tampered with. The pictures had simply vanished. Mr. Johnson was simply prostrated with grief. He used to be so proud of his Corots. The rooms were never dusted except in the presence of the owner and so if there were any marks left on the dust on the carpet, they had vanished before the arrival of Hickman, so many people had gone in since the morning.

Mr. Porter, one of the guests, thought it was one of the servants who had a duplicate key. Mr. Leslie, another guest, thought it was a clever thief, but how the clever thief got away without being detected was the puzzle.

"It was a thief, since he has stolen the pictures," said Mr. Howard sagely, "and he is very clever since he has left no trace behind, but that does not help us very much."

Everybody agreed.

After a lot of discussion it was decided that a private detective should be engaged to trace the pictures as well as the thief. It is over ten years now but neither the pictures nor the thief has been discovered. Mr. Johnson agrees with everybody else that it was a very clever thief.

The following were the proceedings of the special meeting of the Directors of the firm of Messrs. Hornby, Hunter and Co. held on the 30th November, 1902.

Proposed, seconded and unanimously agreed to that the following accounts be passed :—

INCOME.

Carried over from last quarter	£* 1,468	0	0
By sale of pictures	14,150	0	0

Total £15,618 0 0

EXPENDITURE.

House at Yarmouth	£	340	0	0
One gold ring for Lord Hallbury		240	0	0
One diamond necklace for Emily		1,400	0	0
Expenses at Yarmouth		1,500	0	0
Trip to America		128	0	0
Expenses in America		20	0	0
Rent of furnished flat in London for quarter ending 31st December, 1912		20	0	0
Other miscellaneous expenses		100	0	0
<hr/>				
Total	£	3,748	0	0
Paid to shareholders £2,000 each.		10,000	0	0
<hr/>				
Carried forward for next quarter.	£	1,870	0	0

The Chairman, Dr. Hornby, then made the following speech :—
 “Gentlemen I am glad to be back in London. When at Yarmouth I took good care that everybody should know that I was a corn merchant who sent bags to America. After all, gentlemen, I fail to see why we should not be corn merchants. After we have sufficient capital accumulated, I intend to start a firm of corn importers. We require one hundred and fifty thousand pounds more. By the help of you all, gentlemen, I expect the money will be found and then goodbye to our present business. Let us hope that day will soon come. After that if our profits allow, we shall pay off all our constituents, including the Countess of Newford.

I now intend to take a house in Harley Street and treat the American millionaire, and get as much out of him as I possibly can. You, gentlemen, will have to be my trusted and devoted servants, because the game will be rather risky and I dare not engage any servants. But I shall be a kind master. To-day we part, gentlemen, to meet again this day week in my Harley Street house. I declare the proceedings closed and this meeting dissolved.”

S. N. MUKERJI.

Allahabad.

SOME RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

We have pleasure in introducing a new feature in this number, namely, a Literary Supplement of Reviews of some recent books and periodicals published in America. Books published in England are brought to the notice of Indian readers through various channels, but the scope for the introduction of American books in this country is, at present, very limited. It is with the object of widening this scope that we have opened an American Reviewing Department, putting it in charge of Rabbi Emanuel Sternheim, of Greenville, Mississippi. Dr. Sternheim is not a stranger to the readers of EAST & WEST, for he has written several charming essays in this Review. He is a literary contributor of some prominence, and has written for a great number of important journals in England and America, including the "American Review of Reviews", the "Nation", the "Monthly Reviews," the "American Economic Review," the "American Journal of Sociology" and a host of others. He is a clergyman of no mean ability and is, besides, a keen sociological worker. He is also prominently connected with the Peace movement, and a frequent writer for that cause. Dr. Sternheim will discourse on American books, and hopes to develop this section of the Review in course of time. We feel sure that, with the progress of education in India, the demand for wholesome literature will increase in course of time and there is a bright future for the sale of American books in this country. Editor—EAST & WEST.

What is Judaism?—Professor Abram S. Isaacs, Ph. D. A survey of Jewish life, thought and achievement. C. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1. 50. Net.

"THE Jewish people have waited for one who, a member of their own fold, should give a clear, intelligent, frank, and fair account of their ideals and accomplishments, which might enable others to appreciate more fully the Jewish tradition and induce them to give it the full credit that it deserves as a vital force in civil-

sation. Professor Isaacs' volume is a survey of Jewish life, thought and achievement. It throws light on the history, literature, services, and present status of the Jew."

This is the lofty purport of this volume as it is presented in the publisher's foreword, and if the volume under consideration had, in fact, adequately fulfilled this comprehensive purpose, it would have placed the people under a heavy load of debt to its author, for the statement that the Jewish people are waiting for such a presentation of their ideals, hopes and past achievements, is undoubtedly true.

It must be regretfully maintained, however, that Professor Isaacs' volume does not fulfil so important a mission.

Professor Isaacs has himself said, replying to criticisms, that the book is both of necessity and set purpose, brief, in that his object was primarily to interest an ordinary lay audience, and not the student either of his own or other faiths.

In the words of another reviewer, brevity does not of necessity postulate superficiality, nor does lucidity *ipso facto* demand this.

As an admirable example of what I mean, let me contrast Professor Israel Abraham's tiny volume on Judaism, with Professor Isaacs' essay on "What is Judaism?"

There can be no question as to the desirability of doing what Professor Isaacs has tried to do, but I doubt if it can ever be successfully done, in the compass of one volume. Professor Isaacs treats of fifteen separate topics, each one of which would, without exception, call for a volume or even more, if adequately treated. And this does not mean abstruse volumes. But that there is a field for Professor Isaacs' exposition of the ethico-social and sociological aspects of Judaism, in the same way that Paul Goodman deals with its religio-social aspects in the "Synagogue and the Church," a contribution to the apologetics of Judaism, cannot be questioned.

The desirability of making the claim that the field is even partially covered by this series of magazine essays is quite another thing. Professor Isaacs' scholarship and enthusiasm are alike unquestioned, but it must be said that he seems to lack the essential qualities of a successful historian, sense of proportion and the ability to see both sides of a new point. As it is, he presents entirely one side. Writing as I do from much the same standpoint, I cannot, nevertheless, share his optimism that our view is either entirely right or even nearly so unanimous as he seems to think it is.

To the great question of whether we are a nation, race and religious brotherhood, all three of these, or whether we are two of them, a race and religious brotherhood, or whether we are only one—a religious fraternity, he gives no adequate study or reply, and no

presentation of Jewish past or present, and no forecast of the future, can be of value from any writer who does not take a definite standpoint upon this vital issue.

* Frankly of opinion that we are all three—while nevertheless of the religious school of Professor Isaacs—I differ profoundly from his conclusions, and I envy him an optimism I cannot share, or rather I should envy him it, if I felt it was based upon substantial assumption.

There are fifteen chapters in the book, the first being entitled "What is Judaism." If it be true, as Professor Isaacs asserts, that Jewish apologetics exist, but are not popular in tone, and not designed for a popular audience, it would still be true that Jewish apologetics is ill-served by the cursory treatment of this chapter. But the assumption is not wholly true, Paul Goodman's admirable and distinctly popular volume, already quoted, being an instance in point.

The chapter on the "Jew in the World" leaves unanswered the common criticism that the Jewish genius is adaptive rather than creative. There is a rich field in this connection and I have never yet seen it fairly, much less adequately, dealt with.

I am entirely at variance with Professor Isaacs as to his conclusions in "Has Judaism a Future," and it seems to me he has shrunk from the bold statement of the logical conclusion of the faith of Liberal and Orthodox Jew alike, that it is only when the Unity is universally proclaimed that the end of religions will have come in the birth of religion. Our author's zeal to postulate universalism, and to subscribe to it as a Jew, leads him to make a claim that he cannot make for his brethren. We do believe in a universal brotherhood, but we believe it to be that time when not only in the words of the Hebrew Union Prayer Book "all, created in Thy image may recognise that they are brethren, one in spirit and one in fellowship," but also, and it is an all important also, "may be for ever united before Thee."

The Chapter upon "The Jewish Home" is in my opinion the best in the book, and while its compass makes even this inadequate, I would say anything to detract from the scant measure of praise I am able honestly to mete. A chapter is devoted to the perplexing question as to "What is Jewish Literature" but it adds no new light, and it is as good an illustration as any that such popular treatment cannot elucidate any difficult problem.

The production of noted workers such as Josef Israels to Moses Montefiore, is no justification for the perpetration of the faith of their fathers, unless that faith has something to give the world in the present and future, and in the chapter on "Is Judaism Necessary

To-day," Professor Isaacs fails to give a correct reply, for again he puts forward his own view point, and fails to see the universality of the Jewish message—in the spread of its essential doctrine, and in that spread alone is its survival present and prospective.

There are other chapters on "the Talmud in History," "What is the Cabala," "Stories from the Rabbis," and "What makes a Jew a singularly unfortunate production." Until Professor Isaacs will see that it is more important to settle the question of Jewish race and nationality, than to parade the omni-present boast that a Jew can be a Conservative in England, a Liberal in Germany, a pietist in Poland, a mystic in Turkey, and so on, he will never be able to reply to the question as to "What is a Jew."

As a commentary on "The Story of the Synagogue", I would commend Professor Isaacs' attention to "Religion in the Making" by Professor Dr. Samuel D. Smith, Professor of Sociology at the University of Minnesota, and he will see whether profound consideration of religio-sociological questions is of necessity abstruse or without charm.

Alas! at the same time the most futile of all the chapters and the most inclined to be dogmatic, is the last, "A New Field for Religion". Here Professor Isaacs voices with rare literary charm the prevailing sentiment of the 19th century in favour of a universal cosmopolitanism, but I would remark on this that the higher philosophy of the 20th century over that of a cosmopolised humanity of the nineteenth, is the conception of various strong entities, with the right spirit of amity and good-will toward each other.

It is not fair to put into the mouths of one's co-religionists an aspiration after a universal order, which eliminates the essential faith, which to-day, as throughout the ages, is still the message of Israel. Whether Liberal or Orthodox, Zionist or Non-Zionist, we still proclaim with passion and zeal, undimmed by our thousands of years of martyrdom, the abiding truth expressed in our great pæan of praise to the Eternal, "Hear O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is ONE."

For my own part I subscribe unhesitatingly to the theory that we are Race, Nation, and Religious Brotherhood, all three, and I find this belief compatible with the most liberal conception of Judaism, from the religious side. For this reason I differ fundamentally from Professor Isaacs' viewpoint, as expressed in this concluding chapter of his book, but even if I did not, I should still feel that it does a great injustice in passing so lightly over the conception of those who do so think, and who constitute no mean proportion of modern Jewry the world over. In common with many another American writer upon Judaism, Professor Isaacs fails to comprehend

the mystic message of our glorious past, or comprehending it, feels that the logical conclusion of its free expression would be inconsistent with the extravagant demands of Universalism so commonly

lie in the name of Liberal Judaism to-day, and made, I humbly believe, because of an erroneous conception of the effect of religious advance upon the homogeneity of a people linked together by a glorious past history, and with an unrivalled literature, as well as a common spiritual heritage of which they are custodians as well as inheritors, charged with trusteeship only, and this trusteeship postulating that the heritage be handed down "Unentailed"

A History of Civilization in Palestine.—Professor R. A. S. Macalister, *Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature*. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 40 cents net.

A companion volume to the one on Assyriology in the same series also reviewed, is this still more important work on Egyptology, or rather it is more than Egyptology, it is partly history in addition.

Professor Macalister wields a pen of great charm and power, and the volume holds one from start to finish as a vice, so fascinating is its import. His own introduction is as forcible as anything a reviewer can say in commendation of the book, when he says that the duty of the excavator is to "pencil out outlines already drawn, making no impression on the sketch; his function is to fill in the background, and to add the touches that ultimately make a perfect picture. It is from this point of view that the results of recent exploration are regarded in the following pages."

Commencing with a chapter on Palestine and its earliest inhabitants, we are taken through the ages to the last struggle of West and East, and finally to addendum entitled "Till Yesterday," being comments upon the recent uprising of the Young Turks.

Professor Macalister deserves a word of especial thanks from the professional exponents of Theology, of whatever creed, for his beautifully terse sentences in the opening of the chapter on "The Growth of the Religious Consciousness in Israel."

The statement often made in popular books that the Bible is the best guide to Palestine, is grotesque; but it is emphatically true that a knowledge of Palestine, its customs and ways of thought, is indispensable to a proper understanding of the Bible.

No Bible student can read the chapter under discussion without being invigorated and stimulated to fresh zeal for his Biblical research. The idea of the Jews that they are a chosen people is here discussed, from the standpoint of Scientific Egyptology with scientific precision, and yet with rare sympathy.

Impressive indeed is the beautiful testimony to the prophets of Israel. "Men come forward one by one, and speak now in impressive prose, now in poetry, which for grandeur has never been surpassed on this earth, and one by one the calves and the standing stones, are thrown out as unclean and Israel realises at last that the God whom for countless ages he has ignorantly worshipped, He is the God of the whole Earth.

A somewhat unsympathetic, with a veiled attack upon Zionism, without mentioning the word, is a great surprise, and in the opinion of the reviewer mars the chapter. The author therein says:—"Modern attempts to create an artificial fulfilment of prophecy by crowding the country with Jews from many nations and of many dialects, whatever may be its ultimate outcome, cannot fail to modify the future history of the country in one way or another."

Without attempting to argue Zionism with Professor Macalister, as it is outside the scope of this review, it is respectfully submitted that the idealism, the absence of which is deplored in ancient Israel, is here manifested in later devotees of Israel's undying faith.

Moreover, the theological ending of this chapter seems hardly justifiable or necessary, or in accord with the scientific spirit of the volume. Nevertheless, the chapter is a splendid one, on the whole.

"Till Yesterday," the concluding chapter, is a well-written, terse summarisation of the contemporary condition of things in Palestine, and its addendum shows fine critical perception and restraint.

The volume is a very valuable one, and while the illustrations add to the interest, the bibliography is of even greater value to the student and interested layman alike.

Condensation of a storehouse of learning to be profoundly grateful for, such is this book.

Ancient Assyria.—G. H. W. Johns. *Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature.* G. P. Putnam's Sons. 40 cents net.

The value of these manuals is out of all proportion to their cost, and this volume is no exception to the rule. In this age of specialization, and at the same time of overwork and bustle, the layman needs such condensed efforts presenting the cream of the newest thought upon their respective subjects.

This is not quite so true of a subject like Assyriology, which does not make a wide appeal, but which is fascinating to its devotees, and yet the perusal of this volume presents material for a very good general knowledge upon the part of an average layman.

The most interesting chapter is that on "Assyria as a World Power," while there are other good chapters on "The Second

Empire" and on the Sargonids. The illustrations add considerably to the value of the book, showing how the fund of information is gleaned from the prism, the statute, the bronze work, etc., etc. The bibliography is also a revelation of how much has been written upon Assyriology apparently with authority, between 1903 and 1911. Necessarily scientific and strictly accurate, the writer's style is facile, and the general reader as well as student will derive pleasure and instruction from the book.

Comparative Religion. Professor F. B. Jevons.—*Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature.* G. P. Putnam's Sons. 40 cents net.

This is another admirable volume in the same series, the author of which contributed an earlier one also on the "Idea of God."

The present volume is an excellent addition to the series because it presents a difficult subject in as interesting a fashion as possible, and moreover with much learning.

The chapter on Magic and on Monotheism are both noteworthy for charm and lucidity, and as important contributions to the literature upon the subject. The Bibliography is unusually good and comprehensive.

The Faith in Modern Thought. William Temple : Macmillan's.

The Candle of the Lord. Phillips Brooks.

Messrs. Macmillan have rendered theological workers of every school distinct service in reproducing these hitherto inaccessible books to a wide circle of readers at a popular price. They are both well known works and do not need extended review at this time, but merit notice as excellent numbers of an invaluable series.

How the Labourer Lives. Seebohm Rowntree. Nelson.

A popular treatise on the life of a labourer in England by Seebohm Rowntree, the well-known sociologist. This book should be read in India, although it cannot be expected to make a wide appeal in America in consequence of its specialization. Nevertheless, American sociologists will find much of interest in it. The writer has a clear and lucid style and the format of the book is delightful.

Our Neighbors the Japanese. Joseph King Goodrich. F. G. Browne & Co., Chicago : 253 Pages \$ 1. 25.

Most Indian readers will be aware of the recent troubles between California and Japanese Settlers, and the appearance of this excellent little volume by Professor Goodrich, for some time an instructor in one of the higher schools of Kyoto, Japan, is timely as far as the

United States is concerned. Professor Goodrich writes impartially, but it is evident he has no very great love for the Japanese. This may be a good thing for such a book, for it removes suspicion of special pleading. The chapter on Education is of some significance, and is interesting for its comparison between the Chinese and Japanese. The book is marred to some extent by its style which is not pleasing, but it has a good index, and is further distinguished by excellent illustrations and bibliography, which is, however, strangely inadequate. The literature on this subject grows, and the book under notice is on the whole an addition to it.

The Truth About The Titanic. Archibald Gracie.

Mitchell Kennerley, New York. 330 pp \$ 1. 25 net.

There is pathos about this volume, and it is pathetic from every aspect. In the first place the story of this greatest catastrophe at sea of modern times is pathetic of itself, then the author tells a sad tale, and as if there was not enough pathos, the author dies very soon after telling his tale, after surviving the ordeal of the wreck itself.

The story tells again the well-known details of the wreck, but having read it, it presents an ineffaceable picture, for apart from the sad detail, there is the conviction that the wreck was a deliberate sacrifice at the altar of an unquenchable thirst for luxury, and that this appalling loss of human life might easily have been avoided.

Colonel Gracie tells his story in a perfectly straightforward fashion, and the result is a narrative that grips, as no novel ever does, because of its realism and its grim earnestness. No matter where we live, or what avocation we follow, the story has a personal message of individual responsibility, and it will live as a record long after the keen edge of the disaster has passed away and the short-lived public interest is over. It is a vital and important story exceedingly well told.

Progress and Plenty. James S. Paton. Published by the Author at Fairhope Alabama, Cloth 136 pp \$ 1.25 net.

Mr. Paton disarms criticism by the courtesy and consideration with which he deals with those from whose principles he differs. Briefly, the book advocates the Single Tax, and to this extent agrees with Henry George, but advocates a different currency solution to that of George. The book is stimulating and well written and deserves the attention of students of Economics.

Two and Two Make Four. Honorable Bird S. Coler. Frank D Beatty's Company, New York, Cloth. 248 pp \$ 1.50 net.

Treated from the Catholic point of view, this is a well-written series of historical, sociological and philosophical papers with the general purport of protest against Atheism in the schools.

To anyone who knows the mischief caused by an attempt to teach religion acceptably to all the creeds in some European countries, notably England, the author will not bring conviction. One fears that by religion he means Catholicism, which is not to his individual discredit. But therein is the crux of the difficulty. The Protestant means Protestantism as a rule, and so on. However, the volume is distinctly thought-provoking and worth careful consideration.

The Constructive Quarterly. George H. Doran Company, Publishers, New York.

The September number of the *Constructive Quarterly* contains a series of articles of extraordinary importance upon two leading subjects. In addition to these, of course, are contributions on other matters.

The first subject discussed is that of Church Unity. It is handled from different points of view by men of varied traditions.

Another series of articles deals with the disputed subject of the Utility of Foreign Missions. Robert Elliot Speer, M. A., D. D., has an article entitled "A Constructive Interpretation of Christian Principle."

A. G. Fraser writes on "Missionary Education in China."

In addition to these articles, there are four others, each one dealing with a topic of contemporary importance. "The Church and the State: the Solution of the Problem in the Ministry of Service," gives a series of striking viewpoints and is written by Excellenz D. Dr. Hermann von Bezzel. The social side of Christianity is represented in an article by Max Turmann on the moral and religious restoration of a tenement house quarter in Paris. Of considerable controversial interest is the article by George B. Eager, A.M., on "Christ's Teaching about Marriage," while Jacques Zeiller writes a brief Biography of Frederic Ozanam who, as a student, brought back Catholic thought into the French University and later in his career was the founder of the Society of the Conferences of St Vincent de Paul.

The entire contents of the *Constructive Quarterly* for this month deals with topics which are pressingly in need of solution and ever present in the minds of all thinking men. They are the work of recognised specialist-leaders in thought. Their peculiar value is that they are frank statements on topics which are rarely discussed frankly.

FICTION.

Ever After. Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, New York.

Doubleday Page & Co, 287pp \$1.20 net.

This is an excellent story by a prolific writer, somewhat out of the beaten track. While the plot is not unique, it is treated in a new way, which is sufficient.

It is a story of domestic life, which depends for effect upon the temperamental peculiarities of the hero and heroine. A rich woman with a tendency to penurious habits, with a poor husband whose tastes are inclined to be extravagant, the story is based upon these essentials, and the denouement is unexpected and novel.

A very readable romance with some fine touches.

The Master of the House. By Edward Marshall. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 363 pp \$1.25 net,

This novel is adapted from Edgar James' play and is a powerful and vital presentation of the evils of divorce and deals pregnantly with modern problems. Nevertheless, it is not a mere society novel, but is well written, moving, and should prove a forceful medium for good. It certainly presents the woman's side of the divorce question with zealous ability.

The Lady and the Pirate. By Emerson Hough,

Bobbs Merrill Company, Indianapolis, 436 pp \$1.25 net.

The author of this novel Emerson Hough, usually writes serious novels and has written at least one, "John Rawn" which will rank with the great American Novels of the generation. In this instance he has chosen to write a lighter book and his admirers will find no fault with the decision, for the result is a supremely good midsummer book. The tale is written in the form of a phantasy of a young girl captured in piratical fashion by her lover and carried off on his own yacht. To some extent the novel raises the problem of whether the era of the masterful man has passed away, or whether he of this ilk will ever be the chosen of woman. It seems from the tale the author thinks he will. Be that as it may, he has spun a mighty good yarn around the theme and I heartily recommend the book.

A Midsummer Wooing. Mary E. Stowe Bassett. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard, Boston. 496 pp \$1.25 net.

A Midsummer Wooing is a very good midsummer book. Its real heroine is one who finds happiness and content in the contemplation of nature which she does through the medium of her own garden.

Incidentally she acts as matchmaker in the love affair of a man and a maiden. There is a bright and cheery optimism pervading the book, which has a soothing effect, it is an admirable volume to take into a hammock. Moreover, it is produced with unusual charm and excellence and would constitute an ideal summer gift-book.

The Stoenberg Affair. Ralph. A. Goodwin.

Sully and Kleintench. New York. 306. pp \$1.25 net.

A small principality of Europe is the scene of this story of love and politics. It is on the style of the "Prisoner of Zenda," the heiress of Stoenberg being a mere pawn in the political intrigues of Austria and Germany. The author possesses a keen power of characterization and has also contrived some very unusual situations. Moreover, the conclusion is entirely different to what one is led to expect, and on the whole the volume is one well worthy of attention.

The Ambition of Mark Truitt. Henry Russell Miller.

Bobbs Merrill & Co. Indianapolis, Indiana, 454 pp 1.35. net.

It is a comfort to the reviewer of many novels to read so engrossing a volume as *The Ambition of Mark Truitt*. It portrays as well as any recent book that the writer has read the spirit of modern America, best described in one word "Achievement."

The rise in the social and economic scale of the poor and friendless youth is no unusual theme, but it is handled in this book in an exceedingly able fashion. The progress of the hero from youth to manhood, and from obscurity to power, with its concomitants of a growth of passion, and of a virile love, with the accompaniment of some disappointment both material and sentimental, all these phases are treated with virility and realism; and a certain *bonhomie*, which pervades the whole story, and which with its belief in humanity, lifts the book from the sordid into the arena of a bright philosophical atmosphere, serves to make the book one of the most important of the season. Despite this weighty philosophising, it is not intended to convey the impression that the book is heavy, for on the contrary it is delightful reading.

EDUCATIONAL.

American Heroes. Inez N. McFee. A. Flanagan & Co., Chicago 262 pp.

This volume is very well adapted for senior children; the stories are well told in good language, and the illustrations and notes are

Primer of Physiology. John W. Ritchie, World Book Co., Yonkers, N. Y. 250 pp.

This is a very good text book on health principles as deduced from a scientific knowledge of physiology. It is well produced, splendidly illustrated, and well written, and is one of the best text books on the subject I have seen for a considerable while.

The Art Reader. P. E. Quinn. A. W. Elson & Co., Belmont, Mass. 167 pp.

An excellent volume of explanatory and historical matter, which gives without being a mere text book, good accurate information of the chief artistic sources. It is very suitable for older children and meets a growing demand for art instruction in the public school.

Julius Caesar. Maud Eline Kingsley and Frank Herbert Palmer (The Kingsley Texts). The Palmer Co., Boston. 163 pp.

This is a very good text book, the notes and outline study and examination questions being carefully and well planned.

JUVENILES.

Farnerkins Farm Rhymes. Dora H. Stockman. H. R. Pattengill, Publisher, Lansing, Michigan.

This little volume contains an instructive set of poems attractively written for young children. It is an excellent idea to go to Nature for subject matter for children's stories and verse. The format of the book is pleasant.

Stories from the Far East. Roland S. Kent and I. Freeman Hall, Charles E. Merrill Company, New York. 153 pp.

The stories are translated from the Sanskrit, and reduced to excellent simple English, making the stories told in far distant Hindustan available for both parents and children in the United States. The little volume bears the impress of careful scholarship and loving care, and consequently should enjoy a growing circle of little reading friends.

The Second Brownie Book. N. Moore Eanton & Alpha Eanton Benson. A. Flanagan & Co.

A splendid edition to a very good juvenile series.

The Circus Book. Laura R. Smith. Messrs A. Flanagan & Co.

This is an excellent and instructive story with dramatizations. The instructions and aids to teachers are excellent, and the volume is well produced.

Little People of Japan. Mary Miller. A. Flanagan & Co. 193 pp.

This is a most interesting study of Japanese Child Life and is well told. The illustrations are charming.

Mewanee: The Little Indian Boy. Belle Wiley.

Silver Burdett & Co., New York. 101 pp. 30 cents net.

Indian stories occupy an important place in present day literature for children, but not many stories of Indian life can boast the highly desirable combination of authentic facts and dramatic action. This story has both; it imparts information that was gained by careful research and it does so by means of a clear-cut, connected narrative that has "Go."

The book is excellently produced and beautifully illustrated, and is in every respect all that can be desired.

In Fableland. by Emma Serl, Silver Burdett & Co., New York. 163 pp.

This beautiful juvenile, from this very well-known house, is one of the best that has come into my hands this season. With the animals in fableland as its theme, it is strongly and tastefully bound, the illustrations are as apt as they are artistic, and the language is exquisitely simple and engaging. A very exceptional book for a young child. Miss Serl very evidently has real insight into a child's intellectual capacity.

BOOK NOTES.

The Aristocracy of a Numerous Offspring.

According to Mr. Tom L. Masson, the dozen traditional jokes with which primitive men and women regaled themselves have had offspring to the number of 66,800 odd stories—about that number being extant to-day. He does not go into detail and tell us how many have sprung from the first mother-in-law joke or from that of the witless Englishman, interesting as this genealogical study would be, but leaves that to some professional wit more studiously inclined. For the purposes of the reader seeking amusement or the raconteur desirous to impart it, 66,800 stories are considerably more than enough to satisfy the keenest appetite for humor. It has even been intimated that with some of our most popular after-dinner performers the original equipment of a dozen primitive jokes has been sufficient to meet successfully all the exigencies of a mirth-provoking career. Mr. Masson who has been managing editor of 'Life' for more than 20 years, has now collected what he considers the aristocracy of the numerous offspring of the

"prehistoric twelve" and hit upon four hundred as the final number of stories worth remembering. These will be published on October 4th in book form by Doubleday, Page and Company, under the title of "The Best Stories in the World."

Joseph Conrad's "Twixt Land and Sea."

Announcement is made that Joseph Conrad's late book "Twixt Land and Sea" hereafter will be published by Doubleday, Page and Company. The book originally was published by the George H. Doran Company about a year ago and achieved instant success. The great wave of Conrad popularity was just getting under way at that time, and the book was hailed by the most discriminating critics all over the country as one of the best pieces of work that author has turned out. The book is made up of three long short stories entitled "A Smile of Fortune," "The Secret Sharer" and "Freya of the Seven Isles." They are sea stories of the tropics, and reveal humanity stripped of all artificialities and in contact with untamed nature and untamed beings.

Doubleday, Page and Co., are making a feature of Conrad's books and the acquisition of "Twixt Land and Sea" was a logical step. This house also is bringing out new editions of "Youth," "Lord Jim," "Falk," and "The Point of Honor" to meet the tremendously increased demand for Conrad's books.

A New Story by Ian Hay has been published by Houghton Mifflin Co. It is called "Happy Go Lucky," and if one may judge from its reception by English readers, it is likely to find a large and appreciative audience. "Full of high spirits and high jinks," says the reviewer in *Punch*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Engagement and Marriage. Owen G. Cocks, B. D. Association Press, New York. 50 Pages boards. 25 cents (*Sex Education Series*).

This is a very valuable addition to an excellent series. A series of talks upon this important matter that should be in the hands of every youth immediately after the adolescent period. Reverent and thoughtful in tone, it is without sentimentality of cant.

Eat, Drink and Live Long. E. O. Richberg, M. D., Boericke & Tafel. Philadelphia Pa. Cloth 50 cents 82 pages.

A protest against faddism in diet. A useful compendium of suitable suggestions upon dietics,

Sabotage. by Emile Pouget. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. 108 pp. 50 cents boards, 25 cents paper.

This is a translation from the French of Emile Pouget by Arturo M. Giovanitti, an exponent of syndicalism resident in the U. S. A., who also contributes a readable introduction. Whether one can follow the arguments or not to their logical conclusion, it is but right to testify to the absolute sincerity of both writer and translator, and to pay tribute also to the skill of the translator's work. Without entering into the merits of the case for syndicalism, one may commend this volume as an excellent exposition of its import.

Scouts of Empire. Lawrence J. Burpee. 104 pp.

Humors of the North. Lawrence J. Burpee. 104 pp.

Musson Book Co. of Toronto, Canada, 50. cents net.

These very prettily bound and attractive booklets are two of a series issued by this Canadian firm. The first includes stories of six famous Canadian explorers told in pleasant fashion, and the second is a little anthology of Canadian humor. Of this latter one would say it whets the appetite for a more pretentious anthology. These little volumes are as full of good matter as to make them as valuable as many more pretentious ones.

PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

Socialism. W. H. Mallock M. A., National Civic Federation, New York.

A series of lectures by W. H. Mallock, the well known anti-socialist litterateur. Except for impossible print, this is a useful pamphlet, for no one presents the case against socialism in abler fashion than does Mr. Mallock.

Knowing One's Own Community. Carol Aronovic, American Unitarian Association.

This is a very interesting and valuable series of suggestions for social surveys of small cities or towns, of distinct value to the country clergyman and social worker.

The Child is Father to the Man. L. Rankin & Co., Boston.

A scheme for a co-operative magazine for children.

The Wayback Club. Crandon Publishing Co., Crandon, Wis.

An attack on the Progressivism of La Follette type, which is aggressive in Wisconsin. It seems to me to overstate the case.

County Classics. County Classics Company, Columbus, Ohio.

An excellent method of giving simple agricultural instruction.

The Universalist Church and Freemasonry. Rev. H. L. F. Gillespie. Manchester, Iowa.

A pamphlet dealing with the conflict of church and lodge interests, which is too diffuse for one to get a very clear impression of the author's aim.

Moral Science and Academic Freedom. Charles Beatty Alexander, L. L. D. Litt D., Lexington University, Va.

A Commencement address to the students of Lexington University; this constitutes one of the best pleas for academic freedom I have read. It is a beautiful address, and merits a wider attention than it has apparently received. One hopes it will be included in a volume at some time.

The Legacy of the American Revolution to the British West Indies and Bahamas. Ohio State University

A valuable Study.

EMANUEL STERNHEIM.

Greenville, Mississippi, U. S. A.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Compared with the agitation against the partition of Bengal which H. E. Lord Hardinge set himself to allay
Peace at at the outset of his rule in India, the agitation
Cawnpur. against the sequestration of an appurtenance of a Cawnpur mosque for public purposes was not a very alarming affair. Yet there were certain dangerous elements in it, because it had unfurled the flag of religion, and in India, whether it be among Hindus or among Musalmans, that flag readily attracts a large number of excited followers. The Musalmans of Bombay kept their heads cool and they have been complimented in the highest quarters on the sense of proportion and serenity of temper displayed by them. In the Punjab, where one might have apprehended the tendency to inflammability to show itself more conspicuously than elsewhere, the affair seems to have created much less stir than might have been expected. Yet men of high education had been so perturbed in their minds that in the very Legislative Council of His Excellency they had insinuated a disregard of the Queen's Proclamation. Then again a hundred persons were on their trial; the protracted proceedings and, if punishment had followed, the sympathy with the prisoners would have kept the Muhammadan community in a ferment for a long time. It may be doubted if Sir James Meston himself would not have been anxious to put an end to the unpleasant state of affairs as early as possible by some method which would have left the prestige of his Government intact. His absence from India to give evidence before the Finance Commission made the way smoother still for H. E. the Viceroy and the acting Lieutenant-Governor to settle the dispute satisfactorily from all points of view and to restore the much needed peace. After all the settlement was not difficult;

at any rate it seems easy now that it has been made and cheerfully and thankfully acquiesced in by all concerned. The Musalmans thought that their canonical law would not permit the surrender of a part of the mosque for any other purpose, while the municipality wanted a footpath at the very latitude and longitude where the frequenters of the mosque used to do something or other—what they did there was a much debated point. The adjustment of the two requirements reminds one of the story of Columbus making the egg stand on its end. Impossible, thought everyone else until it was done: ridiculously easy, cried all after it was done. Where a spot is required for railway traffic and ordinary traffic, both purposes are attained by the simple device of building a bridge over the railway and raising the level of the road which crosses it. The settlement of the dispute at Cawnpur followed the same device: the Musalmans were told that the level of the *dalan*, the appurtenance of the mosque concerned, would be raised, so that foot passengers might pass below, and they gladly acquiesced. It is not known who hit upon the device—the Public Works Department, the Railway Board, or His Excellency himself. It is quite possible that if a riot had not occurred and a hundred persons had not been in jail, some irreconcilables would have objected that a change of the level too was repugnant to the Muhammadan law; at any rate a public meeting at Calcutta has actually taken up that attitude. But the very fact that the trustees of the mosque, H. E. the Viceroy's Muhammadan colleague, and the leading Musalmans consulted, did not discover in the proposed solution of the difficulty anything contrary to Islamic law or sentiment shows that Sir James Meston was not altogether wrong in doubting the good faith of at least certain developments of the grievance, which in the main might have been rooted in genuine sentiment and honest faith. The vast majority of the Musalmans have expressed their satisfaction, and the solution of the difficulty, as well as the withdrawal of the prosecution against the scores of persons charged with rioting, was announced with the concurrence of Sir James Meston. It has been asked whether concessions made after a breach of the peace and release of prisoners to avoid unpleasantness and continued excitement do not tend to compromise the prestige of Government and will not offer a premium on defi-

ance of law and authority. These are very old questions and obviously do not admit a general answer suited to all circumstances. Persistence in a false or imprudent step is as injurious to prestige as an exhibition of weakness, and the probable effect of each concession must be estimated from the particular circumstances connected with each case. A vivid consciousness of possible interference by a higher authority ought not to paralyse executive action. There is a law higher than the highest authorities, and none can avoid its jurisdiction, and a consciousness of every will being subject to the other wills, individual or collective, has a sobering effect on all who are engaged in the governance of their fellow-creatures and teaches them prudence and tact. In the neighbouring province of Bihar and Orissa the Viceroy has all along been very popular. The province owes its individual existence to him, and that individuality involves the establishment of a High Court and a University. The inhabitants of Bihar and Orissa have resolved to express their gratitude and their appreciation of the qualities of head and heart of Lord and Lady Hardinge by erecting life-size statues of their Excellencies in a beautifully laid out park. In provinces where the rivalry between Hindus and Musalmans is rather keen, the Viceroy's name has been more popular with the one than with the other community; in the nature of the case no Viceroy can be equally popular with both unless he avoids, if that be possible, all questions on which they are sharply divided. The settlement of the Cawnpur dispute will perhaps tend to turn the tide, and all communities will recognise in His Excellency a fair-minded and impartial statesman, imbued, as the Hon. Mr. Ali Imam said at Bankipur, with "large-hearted sympathy with and love for the empire entrusted to his charge" and distinguished by "a very strong dash of humanity which brushes aside all differences arising purely from a sense of rank when dealing with men and men's affairs."

The Svadeshi sentiment has found its expression in various forms, and a distinction has sometimes been drawn between true Svadeshi and false Svadeshi **Industry and Speculation.** activities. The Government has always expressed its sympathy with Svadeshi industrial enterprise, the Inspector-General of Police in Bengal sometime ago

issued a circular deprecating the use of the word Svadeshi as if it always implied disloyalty ; and the Governor of that province recently opened a Svadeshi exhibition. The educated classes are actuated by a commendable enthusiasm in the cause of industrial advancement, and it shows itself not only in conferences, where speeches are made and essays read, but in the starting of new industries on a small scale and of banks. It is believed that much shy capital in the hands of the people awaits employment and may be coaxed and encouraged to place itself at the disposal of industrialists through banking institutions. Opinions have differed in the West as well as in India on the expediency of combining banking with industrial promotion. The depositor in the banks is not willing to take the risks involved in new industrial ventures, and in a moment of suspicion and panic he may demand his money which may happen to have been locked up by the bank in some industrial undertaking. The combination of banking with industrialism is successfully effected by private financial houses in England and America and by some great banks on the continent of Europe, and if the secret of the art is learnt, perhaps the alliance of the two need not be condemned in India. However, sound banking is an art which has still to be mastered by Indians, and many depositors and subscribers of capital are just now wringing their hands for the penalty which they have had to pay for venturing beyond their knowledge. The precise causes that have led to the failures of certain banks in the ~~Punjab~~ Punjab and Sind are not admitted by all parties ; the truth can be found out only by judicial investigation, or if the directors publish full and frank statements of their affairs. The panic in Sind affected certain banks in Bombay, and the panic in Bombay is believed to have affected the share market. Competent authorities among Indians have said that in the management of some banking institutions expert knowledge, sound business principles, and the necessary foresight and caution have been lacking ; to what extent and in what cases this statement is true is not known for certain, and the affairs of some institutions are under judicial investigation. Speculation in shares has created a situation, embarrassing to many in Bombay, and though the immediate sufferers are a few brokers, the general talk inspired by panic may indirectly affect banking business in Indian hands generally, and perhaps to a smaller extent all Svadeshi industrial enterprise. As

we are in the middle of an apparently diffusing panic, nothing more can be said at present. The events of the last few weeks have served to draw public attention to the necessity of safeguards against amateurs undertaking to control business which ought to be in expert hands. The Government of India seems to have suspected for a long time that the rapid multiplication of banking institutions might overstep the bounds of caution, and others have also warned the public that a gambling spirit is abroad. It may not be too late to restrain the spirit, and the Government proposes legislation to prevent certain abuses. The Companies Act has been amended, and institutions which come under that Act are under closer control than before. They are bound to publish several kinds of information which the investing public ought to find useful in knowing the exact state of affairs, and they give certain guarantees of faithful adherence to rules. The word "bank" carries a certain prestige with it, and the name is assumed by institutions, conducted by individuals and partnerships, that may not be amenable to the control provided by the Companies Act. It is proposed to prohibit the assumption of a coveted name by institutions which do not conform to the conditions laid down by the legislature. It is to be feared that when all these precautions are taken and fresh safeguards are provided, the ignorant public will yet remain exposed to the risks attendant upon speculation by venturesome spirits.

Bombay owes much of its beauty to a bay and some of its most beautiful buildings are situated on a tongue of land which juts out into the sea. On this narrow strip no further buildings can be erected with any regard to health or æsthetic considerations. The central part of the city is also crowded. European officials find it difficult to secure bungalows within convenient distance from their place of business. The scarcity of open spaces for recreation is keenly felt. Many streets are choked with traffic. Yet the city grows and is bound to grow rapidly. The question of developing the city has from time to time been considered. Lord Sydenham attacked it with vigour and determination and settled certain broad lines on which the development was to proceed. Parts of his scheme are irrevocably settled,

but there was at least one project on which opinion was bound to be divided, chiefly by reason of its enormous cost, though other consequences that may arise from it have also been feared. It was the reclamation of Back Bay. The alternatives to that scheme, so far as the requirements of the public offices and high officers are concerned, appear to be the removal of some of the large and long established institutions to a different part of the island altogether. Such removal and fresh construction must be expensive, and when the offices are accommodated, the question of providing residential areas, open spaces for recreation, room for existing industries to expand, and other requirements of a growing city, would still require a solution. Lord Sydenham examined the whole question and came to the conclusion that geographically the best course was to reclaim a part of the Bay. Grave doubts, however, have been entertained as to whether economically the scheme is feasible and likely to be successful. It is also apprehended by many that other parts with the property upon them, may be affected, and Neptune may claim compensation for the slice that is wrested from his domain. Lord Willingdon's Government has appointed a committee to thresh out all these and other questions connected with the development of Bombay.

Mysore has had the exceptionally good fortune of its administration having been organised by a **British** **A Progressive** Commission, and during the last thirty years or **Native State.** so the State has progressed along the lines laid down before 1881. Able Dewans have made the name of Mysore synonymous with economic advancement and H. E. the Viceroy will shortly unveil a statue of one of them. The damming up of rivers and the acquisition of electric power, are among the favourite projects of the rulers of Mysore, and at the last Dussera the present Dewan, who is an enthusiast in the cause of economic progress, announced that the scheme of linking up the railway that reaches Arsikere with the West Coast was under serious consideration, and discussion with the Government of India. Mysore has a Representative Assembly, a Legislative Council, and an Economic Conference which specially considers how the material condition of the people may be improved. A Bill for the introduction of compulsory education has

been passed, and the establishment of a separate university for Mysore is under consideration. In sympathy with the recent constitutional developments in British India, the Legislative Council is about to be enlarged and the members will be given the right of interpellation. The Dewan has set before himself and the people a high ideal, not only of efficiency which may be maintained at the centre by the importation of able officers from outside, but of making the people more efficient in taking care of their own immediate interests. "No village," said he to the Representative Assembly, "should be considered as maintaining a fair standard of enlightenment which does not keep 5 to 10 per cent of its population under education. No village should fail to subscribe to one or two well conducted vernacular newspapers to keep itself informed of what is going on in the outside world. Every village family should be induced to keep in reserve grain or money sufficient to tide over a famine of two years. No cultivator's family should be without a subsidiary occupation to provide the members with the means of livelihood when agricultural operations are slack, or are stopped during scarcity or famine. Every village should show some public improvement or other as the result of the collective effort of the inhabitants at the end of each year." The Maharaja is an enlightened ruler and is no doubt actuated by the enthusiasm which has inspired this ideal, and the Yuvaraja has only recently returned from his European tour, full of ideas of material and moral progress.

The difference between the conditions in which the Indian Civilian worked in the good old days and those under which he works at present are patent to all. Lord Crewe's **Advice.** The former were perhaps fortunate in that the level of intelligence around them was comparatively low, and therefore their work and virtues were admired, while few ventured to criticise their faults and occasional failures. They were certainly fortunate in having more time at their disposal to cultivate hobbies which gave them a deeper insight into the manners and customs of the people and a wider acquaintance with their civilisation. In his address to the new batch of Civilians, Lord Crewe asked them to be prepared for more criticism than fell to the lot of their

predecessors, though the latitude of criticism allowed in England could not and would not be tolerated in India. And secondly, he asked them to cultivate some useful hobby. We have no doubt they are willing to do so if they are given the time.

The Truth about India. Most of the great nations of the world have gone through arduous struggles until they have reached the utmost evolution by which their character and circumstances appeared capable, and have maintained that position for a more or less protracted period, after which their resources have flagged, until their place has been taken by newer competitors. Thus it has fared with the Hindu, a people of many gifts, but who are certainly not in such a commanding position as they were many centuries ago, when the ancestors of their present rulers were in a state of more or less barbarism. From the era of Alexander the Great for several centuries India, though divided into several provinces, possessed an amount of civilisation of which the tokens are still coming to light in various parts of the vast peninsula. Then the usual penalty was enforced by the gradual wearing away of some of their more energetic qualities; the country, though still recognising some common ideals of politics and religion, lost much of its distinction, until a new movement, originated in Arabia, began to assume power. Tribe after tribe of Moslems began to occupy the foremost position in various parts of the country until the famous Moghul Empire became, for several generations, universal. Then enterprising European nations in pursuit of commercial expansion began to effect settlements, of which the latest is as yet predominant. For more than five centuries the greater part of the country was the scene of perpetual struggles between various Moslem leaders, followed by a transient appearance of solidarity under the Moghuls, which in its turn broke down after less than two centuries. The temporary efforts of the Portuguese and French made little improvement for the people at large; and the first British successes offered little real prospect of settlement, until towards the end of the 18th Century A.D., when the overthrow of more than one of the minor Moslem dynasties, which had emerged from the ruin of

the Moghuls, gave tokens of the rise of a new imperial power. That power, while maintaining some of the native rulers in a subordinate character, is still, to all appearance, supreme over the whole sub-continent; though the Brahmins of Bengal, and some other parts of the country, are beginning to resent the condition as one of humiliation for them. This feeling, the spread of which is receiving much encouragement from Universities of recent foundation, from visits of native Indians to Europe, and from a general spread of sentiments, which are growing up in India without having any root in the past, is unfortunately leading to manifestations of discontent which is naturally causing some anxiety. It is to meet this unsatisfactory state of affairs that the East India Association of London has lately issued a collection of essays, under the title "Truths about India": The Truth about the Drain, The Truth about the Government of India, The Silver Lining and India's Cloud, Indian Administration as it strikes a distinguished French student, British Rule in India, The Truth about Lord Morley's Reforms, or Is India Misgoverned? British Rule in India, The Simple Arithmetical Truth about the Land Revenue of India, The Present Situation, Mr. Keir Hardie on the Native States, What is the Truth about the Condition of the Indian People? The Need for Truth about Indian Agriculture, The Truth as to the Employment of Indians in the Service of their country, so far as the Punjab is concerned, Co-operative Banks, An Object Lesson from India, The Wonders of Irrigation in the Punjab, The Burden of the Home Charges, More Truths about Land Records and Land Revenue in the Punjab, Agricultural Indebtedness and the Alienation of Land in the Punjab, The Condition of the People in the Punjab, The Incidence of the Indian Income-Tax, The Alleged Destruction by England of Indian Indigenous Industries, The Absorption of Gold and Silver by India, and what it means, The Last Watch of the Night, Glimpses of India, Past and Present, Some Plain Facts about Famines in India, The Truth about Railways, The Cost of the Indian Government, Sir Roland Wilson on the True Character of the Indian Government, Mr. Hyndman, the *Times*, and the Truth about 'The Drain,' Does the Indian Government Provide Work for All? An Independent Testimony, by Harold Begbie."

It will be seen from this large variety of subjects that the Association has not shrunk from encountering criticism; and it must be allowed that there is justification shown for the general optimism displayed. The question for Indian patriots in dealing with the papers before us will be whether there is any real humiliation in the present position of the country, and whether the present state of affairs does or does not hold out any reasonable prospect of the Hindus recovering the lead which they once held among the nations of the world, and whether any alternative can be conceived which would give them reasonable ground for the expectation of better things. For one of the later papers the writer has borrowed a title from *East & West*; and this paper conclusively shows that not so long ago the various princes and populations had broken out into more or less selfish conflict, which was only suppressed by the intrusion of invading foreigners. It seems natural to ask whether the return of such a condition is not within the limits of possibility. With a country where industry and commerce were relegated to a back place, and the various ruling races were flying at one another's throats, while an irresistible neighbour was coming down from the north, the unwarlike graduates might regret what they now call humiliation, as they reflected in the spirit of the Christian Gospel, "Sufficient unto the day was the evil thereof." The collection terminates with an independent testimony borne by the well-known writer, Mr. Harold Begbie, which concludes thus:—"Consider for a moment what this Government has done. First, it has established peace throughout the length and breadth of India, a peace in which the humblest outcast can walk unafraid and the most industrious pursue his calling without risk. This by itself, considering the racial conflicts and religious animosities of the immense continent, is an achievement of the first magnitude. But the Government has not been content with this achievement. It has lighted the torch of education, and it has preached the gospel of humanity."

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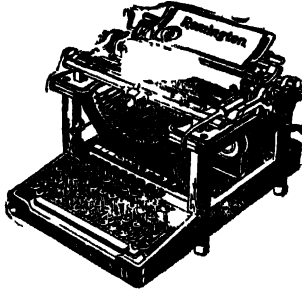
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EAST & WEST.

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DECEMBER, 1913.

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A WINGED POET.

“ I see a chariot like that thinnest boat,
In which the mother of the months is borne
By ebbing night into her western cave,

Within it sits a winged infant, white
 Its countenance, like the whiteness of bright snow,
 Its plumes are as feathers of sunny frost
 Its limbs gleam white, through the wind-flowing folds
 Of its white robe, woof of ethereal pearl.

It sways a quivering moonbeam, from whose point
A guiding power directs the chariot's prow
Over its wheeléd clouds, which as they roll
Over the grass, and flowers, and waves, wake sounds
Sweet as a singing rain of silver dew."

SHELLEY, from *Prometheus Unbound*.

WHEN he wrote these lines Shelley limned unconsciously the genius of his own poetry—a winged child etherialised.

Readers of Francis Thompson's Essay on Shelley, a poet's tribute to a brother-poet, will remember that Mr. Thompson pronounced Shelley to be, as poet and man, essentially a child. "To be a child," he wrote, "is to believe in love, in loveliness, in *belief*; it is to live in a nutshell and to count yourself the king of infinite space." "To the last Shelley retained the

idiosyncrasy of childhood. To the last he was the enchanted Child." The reason why we have no Shelley among us in this generation, Mr. Thompson thought, is because we think more of Art than Inspiration. "We are self-conscious to the finger tips. Even our children have no abandonment to childlike fancies. An age that is ceasing to produce childlike children cannot produce poets with a childlike mind." Logically, then, we cannot have a Shelley to-day.

The Essay is so beautiful in its poetry of thought and exuberant diction that we are swept along in the stream of Mr. Thompson's enthusiasm and can hardly find breath to ask ourselves if we agree on all points with the conclusions drawn and the opinions expressed.

The very quotation, with which we have chosen to head this little paper, shows that we agree with Mr. Thompson as regards the immortal youthfulness of Shelley's poetry. But we turn to a little poem called *An Exhortation* in which Shelley, so to speak, brings his familiar, his *Ariel*, before us and bids us give heed to his nature, have no false apprehension of it, make no unreasonable claims upon it. We quote part of the poem :

"Chameleons feed on light and air
Poets' food is love and fame.

Poets are on this cold earth
As Chameleons might be
Hidden from their early birth
In a cave beneath the sea.
Where light is, chameleons change,
Where love is not, poets do.

Yet dare not stain with wealth or power
A poet's free and heavenly mind.
If bright chameleons should devour
Any food but beams and wind,
They would grow as earthly soon
As their brother lizards are,
Children of a sunnier star,
Spirits from beyond the moon,
Oh ! refuse the boon."

After reading this little poem we cannot regard Shelley, the man, as being so unchangeably the child as Shelley, the poet, was. Poetry, even poetry light as air and filmy as gossamer, carries responsibility, whether the breather-forth of ethereal messages is conscious of it, or not. In this "*Exhortation*" Shelley shews that he recognises the responsibilities of his genius and accepts them, accepts them passionately as he does everything. A child never takes responsibility upon himself, because he never recognises responsibility. It is true that Shelley in all the work-a-day affairs of life was the most irresponsible of mortals, but in the domain of poetry he acknowledged the responsibility of truth, of obedience to inspiration, of sincerity in expression.

The creative power at work within him craved expression. It would not have been creative had it not throbbled with this desire. He expressed himself and was misunderstood. "I am disgusted with writing," he said once, "and were it not for an irresistible impulse that predominates my better reason, should discontinue so doing." Popularity was not his aim. The word is offensive to genius and also to art, properly so-called; but the very spirit that recoils from writing to please the many is peculiarly sensitive to failure in touching the heart-strings of the few. To breathe out his message, and make no vibration in the air breathed by kindred spirits, broke *his* spirit, and made him say:

"I sit upon the sands alone,
 The lightning of the noontide ocean
 Is flashing round me, and a tone
 Arises from its measured motion
 How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

"Shelley could never have been a man," said Mr. Thompson, "for he never was a boy." This, he thinks, is proved by the sufferings he endured at school from uncongenial, uncomprehending schoolfellows. Is not this begging the question? The boy Shelley was odd. When did oddity escape being made a butt by ordinary schoolboys? A boy who seems to learn Greek and Latin by intuition, a boy who despises games and spends his play hours in dreaming, cloud-gazing, painting pictures from memory—shall such a boy escape schoolboy-rack

and screw? Surely not, while the normal boy is the normal human boy!

“Poor little Shelley! This is how he alludes to this period of his life in the “Revolt of Islam.”

“I do remember well the hour which burst
My spirit's sleep; a fresh May-dawn it was
When I walked forth upon the glittering grass,
And wept I knew not why; until there rose
From the near schoolroom, voices, that alas!
Were but one echo from a world of woes—
The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes.”

But though there was the child's full appreciation of the greatness of his woes—and what troubles loom so large as childhood's troubles before the eyes of a child?—a power of self-communing and of resolute decision succeeded to self-pity, proving that, if Shelley “was never a boy,” he was something more than an infant at that time:

“And from that hour did I with earnest thought
Heap knowledge from forbidden mines of lore,
Yet nothing that my tyrants knew or taught
I cared to learn, but from that secret store
Wrought linked armour for my soul, before
It might walk forth to war among mankind.
Thus power and hope were strengthened more and more
Within me, till there came upon my mind
A sense of loneliness, a thirst with which I pined.”

Loneliness, or solitude of soul, is so inevitably the companion of genius that it may be called its twin brother. Though it has harsher features, it has a beauty of its own. It may bring feelings of desolation, but it shares with genius the joy peculiar to creative power, the joy of breathing forth living thoughts. Genius seizes upon material from the world of actuality, and of intellectuality, and, in the solitude of the soul, which we call loneliness, assimilates what has been gathered, and then the new thought, the new thing of beauty, is put forth. Pain is in its essence, and hunger for sympathy is one of its results. If there is no balance in the mind endowed with the creative gift, hunger becomes morbid craving, not healthy appetite. There

was no balance in Shelley's character. "He was all passion," wrote one who knew him intimately, "passionate in his resistance to an injury, passionate in his love." For religion he had the natural instincts of purity, kindness, chivalry. Oppression roused him to vehement championship of the oppressed; cruelty stung him to madness; to children, and to any weak or helpless person or thing, he was gentleness itself. He lived by impulse, not by principle. He yearned for freedom; he hymned Liberty; his life was an expostulation against tyranny. And he never knew that his recoil from law, his repudiation of control, his rejection of any authority but that of his own impulse, fettered and restrained him, so that his soaring imagination never reached the heights that would have given the spirit of his poetry space to spread its wings more gloriously. As we read his life we see that the very suggestion of a rule or command made him swerve as a colt swerves aside from the hand held out with food to attract him. It was just the same with him at Eton as it had been in the preparatory school. He learned with avidity what he willed to know. As soon as he found he was required to do anything, he straightway left it undone. He was never popular at school with boys or masters—can we wonder that he was not? But he was adored by certain small boys at Eton, because he headed a revolt against faggot. If he had been normal, we should not have had *Prometheus Unbound*. But had he been taught, had he allowed himself to grasp what real freedom of will is, we should have had a poem burning with purer light and flashing forth more glorious colours than flash even from *Prometheus*. True, he had magnificent vision and pierced through the veil of sense to see what only a poet can describe. "The universe is his box of toys," wrote Mr. Thompson, continuing to speak of him as a child. "He dabbles his fingers in the day fall. He is gold-dusty with tumbling amidst the stars. He makes bright mischief with the moon. The meteors muzzle their noses in his hand. He teases into growling the kennelled thunder and laughs at the shaking of its fiery chain. He dances in and out of the gates of heaven; the floor is littered with his broken fancies. He runs wild over the fields of aether. He chases the rolling world. He gets between the feet of the horses of the sun The lark that is the gossip of heaven; the winds that pluck the grey

from the beards of the billows ; the clouds that are snorted from the sea's broad nostrils, all the elemental spirits of Nature take from his verse perpetual incarnation and re-incarnation, and pass in a thousand glorious transmigrations through the radiant forms of his imagery." Only a poet could so reveal a poet's webs and spells and other magic of his craft. And only a poet with the added gift of critical faculty could make the delicate distinction Mr. Thompson makes between Shelley's treatment of Nature and that of Wordsworth.

" Shelley saw in Nature," said Mr. Thompson, " not a picture set for his copying but a palette set for his brush ; not a habitation for his dwelling, but a quarry whence he might carry stones for his own palaces. His is not the clear, recognisable scenery of Wordsworth, but a landscape hovering athwart the heat and haze arising from his own fancies." If it were possible to find some explanation of this difference, we venture to think that it lies in the repudiation of Law that we have touched upon. Wordsworth saw Nature with eyes that pierced through her to the Mind Whose Thoughts she represents. His love was awe-ful veneration. Beauty to Wordsworth meant the expression of proportion ; the falling into order of scintillations from the creative law of Love. Shelley flung himself passionately upon Nature, his own purity of love revealing her secrets of loveliness to him. These secrets were visions to his inward sight, not sacraments.

And so with the rest of life in this world of sense and time. He saw no under-world of Reality, no Law permitting the accidents of chance, the strife between good and evil. He acknowledged no guidance of law and tradition. He flung himself always on what he thought to be the side of Right. He fought vehemently what he believed to be wrong ; he blamed passionately convention, custom, observances, that thwarted what he held to be natural impulses for good. The world to him was little better than chaos, civilisation no better than a vast ruin. If he could have realised that there was a Way through Chaos that leads ultimately to Cosmos, he would have been able to give a deeper meaning to his *Hymn of Apollo*. There would have been a personal undercurrent of meaning in the words—

" I stood at noon upon the peak of Heaven."

He could have claimed for himself mystically

“ All harmony of instrument or verse
All prophecy, all medicine, are mine,
All light of art, or nature : to my song
Victory and praise in their own right belong.”

If he had had any glimmering of the Light that shineth in darkness, his penetrating intellect would have tracked it through history, that “ record of crimes and miseries ” as he called it. Tradition, authority, ordered methods of study would have been as the defences and points of guidance on the ruined walls and parapets, if he looked on the world as a ruined temple, or as crumbling rocks. He might have made use of them to explore and climb, take leaps that would have helped him on his onward way, and gained for him vantage ground whence he would have taken larger, clearer views. But he despised all such helps to freedom of thought and reasoning power, and made havoc of his own life and that of others. His poetry suffered, crudity and incompleteness marring much of it in his long poems. The wings that might have carried his fancy in long-sustained flights swooped down occasionally into wilderness of thought, whither we do not care to follow him.

If Shelley recoiled from history, he threw himself eagerly into philosophical and metaphysical studies as well as into chemical science. Had Oxford banned Aristotle, he would have been an ardent Aristotelian, but he was at no pains to hide his contempt for dons and tutors and all prescribed courses of study, although he had an insatiable appetite for everything that fed his mind. Of what other undergraduate in his time or any other could it have been said that he read sixteen hours a day ? It would be more accurate to say of our poet that he read during the night and day. After voracious reading in the morning he would amuse himself with chemistry in the afternoon, after perhaps walking with his friend Hogg, till suddenly, feeling tired, he would stretch, or curl himself, on the hearth-rug and fall asleep ; waking up before midnight to talk vivaciously or work vehemently.

Mr. Thompson speaks of his life-long fondness for sailing paper boats, a hobby that irritated one, at least, of his friends.

It must be added that he was also fond of "playing with fire." Chemistry had fascination over him from his childhood. In his Eton days he set fire to the trunk of an old tree with a burning glass. In a literal sense he shocked one of his tutors severely by means of a highly charged Leyden jar. His undergraduate days at Oxford give amusing reading as regards his experiments, which must often have "shocked" the landlady of his lodgings. The unexpected results of some of these disgusted Shelley himself, and must have tried the nerves of his friends and afflicted those who had a keen sense of smell. There was one person, an old physician, Dr. Lind, whose sympathy with Shelley's boyish zeal was the sympathy of greater knowledge of the subject and of equal enthusiasm. Shelley's gratitude for all Dr. Lind's kindness to him in his childhood, and for his teaching, and his appreciation of his character show the lovable side of Shelley's character. There is reason to suppose that Dr. Lind figures in the fragmentary poem *Prince Athanase* as Zonorus, the "one beloved friend of the Prince who filled

"The spirit of Prince Athanase, a child
With soul-sustaining songs of ancient lore
And philosophic wisdom, clear and mild."

Shelley's methods of reading and eating were as abnormal as his habit of sleeping. He would go out, book in hand, dart into a baker's shop, come out from it with a loaf of bread under his arm, and, continuing to read, would break off lumps of bread to eat while he fed his mind and collided with other walkers in Oxford; in the lanes of the neighbouring country his mixed proceeding had freer play.

His own Hymn to Intellectual Beauty comes to mind as we think of him as the student. Its opening verse—

"The awful shadow of some unseen Power
Flots, though unseen among us; visiting
This various world with an inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower;—

is doubtless so familiar to our readers that we hardly need quote it; but we must recall to memory the last verse but one to show that Shelley was true to his vow.

" I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
 To thee and thine ! have I not kept the vow ?
 With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now
 I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
 Each from his voiceless grave : they have in
 visioned bowers
 Of studious zeal or love's delight
 Outwatched with me the envious night :
 They know that never joy illumed my brow
 Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free
 This world from its dark slavery,
 That thou, O awful Loveliness
 Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express."

John Addington Symonds remarked that with Shelley study was a passion, and the acquisition of knowledge always the entrance into a thrice-hallowed sanctuary. Perhaps this is an evidence of the childlike spirit and bears witness to the truth of Mr. Thompson's verdict. Very willingly we accept his belief that, in spite of the grave sins Shelley committed, he was blindly struggling towards higher things. As Francis Thompson says, a truly corrupted spirit cannot write ethereal poetry. The devil can do many things, but writing poetry is not one of his achievements. He can mar, but cannot make, a poet.

Certainly, only a poet can adequately describe poetry. Thompson's description of Shelley's genius, and of the poems which illustrate it in various ways, is as enchanting as if it were poetry clothed in verse instead of prose. Mr. Thompson considers that, for astounding figurative opulence, Shelley yields the palm to Shakespeare only, and in this respect alone that his wealth of imagery is specialised, Shakespeare's, universal.

"Shelley's sword-hilt," says his critic and champion, "may be rough with jewels, but it is the hilt of an Ex-calibur. His thoughts scorch through all the folds of expression. His cloth of gold bursts at the flexures and shows the naked poetry." "Shelley runs with ease up the filmiest unsubstantiality." "The coldest moon of an idea rises haloed through his vaporous imagination. The dimmest sparked chip of a conception blazes and scintillates in the subtle oxygen of his mind."

Shelley's power of expressing the material and immaterial in terms of each other has never been rivalled, his poet-critic

thinks, and none of his poems illustrate this gift more luxuriantly than *Pometheus Unbound*. If we refresh our memory of this poem by reading it again, we are not moved to dispute this opinion. For instance—

“ A rainbow’s arch stood on the sea
Which rocked beneath, immovably
And the triumphant storm did flee
Like a conqueror swift and proud,
Between with many a captive cloud
A shapeless dark and rapid crowd,
Each by lightning riven in half :
I heard the thunder hoarsely laugh.”

And this description of Morning in “ A Lovely Vale of the Indian Caucasus :—

“ The point of one white star is quivering still
Deep in the orange light of widening morn
Beyond the purple mountains : through a chasm
Of wind-divided mist the darker lake
Reflects it ; now it waxes : it gleams again
As the waves fade, and as the burning threads
Of woven cloud unravel in the pale air :
’Tis lost, and through yon peaks of cloudlike snow
The roseate sunlight quivers : hear I not
The Æolian music of her sea-green plumes
Winnowing the crimson dawn ?”

It is intoxicating to sip lines here and there as we wander through the poem, enjoying freely, yet bound by the spell of loveliness.

“ I feel I see
Those eyes which burn through smiles that fade in tears
Like stars half quenched in mists of silver dew.”

“ We wandered underneath the young grey dawn ;
And multitudes of dense white fleecy clouds
Were wandering in thick flocks along the mountains,
Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind :
And the white dew on the new-bladed grass
Just piercing the dark earth, hung silently.”

How responsive *dew* is to a poet's breath. It answers by taking on more beauty as here

" Where some cloud of dew
Drifted along the earth-creeping breeze,
Between the trunks of the hoar trees,
Hangs each a pearl in the pale flowers."

And the beauty of sound is intensified by poetry that describes it : as

" Where two runnels of a rivulet
Between the close moss, violet interwoven
Have made their path of melody."

And where *Asia* says

" My soul is an enchanted boat
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing."

And this line :

" Thy voice to us is wind among still woods."

The very word *sound* sends us " To a Skylark, probably the best known of Shelley's poems. Who does not quote it consciously or unconsciously ! Who does not cry

" Hail to thee, blithe spirit !
Bird thou never wert ?

Who does not grow breathless, saying *and seeing*

" Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire ;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest."

" What thou art we know not
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.
Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden
Till the world is wrought

To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Sound of vernal showers

On the twinkling grass

Rain-awakened flowers,

All that ever was

Joyous and clear and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Mr. Thompson thinks that not one of his poems is more purely and typically Shelleian than the *Cloud*. And indeed we feel as we enter into it that we have been caught up into the atmosphere his genius lived in, and by.

"I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,

From the seas and the streams ;

I bear light shade for the leaves when laid

In their noonday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken

The sweet birds every one,

When rocked to rest on their Mother's breast,

As she dances about the sun.

I wield the flail of the flashing hail,

And whiten the green plains under,

And then again dissolve it in rain,

And laugh as I pass in thunder.

As on the jag of a mountain crag,

Which an earthquake rocks and swings,

An eagle alit one moment may sit

In the light of its golden wings.

And when sunset may breathe from the lit sea beneath

Its ardours of rest and of love,

And the crimson pall of eve may fall

From the depth of heaven above,

With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,

As still as brooding dove

That orbéd maiden with white fire laden

Whom mortals call the moon,

Glides glimmering o'er my fleec-like floor

By the midnight breezes strewn ;

And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,

Which only the angels hear,

They have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof

The stars peep behind her and peer ;

And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high
 Are each paved with the moon and these.
 I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky;
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
 I change, but I cannot die.
 For after the rain, when with never a stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
 Build up the blue dome of air
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb
 I arise and unbuild it again." •

As the words of the last verse float over our tongue and glide from the pen, it is as if the soul of Shelley were revealed, an elusive vision of vaporous beauty. Yet that soul's yearning, the unslaked thirst which found beauty that has refreshed many other souls by Shelley's distillations of it in melodious words, is not present in "The Cloud," as it is in *Adonais*, his elegy on the death of Keats.

If Shelley had not a belief in Immortality that could be expressed in definite form, or in what some persons would call orthodox terms, he was too spiritual to disbelieve in it. "I hope," he said to one of his friends, "but my hopes are not unmingled with fear for what will befall this inestimable spirit when we appear to die." And once he expressed himself thus: "In our present gross material state our faculties are clouded; when Death removes our clay coverings, the mystery will be solved." And again: "Death is the veil which those who live call life; they sleep, and it is lifted." In *Adonais* xxxix we read—

"Peace, peace, he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
 He hath awakened from the dream of life—
 'Tis we who, lost in stormy visions, keep
 With phantoms an unprofitable strife."

xl.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night ;
 Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
 And that unrest which men miscall delight,
 Can touch him not and torture not again.

xli.

He lives, he wakes,—'tis Death is dead, not he ;

li.

“ From the world's bitter wind
 Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb,
 What Adonais is, why fear we to become ?

lii.

The One remains, the many change and pass ;
 Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's shadows fly ;
 Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
 Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
 Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die
 If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek !

liv.

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
 That Beauty in which all things work and move,
 That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
 Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
 Which through the web of being blindly wove
 By man and beast, and earth, and air, and sea,
 Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
 The fire, for which all thirst ; now beams on me
 Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

lv.

The breath, whose might I have invoked in song,
 Descends on me ; my spirit's bark is driven
 Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
 Whose sails were never to the tempests given ;
 The massy earth and spheried skies are riven !
 I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar ;
 Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
 The soul of Adonais, like a star,
 Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.”

The tragedy of Shelley's death was curiously in consonance with these words. It was as if the actual details symbolised the spiritual reality of his words. From his temporary residence near Lerici, on the Gulf of Spezzia, Bysshe Shelley went one July day in 1822 with his friend, Mr. Williams, to Leghorn, where he met the Leigh Hunts and went with them to Pisa, spending a day or two there and enjoying showing the sights, he knew so well, to his friends. Returning to Leghorn he and Mr. Williams re-embarked on Shelley's yacht the *Don Juan* to go back to Lerici. A sea fog came on, followed by a storm of wind, rain and thunder. The two friends were never seen again alive. Shelley's body was found near Via Reggio on the 18th July. In one pocket of his coat was a volume of Æschylus, in another one of Keats' poems. His body was cremated on an August day, almost the date on which these words are written. His heart was brought to England. His ashes were buried in a cemetery at Rome. The inscription on the urn, composed by Leigh Hunt, is:

Percy Bysshe Shelley, Cor Cordium. Natus iv Aug.
MDCCCXCII. Obiit viii July MDCCCXXII.

" Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

We cannot help reverting to the words Shelley put into the mouth of a stricken lady in his poem *The Sunset*.

" Inheritor of more than earth can give,
Passionless calm and silence unproved,
Whether the dead find oh! not sleep! but rest,
And are the uncomplaining things they seem,
Or live, or drop in the deep sea of Love;
Oh, that like thine, mine epitaph were—Peace!"

When death comes tragically, we are apt to look for coincidences and presages. Certainly, if we search for ominous words in Shelley's poems, we shall find many that might be regarded as presaging the manner of his death. We will only quote one from Stanzas written at Naples in 1818:

" I see the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple seaweeds strewn ;

I see the waves upon the shore,
 Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown ;

I could lie down like a tired child
 And weep away the life of care
 Which I have borne and yet must bear
 Till death, like sleep, might steal on me,
 And I might feel in the warm air
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
 Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony."

"A tired child!" It is as if he himself resolves the chord his brother-poet, Francis Thompson, strikes in his passionate pleading for his genius to be allowed to speak in hallowed precincts as well as in the wide spaces of the world. No words could more beautifully express the feeling of those who love Shelley the poet, and grieve over the wrecked life of Shelley the man, than these of Mr. Thompson when alluding to his death. "Into that sacred bridal-gloom of death where he holds his nuptials with eternity, let not our rash speculations follow him, let us hope rather that, amidst the supernatural universe, some tender, undreamed surprise of life in doom awaited that wild nature, which, worn by warfare with itself, its Maker, and all the world, now sleeps."

As he rests may there be, as Shelley himself expressed it :

"One sound beneath, around, above,
 — the soul of Love
 — the hope, the prophecy
 Of Life to be.

JEAN ROBERTS.

Oxford.

RABINDRANATH .TAGORE.

DURING the last few months England has heard a great deal about Rabindranath Tagore, the great Indian poet, after whose visit to her shores the very ground seemed to quiver with joy, and ' the hills to wave banners of delight.'

Before this inspired poet the people of England have bowed their heads, whilst he, in his usual calm voice having yet the force of divinity and the intensity of his inspiration, has given them his message—the greatest message of the day.

Men are measured by the influence which they have or have had upon their fellows. Weighed in this balance, Rabindranath Tagore is not found wanting : and those English men and women who have listened to him, regard him as the most marvellous teacher of his day.

It was among the hills and in the valleys of India, on the river banks and sitting by the side of the *Sanyasis*, that this poet found his wonderful inspiration, and now he is able to play marvellously upon the harp of human life, and his own kinsmen were the first to hear his notes : for now his influence is spreading over the world. He comes from the land of a " dark race " as they are often called—but lo ! achievement knows no colour-line : and when a master-hand strikes the lyre, the spell-bound listeners do not ask of what race the player comes. Rabindranath Tagore has shown himself to belong to the race of the great poets, which embraces all lands, and Western generations as yet unborn will not refrain from reading, and enjoying, his works, because it was from the East that he came.

As humanity grows, it ceases gradually to respect differences of creed, caste, and colour : and it is now reaching the stage wherein earthly passions begin to fade, and the nations look

forward to a universal brotherhood and an international friendship, never more to be sundered.

The burden of Rabindranath Tagore's lyrics and verses is that the key to friendship lies in the knowledge of eternal joy, of which the whole of creation is the evolution. Thus he sings :—

“ Light, my light, the world-filling light, the eye-kissing light, heart-sweetening light !

Ah, the light dances, my darling, at the centre of my life;
the light strikes, my darling, the chords of my love;
the sky opens, the wind runs wild, laughter passes over the earth.

The butterflies spread their sails on the sea of light.

Lilies and jasmines surge up on the crest of the waves of light.
The light is shattered into gold on every cloud, my darling,
and it scatters gems in profusion.

Mirth spreads from leaf to leaf, my darling, and gladness without 'measure.

The heaven's river has drowned its banks, and the flood of joy is abroad. ”

He sings that great dawn-song of the end of all separateness which Walt Whitman sang in America. And indeed, that wall of separation which we try to build between man and man, falls before a flood of joy such as that expressed in the lines just quoted.

I was once in Calcutta and it was one of those times when Rabindranath Tagore had taken a couple of months' holiday from his usual work in the city of Calcutta, and was spending that time on the banks of the Ganges, a few miles down the Hughli where he engages a country boat in which he goes up and down the river.

I happened to be passing with a friend.

“ What is that man doing ? ” asked my friend. We stood for some time and watched the great poet. He was sitting silent on the *Bazra*. It was a beautiful night, and the splendid moon was floating in a calm autumn sky.

Night was rapidly closing over the earth, and the ferry-boats were busy carrying passengers across the river. We heard some cow-herds, swimming across the Ganges with their cows, singing one of the Poet's love-songs.

" O Moon ! I have been calling thee for so long
Now thou art come to me
Go not away to-day"

The words came to us through the night air. Pointing to the occupant of the boat, I told my friend that there was Rabindranath Tagore. But my friend too had recognised him, for his charming figure is not easy to forget. It is a rather womanly figure : had he been born a woman, he might have passed as a typical beauty in the West. Tall and slender, with fine, clear-cut face, and curly, flowing hair, he might have made an ideal Queen in the house of an English aristocrat. But Fate willed it otherwise and his figure shows forth a combination of masculine beauty and feminine grace. He is no longer a young man ; in fact, it was a couple of years ago that his jubilee was celebrated in India and the honour which was then shewn him, and the love and sympathy which were accorded him by young and old, rich and poor, literate and illiterate, testified to his wide popularity and the appreciation he inspires in the minds of his countrymen.

Yet it is no falsehood to say that a prophet is not without honour save in his own country, and I sometimes think that his own people have not yet been able fully and truly to recognise him—that will perhaps require years. And yet in the heart of Christendom—in England—he has been highly honoured in many places, and freely accepted as a prophet and a poet. For poets are beyond space and time : they are citizens of the world, and they belong to eternity.

But it is not the beauty of appearance and personal charm of Rabindranath Tagore which has captivated the hearts of men and women wherever he has radiated his wonderful influence. It is his life and the life expressed through his writings. He once said in a communication to a friend :—

"I was very lonely ; that was the chief feature of my childhood. I was very very lonely. I saw my father but seldom, but his presence pervaded the whole house, and was one of the deepest unseen influences all through my life. I was kept, almost like a prisoner, all day long in charge of the servants, and I used to sit day after day in front of the window, and picture to myself what was going on in the outer world.

" From the very first time I can remember I was passionately fond of Nature. Oh! it used to make me mad with joy when I

saw the clouds come up in the sky one by one. I felt even in those very childish days that I was surrounded by a friendship, a companionship, very intense and very intimate, though I did not know how to name it. I had such an exceeding love for Nature, I cannot find words to describe it; Nature was a kind companion, always with me, and always revealing to me some fresh beauty."

His boyhood over, he quickly attained to a life of thought and action; and here in the midday of his life, he appears in Bengal as a creator of literature, and a master-singer in the realms of Art and Patriotism. Religion has had few such disciples; and the patriotism which was sleeping in the hearts of the youth of Bengal, awoke to the sound of his musical voice.

Rabindranath Tagore was not a child of Chance. The Indian village, the Indian river, the lives of Indian men and women, both in the palaces and in the cottages, the Bengal meadows on a summer evening, the hills of Satara and the charms of the Deccan, all these contributed towards the making of this man.

He does not live only in his thought and his writings, he lives also in his actions. He is above all a workman. He has spent his life among the people who dwell on his land—eaten with them, talked with them, sung with them. He owns a school where, just as in the days of Plato and Socrates, he himself teaches according to his own ideals, a school in which love and freedom are the agents for imparting knowledge.

Born in the lap of luxury, Rabindranath never felt the pinch of poverty, but his tender heart and his broad sympathies enable him to feel for others what he has not felt for himself. He feels hunger when his brothers are hungry, he feels cold when there are men suffering from the inclemencies of weather, and he feels fettered when the human beings around him are fettered: he is at one with humanity.

Here is one of his immortal songs:—

"Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;
Where knowledge is free;
Where the world has not broken itself up into fragments by
narrow domestic walls,
Where words come out from the depth of Truth;
Where tireless striving reaches its arms towards perfection;

Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dry habit ;

Where the mind is led forward by Thee into ever-widening thought and action ;

Into that haven of Freedom, O Lord, let my country awake ! ”

Here he forgets his own nationality, and regards himself as a citizen of the world. His “ my country ” is that whole larger country of humanity, wherein he breathes, and wherein he fulfils his daily devotions. His writings and speeches are bathed in the holy water of human tears and human affections.

I have said that Rabindranath came to England with a message. What was the message ?

The East has often been called the cradle of religions, and India, which is the soul of the East, amply bears out this description. But there are now so many systems of faith in our world that there is surely nothing fundamentally new to be put before people to-day ? What, then, was this man’s message to the West ?

It was the message of Harmony. He came as a disciple of Rammohan Roy and Keshub Chandra Sen. Things—abstract and concrete—already exist for us in the world round about, but at present we need the great poet and the mighty actor to interpret them to us—to show anew the beauties of this wondrous human life of ours to the weary and the fallen. The sun and the sky remain, and human emotions exist in all ages ; but the great poet interprets for us the deep, mysterious language of nature and of humanity. And this is what Rabindranath has done. In the houses of Bengal, the babes delight in repeating portions of his verse because he felt with the babes ; school-boys sing his lovely lyrics because he felt with them too ; lovers sing his love-songs because he himself was a lover ; and the holy men sing his hymns because he wrote his lyrics as a *Sanyasin*. He described nature as a woman describes her lover, and he writes of God in the words of a saint. It is no wonder that Mr. W. B. Yeats spoke of him as perhaps the greatest poet living, and also a saint.

Mr. Tagore’s life has been one of unremitting service to his

fellows. So much so that those around him might well sing of him, in the wonderful words of Mrs. Browning :—

How do I love thee ? Let me count the ways :
I Love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach when feeling out of sight
For ends of being and ideal grace ;
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle light,
I love thee purely as men strive for right—
I love thee purely as they turn from praise ;
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and in my childhood's faith ;
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints ; I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life ; and if God choose
I shall but love thee better after death.

HARENDRA N. MAITRA.

London.

A POET-PHILOSOPHER OF BENGAL.

AN IMPRESSION.

EAST and West met together when Bengal and Britain joined hands in recognition of spiritual fellowship. A certain drawing-room and winter-garden in Bloomsbury Square formed the centre of communion, the frame of a living picture of unity, in continuation of a helpful and happy practice of some twenty years. Many persons were present, including the authors of "The Creed of Buddha," "Letters of a Mystic," "The Mystic Way," and many more. All were anxious to see and hear the Hindu poet-philosopher, whose song offerings (*Gitanjali*), just published, had been received with hope and studied with gratitude. This book consisted of poems, memorised and sung by the people of Hindustan, now rendered in English by the author himself as prose translations. Mr. W. B. Yeats had warmly introduced the book and the man. Most of the audience had made themselves familiar with the book, and they waited here for the appearance of the man. He came very quietly, very gently, but as he came a strange sense thrilled all who saw. Rabindranath Tagore presented a moving likeness of the Prophet of Nazareth as conventionally drawn, except for added age, for Tagore is perhaps fifty or more. With dark hair parted in the middle, resting on the shoulders, characteristic beard, eyes generally looking downward but now and again glowing affectionately around, his long brown soutane could not erase an impression of the Son of Mary. He read a play from his own pen in an even, thin, rather high-pitched voice which succeeded in reaching the farthest listener. On occasion deep note emphasised some dramatic or profound purpose. His diction was simple, his method direct. His hearers felt the heat of an Eastern sun, the discomfort of a dusty road, the solace of

shade. They visited an Indian village and made acquaintance with the villagers. An old man in the play acted as a kind of chorus, smoothing difficulties, loving everybody, giving cheer as he wandered attended by some lads, who sang words of hope, as Pippa sang under Browning's direction. The lyrics were very beautiful. The play told how a queen had never seen her king. He had always visited her under cover of darkness. To behold him was her one, forbidden desire. She contrived to send roses to a crowned rider in a stately passing procession, who proves to be a false king. Then, because of foolish attempt and failure, she returns to her father, who receives her only as a menial. Finally, on the sweltering road, among "the people," ankle deep in "common dust," she meets and sees her lord. The queen learned many things, obedience, faith, trust, and, above all, this :—"Here is thy footstool and there rest thy feet, where live the poorest and lowliest and lost."

Some hours of pleasant and profitable intercourse wound up a memorable evening. The play-wright made his way because of a winning personality, wide culture, and unassuming sweetness of disposition. His Oriental courtesy was allied to a perfect mastery of our tongue. His treatment of points put forward in talk was sincere, straightforward and luminous. At one time he expressed firm belief in the one-ness of humanity; at another he joyed in its divine origin. Asked as to the wisdom of Yoga practices by Western people, he showed how danger would attend any such efforts unless directed by an expert "guru"; the guru must be implicitly trusted and obeyed. Yet, when questioned as to the possibility of an in-dwelling Teacher, and reminded of the text "The kingdom of heaven is within," he replied, his eyes flashing fine intelligence, "Yes, yes, that is the best Guru of all." One felt himself in the personal presence of a master. He could impart much, because he had acquired much in the school of life, and had learned, through suffering, the lesson of patience and its perfect work.

Literature claimed him early. He published a novel before he was twenty, and even then his soul revelled in and expressed itself in song. The drama appealed to him, as it appealed to Keshub Chandra Sen, as a fitting medium for the promoting of philosophy and religion, and his plays were widely acclaimed. A fellow-countryman of his

is quoted by Mr. Yeats as saying, "He is the first among our saints who has not refused to live, but has spoken out of life itself, and that is why we have given him our love." That quotation supplies one, and perhaps the most intimate, key to the motive of Tagore's message. One realised that he might easily be an ascetic had he not rather "found himself" in the daily round and among all sorts and conditions of men. "Deliverance," he writes, "is not for me in renunciation. I feel the embrace of freedom in a thousand bonds of delight. My world will light its hundred different lamps with Thy flame and place them before the altar of Thy temple. I will never shut the door of my senses. The delights of sight and hearing and touch will bear Thy delight." He had, one saw, experienced the devotion of contemplation, learned to embrace the great heart of My Lady Poverty, fathomed the mysteries of castes and creeds, and found faith after all in the divine impetus, which urges men towards the goal of conscious union with The All. "Thy gifts to us mortals," he sings, "fulfil all our needs and yet run back to Thee undiminished. The flower sweetens the air with its perfume; yet its last service is to offer itself to Thee." Of his own mission he declares:—"From the words of the poet men take what meanings please them; yet their last meaning points to Thee" . . . "Thou hast taken every moment of my life in Thine own hands."

ERIC HAMMOND

London.

THE MENTAL TAPESTRY OF A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

(Continued from our last number.)

THUS Dr. Reich's static and dynamic factors of history do not give a complete analysis, for, firstly, we have all besides the principle of motion and the principle of rest, a third principle which the Sankhya and Yoga consider much more important than either, and, in the second place, the result of past efforts is never lost. The technical terms of the Sankhya (Sattva, Rajas and Tamas) are perhaps not so happily chosen as those used in the Yoga Sutras, namely, Prakásh, Kriyá and Sthití. The principle of Kriyá in Prakrití is clearly the dynamic principle, the principle of Sthiti is also clearly the static principle. But what is the principle of Sattva or Prakásh, and what is its relation to the other two principles?

Take a Particle, a Rigid Solid, an Elastic Solid, a Fluid or a Chain. In Applied Mathematics, every one of these is dealt with from Dr. Reich's two points of view, the static and the dynamic. Abstract mathematics also deal with "manifoldness" at rest and "manifoldness" in position, every point of time being also a point of space. But the Theory of Mathematics is concerned with the examination of what gives interdependence and coherence to the various groups of mathematical conceptions. It deals both with synopsis and analysis. Thus in Mathematics we have practically the threefold classification of the Sankhya. Sattva or Prakásh may, therefore, be called the Principle of Unity, which makes the operations of the other two principles, the static and the dynamic, intelligible.

The Yoga Sutras call this principle Radiance, for it is truly illuminating, and Yoga really depends upon its proper development. Listen to the doves in a garden. There is one in the garden I frequent, whom I call Delicia. But even she with her tender voice hunts for worms. Even dove-Delicias are not perfect, for the dynamic and the static principles are at work in them, and the principle of Radiance or Unity is not preponderant.

Who ravished Lucrece? One whose Rajas and Tamas, whose dynamic and static principles overpowered his Sattva. Shakespeare rightly says that the servile powers usurped the seat of the sovereign within his breast—the seat of law and duty. His conscience, therefore, froze, while his unholy passion, his foul appetite took fire, and, like a thief, he rifled Pure Chastity—to Lucrece “a dearer thing than life.” Why does such momentary joy breed months of pain? Why does such hot desire convert to cold disdain?

“Because the soul’s subjects with foul insurrection” batter down her consecrated wall (Sattva) and make her thrall “to living death and pain perpetual.” It is their wilfulness that produces hell, and that wilfulness is a sign and symbol of the freedom coming from above.

What Ishvara is to Purush and Prakriti, Sattva is to Rajas and Tamas.

The element of Radium was found after subjecting whole wagon-loads of the most varied ores to what is called the “gross treatment.” Pitch-blend residues, for example, were first taken to the crushers and then to wooden tanks, and cast-iron tanks provided with stirring devices. “Each ton of residue will require five tons of chemicals and fifty tons of rinsing water.” Successive washings remove each time the metal having the most soluble salts. The operations last about 2½ months, and then one or two kilograms of impure radium bromide are obtained from each ton of residue. The activity of this radium-holding salt hardly exceeds 50 to 60 units of Uranium activity. The pitch-blend residues

are obtained in the manufacture of Uranium, and Radium sulphate is the least soluble of all. The Radium element has not yet been isolated. Science has only its chemical compounds—the Radium salts, but by discontinuing the various operations at a given stage, the activity of these salts can be varied at will, according to the special purpose they may be intended for. The final operations can raise the activity from 50 or 60 to 2,000,000 units. So can every one of us raise the Radiance of the Principle of Unity, Sattva, by *sukshma dhyana*, after the *sthula dhyana* ('gross treatment') has done its work.

First comes the crushing and the washing of the products of the dynamic and static principles in the mind, then comes the process analogous to that which is adopted in obtaining the products of the higher activity of Radium salts. Those salts are submitted to a series of successive *crystallizations* in pure water and in water containing some hydrobromic acid, and the difference of solubility of the bromides of radium and barium respectively is thus utilised, with a view to separating them from one another. After dissolving the various bromides, the solution is saturated at boiling temperature, and beautiful crystals are obtained on cooling. These crystals possess an activity, five times greater than the original dissolved salts, and by repeating the same operation over and over again, products of ever increasing activity are obtained.* Successive crystallizations of thought result when we meditate on the Particular, the Non-particular, the Sign, and the Signless, and there are further crystallizations called the *savitarka*, *savichara*, *sasmit*, and *sanand*, *nirvitarka* and *nirvichara samāpattis* in the first chapter of the Yoga Sutras. The boiling temperature corresponds to the *tivra sanweg*, and the differences between the vishesha, the avishesha, the linga and the alinga and their differences from Purush are so many differences in solubility in thought, and they are all utilised in obtaining beautiful crystals of thought through the increase of Sattva. It is difficult to find English equivalents for the Yogic terms invented after *sattvic* meditation, and having each a pregnant interdependent connotation.

The process resulting in the crystals of Radium salts is called fractionating. "The more minute operations required

to treat the products of higher activity are necessarily performed in the laboratory by skilled chemists. At the end of this difficult treatment only 1 to 2 milligrams of bromide are found to remain from each ton of original residues." So Dhyana and Samadhi yield outwardly very small results, but the value of those results, like the value of Radium, is far superior to that of more bulky products. A single kilogram of Radium bromide is worth £16,000,000.

The mind has its vibrations, and the control of these vibrations is Yoga, according to the Sutras. These vibrations have, so to say, to die before the mind can live in Yoga, and that yogic mind soon decays, which exhibits its powers (Siddhis) to the world.

The analogy of Radium helps us here also, for Professor Robert Kennedy Duncan tells us that the Radium emanation, the most potent substance in nature yet known to Science, gives out its enormous store of energy through its decay. The life of Radium is 1,300 years, but the life of a Radium emanation is 4 days.

The Uranium-Radium family decays into the Actinium family, and the Actinium family decays into the Thorium family. Similarly, the three principles, Unitive, Dynamic and Static may be said to decay into Mahat (the Sign of their being), and Mahat decays into Ahamkár.

No man has yet been able to decompose the Radium emanation, but it is able to decompose itself and transmute itself into three elements, "according to its surrounding circumstances." The Emanation decays into Helium, when dry, into Neon, when placed in water, into Argon when blue vitriol or some copper sulphate is dissolved in water. The Emanation, in 4 days, evolves nearly three million times as much heat proportionately as arises from any chemical action known to man. It shoots out streams of positively electrified particles of atomic dimensions continuously and persistently—streams of what are called Alpha rays—at the

rate of 10,000 to 20,000 miles a second! And these Alpha particles "are contained potentially in matter of every kind." According to Yoga, the three principles aforesaid are to be found in every kind of matter, and, therefore, they exist even in the Alpha particles, though the streams of these particles appear all alike, the sole difference being one of mere velocity.

At a certain distance, says Professor Duncan, phosphorescent, photographic and ionizing powers cannot detect the Alpha particles, and these rays "assume the mantle of invisibility." The invisibility of the Three Principles, therefore, is no argument against their existence, by which I mean relative reality.

"There is enough radiant energy in one ounce of Radium to lift 10,000 tons one mile high." And Yoga says there is enough energy in thought to make Radium and even the Three Principles themselves its slaves! Let us never be cocksure. Let us at least suspend our judgment, and not brusquely condemn the Yoga Sutras simply because they come from India.

"Radio-activity is the very sign and seal of disintegration," says Science. Every atom, according to it, is smouldering, and "triggers" and "lighted matches," for example, those of the Radium Emanation, simply accelerate by catalysis the process of decomposition. Just as lithium is the ashes of copper, just as Helium, Neon and Argon are the ashes of the Radium Emanation, so man may be the ashes of the angel. That would explain the old tradition of the Fall. We know not the truth at all. There may be, as one of the Upanishads says, a ladder between this world and the higher world, and some are coming down while others are going up.

Professor Duncan asks: "If we had bullets of one calibre and one make—would we suppose they were so by chance?" The Alpha rays are streams of such bullets. Is Radium sending them forth by chance? A continuous bombardment is going on, and the substances under bombardment emit their own rays. Is all that mere chance? Assume merely that there are Dynamic and

Static levers of History, and you cannot do away with chance. Assume, on the contrary, with the Sankhya and Yoga that there is a third principle, integrating, illuminative and unitive, and the very conclusion arrived at by Dr. Reich as to the importance of character becomes intelligible.

The Sankhya and the Yoga, with that wonderful logical sequence which has extorted the admiration of Max Muller, consider even this integrating, illuminative and unitive Principle to be Matter! The mind itself is, according to them, Matter. Their whole terminology is so framed as to lead up to the highest truth of Yoga, which is the stepping-stone to Vedanta and its proof. Hence it is that that terminology is untranslatable. All the three Schools accept the Three Principles of Matter. The Sankhya, to deal with them scientifically, eschews altogether the idea of God, but it finds Spirit in every individual and makes room for it. The Purush, however, is not the mind. The three principles of Prakriti evolve Mahat, which has, like the other products of the Principles, a cosmic (Samashti) and an individual (Vyachhti) aspect. The Mahat is Buddhi (the ratiocinative and imaginative faculties and conscience) in man, and out of Mahat comes forth Ahamkar, the egoistic, differentiating, individualising faculty in man and the cosmos. These also are strictly Matter. But the three Principles of Matter, inanimate themselves, work only when they are animated. And the Sankhya says they are animated by Purush, the Spirit in every individuality, and Yoga says that there is a distinct Purush, the Ishwar (or Lord), Who is untouched by Avidya (Nescience) and its brood (pride of being, attraction, repulsion, and fear of disintegration), Who is untouched by Karma or the fruits of Karma (secular duration, type, and experience pleasurable and painful), Who is untouched by the embryonic seeds of Karma, Who has omniscience, Who was the Guru of all the ancient Gurus, and Who should be loved and meditated on, to free the individual spirit from its (apparent) bondage to Prakriti and her Three Principles (Gunas). Thus even Sattva, the integrating illuminative principle, is worth doing away with! This is certainly paradoxical, but there is an explanation.

That explanation turns on the relation of Sattva to the other two Principles. It is inseparable from them. So long as the other two exist, it must also exist. The existence, indeed, of any one of the three, implies the existence of the other two. All the three are in their nature inanimate, and the Yogi wants the Life of even that life which starts them on their transforming career.

This teaching of the Sankhya and Yoga has received a useful illustration from the researches of the Lumiere Brothers, whose autochrome plates have made colour photography a success. Their process is based on the fact that, "in our eyes, part of the mechanism is in triplicate." In other words, there are three distinct sets of perceiving apparatus, by whatever name they may be called. One sees red, one green and one blue-violet. How do we see yellow then? By the excitement of those two out of the three mechanisms, which respond to red and green. How do we see blue? By the stimulation of those two which respond to blue-violet and green. How do we see the colour orange? By the stimulation of those which respond to red and green, with more red than in the case of yellow. How do we see purple? By the stimulation of those which respond to blue-violet and red. "Clerk Maxwell's suggestion was that if we could secure photographs recording how every colour was seen by one set of mechanism only, a set of three such photographs for the three mechanisms, if printed in suitable colours, would reproduce to the eye all the colours of the original. It does not matter how many shades of red there may be, for example. If we get the right shade of red, of green and of blue-violet to start with, we can make that one red reproduce all the others by merely adding to it a little of the right green and of the right blue-violet itself." The Lumiere Brothers first take little grains of powdered potato-starch in hand. These are of the same size and shape. They are approximately circular, and 2,000 of them in a row just measure one inch. The grains are divided into three sets which are coloured, red, green, and blue-violet. The sets are then mixed in such proportions that the colour of the mixture itself is grey. This mixture then is dusted over a plate coated with a fine layer of some sticky substance. The surface is then brushed over so that all the powder is removed except what adheres. This prevents overlapping. In this way a layer one particle deep is obtained. The layer is then rolled under

great pressure, in order to crush the particles flat and fill up the interstices completely. The plate is then given a protection varnish, so as to prevent the photographic solution from reaching the dyed starch. No light whatever can get through the plate, unless it goes through a granule. The Lumiere Brothers, in this way, after adding the usual sensitive coating, get their coloured photographs.

"In the greenest green in Nature there is a trace of blue-violet and of red, and all three sets of particles are used in compounding every colour that is produced." The three basal colours "are never seen by themselves." *One implies the other two.* Similarly each one of the Three Principles implies the other two.

Make three persons stand between three mirrors placed in a triangle, and "their multiplied reflections form the appearance of a crowd." Make the three Principles of Prakriti the three mirrors of the Trinity, and their multiplied reflections form the cosmos.

What a marvellous cosmos is thus built by the Three in our brains! Professor Edward A. Ayers, of the New York Polyclinic (Post graduate) Medical School and Hospitals says (in Harper's Magazine for April 1908) that it would take 1,700 average sized cells laid side by side to measure one inch. The total number of brain cells, according to one estimate, is 612,000,000, according to another, 9,200,000,000. The Professor's picture of the brain is worth meditating on: "It occupies," he says, "less space in proportion to its capabilities than any machine it ever invented. It sends a special nerve to every ultimate fibre of some 500 muscles, to many thousand branching twigs of arteries, to every pinhead of the numerous glands which keep the machine properly oiled, heated or cooled, to some 16 square feet of skin, which is the outpost guard of its castle, with such completeness that the point of a pin cannot find an area unguarded. It possesses special quarters for the reception and translation of a constant stream of vibrations, that are the product of all things movable or still in the outer world. On the retina of every open eye is a picture of the outer view, a focussed imprint of every ray of light

and colour, and in the Visual Chamber of the mental palace stands a Vibrascope, a magic lantern that receives the retinal picture in its billion speeding series of light waves, and throws them upon its mental screen as a living moving picture of light and shade and colour. In the Chamber of Sound is a Vibraphone, over whose active wires passes every wave of sound, from the dripping of the dew to the orchestral fortissimo, from the raucous screech of the locomotive to the sighing of the wind through the meadow grass. In the Chambers set apart for Scent, Taste and Touch are the secret service guards to report upon the air and food, which give sustenance to the palace, and upon the solid qualities of the tactile world. And wonder of all wonders, this complex human brain can think in all languages or in no language, and even conceive its own physical mortality." Beautifully said!

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There is an average of over 10,000 little nerve telephones—tactile corpuscles—in each foot square of the skin. The ganglion clerk, says the Professor, attends to all the ordinary calls of these telephones. It is a sub-station agent. But when there is anything extraordinary, the bells in the central office ring out. Who sees to their ringing? Who attends to them?

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In the arterial tree—in every little twig of which is a nerve telephone—"runs a scarlet stream of some 12 pounds of blood through a system of pipes like a city's water-works, with its central pump and its thousands of pipes—only the water-pipes are of iron, and the vascular pipes are like pure rubber hose, contracting here, expanding there, to throw a smaller stream to a quiet district and a larger to the one in action. Here is a scarlet stream that completes its circuit through the heart twice in every minute, which requires the pumping of some 34,000 pounds of blood in 24 hours, and it is all under the constant regulation and control of the "vasomotor" telephones." Who sets them up, repairs them and keeps them going?

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There are again telephones of the organs of special sense, additional to touch—for the eye, ear, nose and tongue. The brain has also "a special centre for written words, another for spoken words, a 'central' for each, and a centre for reproducing these

words in writing and another in speech." How wonderful are its tel-auto-scope, its tel-auto-graph, its tele-graphone (telephone plus phonograph) its tel-auto-gust. How well is communication maintained from periphery to centre, from centre to periphery !

" A man in possession of all his senses has a visual word centre, in addition to the general word centre, with which he can picture in the dark the appearance of words, an auditory word centre, in addition to that of general hearing by which he can call to mind the sounds of spoken words, and a centre for recalling the shapes of raised letters." There are cells for imagination, invention, conscience, reason, judgment, will, memory, speech, and mathematics.

Is not this a world in itself ?

Ordinary cells are round or oval or spindle-shaped with a nucleus in the centre. But " brain cells have many off-shoots and a special thread through which " the essential function of each is sustained. " Old cells are constantly wearing' out, and their places taken by new ones." Then there are delicate threads uniting the brain cells. Who holds all these filaments in his hand ?

(To be continued.)

A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

INDIA AND JAPAN.

SOME POINTS OF COMPARISON AND CONTRAST.

TO-DAY I was one of several thousand witnesses of a sight of which all seemed to feel the significance. A gentle-looking little Japanese lady loosed a string, letting a bottle of champagne crash upon the bows of a gigantic liner lying on the slips, and simultaneously the enormous bulk slid rapidly down into the water. The largest liner yet built in Japan took the water with a smoothness and grace which almost deprived one of the feeling that mighty forces were in motion at all. Alongside, under a vast framework of steel girders, carrying the travelling cranes, lies a partly-finished super-dreadnought which will be launched in a few months. Both are the work of Japanese engineers and shipwrights, and both represent the highest progress achieved in the two chief branches of shipbuilding.

To one coming from India, the thought naturally occurs, "Here in this dockyard is a combination of enterprise, organisation, and constructive skill such as it would be difficult to find in India," and as a corollary the question suggests itself whether the apparent superiority lies in the character of the Japanese people or is derived from their political independence. The question is too important to be left without consideration because of the proverbial odiousness of comparisons, and as soon as we begin to probe it, we find that such raw distinctions are not justified by the circumstances.

First, I think we should try to divest our minds of that hackneyed idea that Japan has sounded a trumpet-call to arouse the dark-complexioned and non-Christian part of the world from its acquiescence in subordination to the European races. Not that I would grudge to Japan any of the glory her achievements deserve

—Japan has done too big things for my grudging to make a fly-blotch on its surface. But the comparison so often made of late years between Japan and India—and most often made by Indians—does scant justice either to India or to her rulers.

When we are invited to marvel at the way in which Japan has “thrown off the seclusion and conservatism of centuries and come abreast of Western civilisation” (it is usually referred to in some such terms as this,) we are apt to forget that a change as great has come over the Western world. It may be that Japan has changed her methods more quickly, but not very much. The transformation of the England or the United States of a hundred years ago into the England or United States we know to-day, is in many respects more marvellous, and would certainly be found more striking to a Rip Van Winkle than the change which the opening of the country to foreign intercourse has wrought in Japan. Whether we consider fashions in dress, the development of communications, the applications of science, the growth of the Press, the progress of research, the mutations of public thought, political, religious and philosophic, we find England even more marvelously transformed than Japan. In India, however, change has been slower, and we are inclined to conclude without consideration that it must be through something lacking either in her people or in the method by which they are governed.

In reviewing the period during which India and Japan have come under “modern” influence, we may reasonably begin in the 'fifties of the nineteenth century—after the Mutiny in one case and after Commodore Perry's visit in the other. Up to that time both countries were still in a mediæval stage of development, though the East India Company had been the determining factor in Indian politics for a hundred years. Europe's great burst of expansive energy broke over the world at a moment when Japan was ready to meet it independently, and India under European control. We must remember, however, that the political differences were less than the social; Japan came out from seclusion after two and a half centuries of undisturbed peace; India had to face the new conditions after an age of war and rapine in which the brief glory of the Moguls was the one opportunity for development. Some of Japan's artistic creations are exquisite, but they seem, after all, a small result of two hundred and fifty years of undisturbed security and plenty. During this prolonged

period of feudal government, when great lords might have been expected to patronise genius, there appears to have been no single great achievement in art, poetry, letters, research, or any kind of philosophy. There was infinite refining and perfecting of all that had been learnt from China, but there it ended.

It was, however, a time of preparation. The perfecting of civil government was a constant preoccupation of the authorities, and if the perfection was not on a very high plane, it was at least singularly complete. Everything that went on was known to the authorities, and the people were schooled into a docile obedience to the officials. The officials were not conscious of preparing the way for a change. On the contrary, their avowed object was to cultivate a belief in the heavenly descent of the Japanese, and a sense of their exclusive right to their sacred soil, and of the necessity of keeping out the hairy barbarians. As attempt to leave the country was punishable by death, and no man was allowed to own an ocean-going vessel. Attempts made by foreigners to establish communications were met by firm resistance, varied with polite persiflage and smiling insults. All that official ingenuity could devise was done to maintain seclusion and custom, and all the while the officials were involuntarily preparing the ground for an easy change.

The revolution came. The Shogunate was at last swept away, and the Emperor was restored to supreme power. For years past a leaven had been working in the country. In spite of the obstacles thrown in their way, enthusiastic young men had been devoting themselves to the acquisition of Western knowledge, and the thirst for this knowledge spread throughout the land. Perhaps no period in recent history has been so misrepresented. We are constantly regaled with rhapsodies on the singular unselfishness with which the nobles and official classes renounced their ancient rights for the common good. The Japanese upper classes are represented as Mirabeaus and Philippe Egalités of a nobler sort. To many, indeed, great credit is due, but the revolution was not a political *bouleversement* so much as a change of clothes. Except for the sudden rise of men who had studied in Europe and America, little change took place between the relative positions of the classes, and the new régime found ready to its hand a populace carefully drilled into habits of order and obedience for two hundred and fifty years, and ready to accept

dutifully whatever new orders might be promulgated. Even the national self-esteem which had been fostered for purposes of exclusiveness now came in as an incentive to excel the nations of the outer world.

Just when Japan's long era of peace began, Akbar died. Had he and his great lieutenants found worthy successors . . . but speculations on the might-have-been are idle. The blood-stained story of what *was*, is familiar enough. The British Raj covered the divided land province by province, bringing some semblance of peace and security, but not until the tragic eruption of the great Mutiny had subsided did all men know that India was henceforth to be, as Nature in her most magnificent mood intended, one nation, and a nation at peace with itself. Centuries of rapine, warfare, and intrigue had left the land exhausted, the people without faith in themselves. There were besides many unhealed enmities, feuds of faith and hostilities of caste. The people were docile but undisciplined, and civilised life had been reduced to its most beggarly elements. There was, moreover, the heavy toll which India exacts in pestilence and famine, the work for the prevention of which, though still far from complete, is in itself a great achievement.

Other things being equal, a self-governing country would be expected to advance more quickly than a dependency. But other things were not equal. Japan began the race with a unity of language and of aim, and a feeling of responsibility, which it was impossible that the India of that time should possess. The creative work to be done in Indian administration was infinitely greater than was required in Japan, where no small part of the transformation has been effected by a change of names and of clothes. Besides, we have to recognise the fact that it was impossible that India should make a beginning on an independent basis; the feeling of national solidarity had to grow, and the administration had to be brought to the state of perfection sufficient for the needs of modern civilisation; and last, but not least, there had to be a common tongue in which all races, religions and castes could communicate on an equal basis.

Economically, the natural differences between India and Japan have been accentuated by artificial policies. There is a widespread idea that economic salvation lies in manufacture and export, involving the complementary proposition that economic

damnation lies in agriculture and import. It is a line of thought which, pursued any distance, lands one into all sorts of absurdities, but which, at the outset, is not unattractive. Japan and India have often been contrasted as showing the difference between a country which manages its own affairs for its own advantages and one which is managed by somebody else for their advantage. Unfortunately, there are several salient facts to excuse the conception of India in the latter character. There is a cumbrous and costly India Office, maintained from Indian revenues, but of dubious utility to India; there are such things as the refusal to let India mint its own gold, the flotation of loans in London that might have been disposed of in India; the keeping of the gold reserve in London; the cotton excise duties—a frank if somewhat shameless avowal that India's chief use is to support the British manufacturer. The pension list is in itself an economic disadvantage, but may be regarded as a minor handicap. Japan has none of these disadvantages, though she has others from which India is free. It is yet too early to say whether the fiscal freedom which Japan enjoys, and her enjoyment of which excites the natural envy of Indian politicians and even of Anglo-Indian officials, has been used wisely and for her ultimate benefit. It is certain that the protective system has given rise to many ventures in manufacture and an amount of industrial activity which Indian captains of industry—not to speak of Indian journalists and orators—desire in vain. It may be a poor consolation to the Indian, but it is certainly a fact that where, in a country which has practically free trade, an industry makes headway, that industry is undoubtedly a sound commercial proposition. It is doubtful whether any of Japan's new industries could survive the withdrawal of the protective tariff. We may take, for instance, the cotton industry, which is the most considerable of the new industries both in Japan and in India. The Kanegafuchi mill in Japan stands above its fellows like the Empress mills at Nagpur, a model of good management. It cares for its employees more elaborately than does the Nagpur concern. It also, along with a few other well-managed concerns, pays a high dividend. The whole industry pays a higher dividend than the whole Indian industry. But were the tariff which makes foreign competition impossible withdrawn, it would be a deadly blow to the industry. The Kanegafuchi and a select few other mills might survive, but their glory,

not to speak of their dividends, would be sadly diminished. It may be that in this we only have an instance of the great things that India might have achieved if left fiscally free. Protection could undoubtedly have created a cotton industry in India which would have been four times as large and flourishing as the one that now exists. But in Japan we find an industry which has a monopoly of the home market, and is so fully established that the suggestion that foreign labour organisations have an advantage over it, has become absurd, and yet which has to be supported by taxes which bear heavily on every man, woman and child in the Empire. The case of the sugar industry is even worse, for it is complicated by an excise duty remitted on exports, so that while the Japanese consumer finds sugar so dear that he makes some of his sweetmeats without it (!), the Chinaman is enabled to enjoy Japanese produce at a reasonable price ; yet, though the sugar industry has been established on a large scale for many years, though Formosa was annexed partly in its interest, though on that island there has been compulsory cultivation and confiscation of land all for the promotion of this industry, we find the manufacture of sugar in Japan in a condition so far from flourishing that the manufacturers are demanding that the Government impose a tax on the malted barley with which the Japanese are fain to satisfy their natural appetite for something sweet.

I am not inclined to put the dogmas of free-trade and protection upon the same level as the force of gravity or the multiplication table, but cite these instances only to show the effects in an Asiatic country where wages are low and population is dense and mainly agricultural, of a policy on their freedom to adopt which Indian politicians have often congratulated the Japanese. The Government has its own woollen mills and steel works, both protected and both working at a loss. It may be that some day all these protected ventures will turn up trumps, but so far as the system has been tried, it is a tremendous tax on the general population, who find existence becoming more and more difficult. This, however, is not apparent to the casual observer, who only notes superficially the greater growth of modern industries in Japan than in India, and is inclined to ascribe it either to the virtues of self-government or to the superior qualities of the people.

Since the Russo-Japanese war there has been rather a disposition on the part of Indians to hail Japan as a fellow-sufferer from European arrogance who has destroyed a racial heresy, and the Japanese would have a good deal less than a fair share of human vanity (whereas this is a quality they are not at all deficient in) if they did not sometimes pose in this figure—even to the extent of making much of an occasional Indian seditionist who calls on them to deliver his country from the oppression of their Ally. This, of course, is all based upon the assumption that the geographical expression “Asia” is very much more than a name. It is quite obvious that the best European and Indian physical types are much more closely related to each other than is either to the Japanese. In character and habits of thought the differences are no less marked. One effect of Japan’s long period of peaceful evolution was the development of a refined aesthetic taste uninfluenced by the West. This has made a great impression on many people in England, and has been the chief factor in making Japan a fashion in that country. It was, of course, natural to ascribe to the people, who were the fashion, every virtue. Even the most discriminating kept silence regarding the virtues they have not, and magnified those that they have. I have not a word to say against the “generous passion of praise,” except that discrimination gives it whatever value it has. With regard to the Japanese virtue of patriotism, which is a very real one, the lack of discrimination of many English Japanophiles has lacked this saving quality. It had always been inculcated that the Japanese were superior to every kind of hairy barbarian on earth, that the soil was sacred, and so forth. Whatever public spirit, whatever national feeling, was developed, in these circumstances, it was natural should be directed to the glory of Japan, and that it should be so directed had been the care of the bureaucracy not only in the Meiji era but under the later Shoguns as well. In the war with Russia patriotic passion rose to fever-heat, and the English Japanophile has told us, till we are nauseated, that this is its normal condition. But the flood of English babble on Japanese patriotism does an injustice to a much larger sort of patriotism that has grown up in India. The narrow, if potent, national feeling of Japan may be all that its panegyrists can conceive, but could they understand it, the patriotism of India is a far more remarkable thing. The multitude in either country

may not go much beyond a desire for the preservation of a home-stead ; but the leaders of thought in India have achieved a conception of patriotism which embraces many religions, castes, languages and nations. To a King who claims no divine descent it yields freely a heartfelt homage, and to strangers who come to serve in this great synthesis it yields a willing deference and a loyal co-operation. The doings of the anarchist occupy a good deal of space in the newspapers ; the lack of public spirit in India is a favourite theme of municipal critics ; but the liberal spirit which overlooks all differences of race and language and offers a willing self-sacrifice for the good, of an ideal India yet to be, is a thing one might have expected people who call themselves Imperialists to appreciate and acknowledge, rather than turning from it uncomprehendingly, as so many have done, to gush over the fierce parochialism of Japan.

It is difficult to draw any comparisons between the amount of public spirit shown in Japan and in India in domestic affairs. Japan has such a vast and ubiquitous public service that there is no particular need for anybody to do more than consent to put up with it. India has, by contrast, only a skeleton bureaucracy, and the amount of honorary public service done, if not so great as progressive officials could wish, is at any rate all on the credit side of the account. In a country whose efficiency has been so often characterised as "astonishing" (one of the favourite themes of the distinguished tourist in Japan who has had everything officially explained to him), it is surprising to find a Government, in financial straits, actually dismissing some ten per cent. of its staff in every department of the public service, including the judges' bench and the railways, without anybody venturing to say that those left would feel the loss of them. And this spring-cleaning of the public services was not, we may be sure, any thing like so thorough as that to which Lord Curzon submitted Indian officialdom without finding any much decimation necessary.

So far as social grade and public estimation are concerned, there was once a caste system in Japan, a difference between it and the Indian system being that in Japan the merchant was put below the agriculturist, while in India he was put above. The lower estimation in which he was held might possibly explain the Indian cultivator's inferiority to the Japanese, though the conditions are so different that this assumption of inferiority

may do an injustice to the Indian. But it is difficult to accept the hackneyed apology for the low standard of commercial morality in Japan, that the merchant was always looked down upon. If it comes to that, the Jew was looked down upon in Europe, but his commercial probity survived. Embezzlement in public and private offices, and especially in banks, is appallingly common ; a merchant or broker who fulfils his contract with the market against him is the exception rather than the rule ; and though the charges freely made on platform and in Press against the Prime Minister himself, that he gets a commission on naval contracts, may be a slander, the fact of their being made and received with assent shows that in the vulgar estimation even the ancient nobility are not saved by their traditions from this weakness. Commercial morality and the sense of responsibility in financial affairs are certainly better developed in India and in circumstances where less might have been expected.

In matters of education Japan has most often been contrasted with India to the disparagement of the latter. Japan's written language is, indeed, a system of such cumbrous compromises that it argues a large degree of natural cleverness that, to quote Professor Chamberlain, even very stupid little Japanese boys are able to learn it. But even with allowance being made for this, Japan's universal compulsory education is an achievement that has somewhat narrow limitations. The cumbrous writing was practically the only handicap it carried. After centuries of civilised peace, it is rather surprising that it remained for the present generation to do so much. What has been done does not save children from being put to factory work at a very tender age, and under fewer protective restrictions than they enjoy in India. The Japanese language, like the Indian languages, has been considerably modified by contact with Europe, but its adoption of Chinese terms for new words required has been of doubtful benefit, and while the vocabulary has been enriched thereby, the assimilation of new ideas has been rendered in many ways imperfect.

One of the less hopeful features in Japanese life is the almost pathetic leaning on the methods of the schoolmaster. The public speeches of exalted officials are filled with the sin of extravagance in buying foreign goods when Japanese might be purchased for not very much more ; the necessity for working hard and promot-

ing national ideals ; the duty of self-sacrifice for the glory of Japan ; and much more to the like effect. While in schools the almost idolatrous worship of the Emperor is constantly included by order of the Education Department, while the reading of Imperial Rescripts and the delivery of set speeches on patriotism occupy quite a large part of some of the public holidays. There is something in all this which is symptomatic not so much of a spontaneous loyalty as of a fear lest a people, not bound together by any particular religious ideals, may degenerate and disunite, to prevent which their feelings are officially and artificially worked up in favour not of the most exalted ideals but of those which shall make them easiest to hold together.

The entirely natural growths in India of religion, idealism, and loyalty, may be compared with the growth of industry and trade ; the progress in Japan has been more striking, but it is open to doubt whether it is as healthy and natural. There is certainly much in the attitude of Young Japan to-day which causes serious misgivings to arise in the minds of thoughtful compatriots, just as there is much in the country's financial condition to make financiers dubious. India has shown a steadier if slower growth. There are discontents and failures, but there have been successes vaster and more enduring than Japan can show.

To compare the social characteristics of the people of Japan and India would be a somewhat unprofitable task. For some Europeans the constant bowing and the deprecatory giggles common to Japanese social intercourse possess a never-failing charm. Those accustomed to the graver courtesies of India find them more comfortable and sincere than those of Japan. Besides the large number of ignorant enthusiasts, there has been a small group of Europeans who have lived in Japan for many years apparently in a state of ecstasy over the country. Whether, like Lafcadio Hearn, they have all had their moments of nauseated reaction, is more than I can say. There are others whose experience of the country engenders in them a fixed hostility to its people. These are the two extremes, between which there is a mass who, in varying degrees, take the country as they find it. But somehow these extremes of opinion are not found in India. There is of course the weariness of disgust with exhausting work under unpleasant conditions, but seldom a feeling of hostility towards the people. The enthusiasm also is not in evidence. In a word,

the Indian is taken as a fellow-man, esteemed if he has good qualities, judged for his faults. In the attitude of the Japanophile there is something rather insulting. The ecstasies seem to be based on an enduring wonder that its objects should be civilised human beings. The hostility probably arises from the same feeling of essential difference, aggravated by the hardly disguised jealousy of the foreign trader—a jealousy which, to be just, one must remember is largely due to economic fears.

But the object of this slight paper is not the drawing of invidious comparisons. It is rather to suggest to the reader a few considerations not generally made when India and Japan are compared. Indians are particularly prone to dwell on the contrast between the meteoric career of Japan and the dishearteningly slow progress of their own country; and they not unnaturally jump to the conclusion that the difference lies between self-government and government by somebody else. Englishmen are still more hastily-unjust when they conclude that the difference arises from the superiority of the Japanese to the Indians. The Japanese view the case most grotesquely of all. Set among the Great Powers by their alliance with Britain, and excluding immigrant labour from the Asiatic Continent as rigorously as the Transvaal, they are fond of posing as the deliverers of Asia from European bondage. I have tried to indicate a point of view from which the oft-invited comparison may assume, especially in Indian eyes, a juster proportion. I have endeavoured not to praise the Indian at the expense of the Japanese, but to indicate that the difference between their starting-points is greater than is usually assumed, while their progress towards the same goal has been made in manners so diverse that a superficial comparison must lead to an unjust conclusion.

A. MORGAN YOUNG.

Kobe, Japan.

COMRADES IN ARMS.

It was during one of our little wars that a party of the 1001st regiment, out foraging, was ambushed by a large body of Afridis, and were obliged to take shelter in an old *sangar*. The fight was to the death. In twos or threes it was possible for the sepahis to make their escape, leaving only a few of their number to keep the enemy engaged, but when the old Jamadar called for volunteers to hold the *sangar*, the whole company volunteere'd. The Jamadar patted his medalled breast.

"You are my men—my own men," he said. "We'll die together. The regiment will be proud of us. We'll fight the fight of our lives."

And they did. At the end of two hours' fighting, only two of the little band of heroes were alive; but they had thinned considerably the ranks of the Afridis.

And the two that remained alive were the Jamadar and No. 7546 Gulam Khan, the latter quite a lad.

"Jamadar Sahib," said the lad, "it is growing dusk."

"There will be light enough to see the backsights of our rifles. till we'll require our weapons no longer," replied the Jamadar.

"I know it," answered No. 7546. "I've known it for some little time. Our retreat is not quite cut off. It is possible for one man to get away, if the other engages the enemy."

The Jamadar's face quivered with anger.

"I knew your father," he cried. "But was he your father? I cannot bring myself to believe that he begot a coward like you."

"My father, were he alive, would have had no occasion to shave his beard, because of any action of mine. I meant not that I should go and you remain."

The Jamadar fairly leaped to his feet, heeding not the bullets of the Afridis, and he struck the lad on the cheek.

Gulam staggered under the blow. Then he wiped his cheek and smiled.

"Your arm is still young, Jamadar," he said. "I have not received such a blow since my father's death."

The lad spoke thus to please the Jamadar, and it did please him ; he smiled and sat down.

"Listen, Jamadar Sahib," said the lad. "You are an old man with a large family—who will support your widow if you are killed?"

"The Afridis are shooting," said the Jamadar. "It is only when they are so employed that one gets a sight of their ugly faces, and the opportunity is too good to miss."

There were several pauses in his short speech, pauses which were felt by the enemy. The Jamadar was certain of having placed at least two of the enemy *hors de combat*.

"We ought to be thankful to the Germans," said the Jamadar when the firing had ceased.

Gulam did not know what he was driving at.

"You don't follow me—eh? I see—you are not very observant. The rifles these poor fellows use, are manufactured out of old gaspipes, and guaranteed—if they don't burst—to hit the mark once in a hundred shots."

Gulam laughed heartily. The Afridis heard him and shouted back that they would soon be in the *sangar* to learn what all the fun was about.

"That reminds me," said the Jamadar, "they will be here soon. As you just now said, I am an old man."

"Ah," cried the lad. "I knew you would come round to reason. You are a brave man—every one knows it. And will you now prove yourself a coward?"

"A coward? By Allah—what do you mean?"

"There is no greater coward than he who acts the brave against Allah."

"And how have I done that, O, fool?"

"Allah is offering thee thy life, and—"

"Hold your tongue. You take after your mother and not your father—she talked, your father fought."

The Afridis fired a few more shots. The Jamadar looked along the barrel of his rifle, but seeing nothing at the other end, turned on his side again.

"I said I was an old man," continued the Jamadar. "You cannot deny that. I have a wife and children—two sons, mind you, and in the pultan—they will carry on the traditions of my house. As for you—your wife is not yet a mother, and there is no one, not even a brother, no graft from the old tree. Therefore you must go."

The young man let fall his rifle and looked stupidly into the Jamadar's face.

"Have you not heard?" questioned the Jamadar.

"I have heard," said the lad slowly, "and am surprised. It was I who made the suggestion—."

"Hold!" cried the Jamadar. "You have no right to make any suggestion to me, your superior officer. Attention!"

The lad sprang to his feet and came to the attention with military precision. The Afridi bullets flew past his head, but he heeded them not. "No 7546, you carry a message back to camp. Tell the Colonel Sahib that the Jamadar sends apologies for not being able to drive in any cattle to add to the stores—for the reason that he and the foraging party are dead. And tell him that the foraging party upheld the honour of the regiment."

The lad saluted.

"Sit," said the Jamadar. When the lad had obeyed, the Jamadar continued: "I don't want you to march off in military fashion, but creep out, and take your rifle with you. Go—hope in Allah—but keep your rifle ready."

No. 7546 was creeping away when his officer called to him.

"Shake," he said, and they shook hands. With something like a sob in his throat, No. 7546 slipped over the wall of the *sangar*, and was gone.

The Jamadar, left alone, fired a shot in the direction of the enemy to assure him that the garrison was still there. The Afridis did not reply—not yet awhile. Nearer, and yet nearer they crawled till they were within easy reach of the *sangar*, and then replied to the Jamadar's salute.

The old soldier lay flat on his stomach and, looking along the barrel of his rifle, saw, not twenty paces off, the shaggy head of an Afridi. That head dropped never to rise again.

By this time, however, the Afridis had discovered the strength of the defenders and, leaving their boulders, rushed forward to finish the fight. The Jamadar fired as fast as he could load and, even in this hour of danger, he smiled.

"The idiots," he cried. "They are sending their own men to Jehanum."

The Jamadar saw men fall, but they were not men he had fired at therefore he concluded that some of the Afridis, with the intention of cutting off the garrison's retreat, had worked round to the rear of the *sangar*; and it was their cross-fire that was telling on their own men.

The Afridis were on him. The Jamadar rose to his feet to battle for his life.

"Shabash—Shabash!" cried a voice.

The Jamadar turned quickly, and saw No. 7546. There was no time, however, to abuse him, for the hillmen claimed his attention.

After a short, but sharp fight, the Afridis were completely beaten, the three remaining hillmen admitting it by scrambling back over the *sangar*. Two even of this remnant did not live to fight again, for both the Jamadar and No. 7546 were marksmen.

The remaining Afridi, as he gained the summit of the hill, turned quickly and fired—and then was gone.

No. 7546 threw up his hands, coughed, spat a quantity of blood—then fell to the ground.

The Jamadar seeing that the lad required no earthly assistance, dashed up the hill in pursuit of the Afridi.

There was silence for a while—then two reports in rapid succession broke the stillness. A little later, the Jamadar returned, limping. His tunic was bloody.

He came to where the lad lay and, sitting close to him, turned the body over so that he could see the face.

"*Ulu ke ba ha*," he said. "Who is there now to carry on the traditions of thy family?"

His voice was soft—there was no scold in it.

The wound pained him—he felt faint. Gradually, his head dropped to the ground, his face close to the lad's.

"Fool," he said yet again. "Ay—a great fool—and yet a brave fool."

He wiped his eye with the back of his hand.

"May my sons turn out such fools;" said he, and then his eyes closed.

Lucknow.

J. H. WILLMER,

MEAT-DIET IN ANCIENT INDIA.

It is the unexpected that happens. In my article published in *East & West* for April, 1912, I referred—entirely from memory—to the decay or comparatively small increase, then much commented upon in the papers, of the Hindu population of India, as proved by the Census returns. In that connection I discussed the merits of a beef-diet as affecting human fecundity, and as a possible preventive of Hindu decay. As a side-issue I also discussed the improvement of Indian cattle by a judicious selection in breeding and rearing, recommending, on grounds of economy, the fattening of unprofitable animals for the butcher. The article was specially meant for the old class Hindu, who is well-known to have a deep-rooted prejudice against the slaughter of cattle, and contained copious references to our *Shastras*. It is curious that it evoked no serious reply from a Hindu. On the other hand, the October number of *East & West* for the same year contained a reply to my article from an altogether unexpected quarter—from a gentleman of beef-eating England—Mr. Alfred C. Newcombe. Mr Newcombe said that my main point—that the non-beef-eating Hindu population was decreasing, or at any rate not increasing as fast as our beef-eating Mahomedan brethren, is discredited by the figures of the Census of 1911. With regard to the Census figures of 1911, we have to note that only a few tables showing the total number of Hindus, the total number of Mahomedans and the total number of Christians, have been published. Comparing those totals for 1911 with the totals for 1901, we find :

	1901	1911	Differences in increase	Percentage of Increase
Hindus	207,147,026	217,586,920	10,439,894	5
Musalmans	62,458,077	66,623,412	4,128,843	6.6
Christians	2,923,241	3,876,203	982,962	32.6

that during the decade 1901 to 1911, the beef-eating Mahomedan increase was 6·6 per cent. and the beef-eating Christian increase was 32·6 per cent. (partly no doubt due to conversion), but the increase of the non-beef-eating Hindu was only 5 per cent. With regard to the Census figures for the total number of Hindus for any year, we have to note that the figures would shift very much either way, according as whether a particular aboriginal race is included in or excluded from the Hindus. We should not therefore place too much reliance on the Census figures of 1911 or of any single year, but also take into consideration the Census figures of other years. The figures of the first Census taken in 1871 was published in 1872. Speaking of the statistical value of that Census Mr. Risley in his Census Report of 1901 says: "No statistical value attaches to the India-total for 1872, which omits several important areas not then enumerated" (p. 5. Vol. I. A., Part II). We therefore leave out of consideration the result of that Census. The next Census was taken ten years after, in 1881, and the third Census again taken ten years after, in 1891. Comparing the Census figures of 1881 with those of 1891 we find :

	1881	1891	Increase	Percentage of Increase
Hindus	187,937,450	207,731,727	19,794,277	10·5
Musalmans	50,121,585	57,321,164	7,199,579	14·4
Christians	1,862,634	2,284,380	421,746	22·6

That the increase of the beef-eating Mahomedan was 14·4 per cent. and of the beef-eating Christian was 22·6 per cent. while that of the non-beef-eating Hindu was 10·5 per cent. only.

The next or fourth Census was taken ten years after in 1901. Comparing the results of the Census of 1901 with those of 1891 we find :

	1891	1901	Increase	Percentage of Increase
Hindus	207,731,727	207,147,026	584,701	0
Musalmans	57,321,164	62,458,077	5,130,913	8·9
Christians	2,284,380	2,923,241	638,861	27·9

That the increase of the beef-eating Mahomedan population was 8·9 per cent., and that of the beef-eating Christian population was 27·9 per cent., while for the non-beef-eating Hindu population instead of

an increase, we find a very substantial decrease. Speaking of the results obtained at the Census of 1901, Mr. Risley says in his report (Census of India, 1901, Vol. I, India Part I, Report by Mr. Risley): "The number of Hindus is less by about half a million than it was in 1891. . . . It has been shewn in dealing with the Mahomedans that the growth of the Hindu community is checked by their marriage customs" (P. 393). In another place says Mr. Risley: "In one of the districts of East Bengal inhabited mainly by prolific Mahomedans, the birth-rate amounted to no less than 52·3 per mille," p. 479. The mean birth-rate, as given by Mr. Risley, was 44·4 per mille. Mr. Risley adds: We have seen, moreover, that the classes that are most prolific are those least addicted to the practice (of early marriage), *i.e.*, the animistic tribes and the Mahomedans." With the Hindus, early marriage is most common in North Behar, and yet in spite of the ease with which in this tract the widows obtain a second husband, it contains one of the least progressive populations in India, (p. 480). Mr. Gait in his Census Report about Bengal says: "The Mahomedans have increased by 7·7 per cent. during the last decade. The actual increment in the number of Mahomedans is about the same as in the case of the Hindus, but the proportional growth is nearly twice as great" (p. 156). Thus so far as the Census figures go, the fact that the beef-eating Mahomedans, Christians and animists are more prolific than the beef-hating Hindus, is established beyond question. There can be no doubt that several causes combine to produce this difference in prolificness. Our contention is that the difference in the system of diet is one of the causes of this difference in prolificness.

Is this contention a mere surmise? Mr. Newcombe does not approve of our appealing to the ancient religious books "for directions as to what is best for food"—indeed he would discard them altogether as not being reliable history. The great epics of antiquity—the Iliad no less than the Mahabharata—may be looked upon as half fiction and half history, and allowance made for exaggeration, but neither should be discarded altogether as unreliable. Because Rantideva is said to have slaughtered 2,000 oxen daily, he need not have done so all his life, or the number 2,000 may stand merely for an indefinitely large number. It should certainly be unreasonable to discard altogether the fact that cattle were slaughtered and that beef was eaten in ancient India in those days. If the slaughter of oxen were as repugnant to the Hindus of those days as it is to us, would the writer of the Mahabharata conceive even as fiction what was so revolting both to himself and to the public of his day? The appeal to the Hindu religious books as proving the superior

virtues of beef is not intended for the beef-eating Christian or Mahomedan who do not need it, and have no faith in those books, but for the beef-hating Hindu who needs it, and has faith in those religious books. The Hindus have faith—or at least are expected to have faith, specially in the Vedas—even as regards the best food for them. The Hindu is expected to regard the Vedas as divine, eternal, and always reliable as evidence. The Vedas consist of the Mantras and Brahmanas—the latter including the Upanishads. The best of the Upanishads—the Brihadaranyaka—teaches: “Whoever desires ‘may a son be born to me, learned, admired by all, shining in the assemblies, of charming speech, studied in all the Vedas, and living to a full age,’ let the parents, the begetters, eat meat and rice cooked with butter, the meat being that of a bull mature or immature.” To this, as we have shown before, even Saṅkaracharyya in his commentary gives his tacit support. Jaimini too, laying down in his Sutra that anything in any other sacred book that disagrees with the teachings of the Vedas is unworthy of serious notice, raises that teaching of the Brihadaranyaka above doubt, and as binding on all Hindus. That beef was a common article of food among our Vedic heroes and *rishis*, should be known to every Hindu. “The heroes cooked the white bull” (Rig-veda 2-164-43) “Agni thou art invoked with barren cows, bulls, and pregnant cows” (R. V. 2-7-5), and again, “Oh, Agni, for thee be mature bulls and also barren cows (R. V. 6-16-47). In our previous article we showed by copious references that beef was a common article of food even till the time of many of the *Sanhitas* and *Puranas*. Turning to the sacred myths of the ancients, we have to notice that our Siva and Parvati, like Isis and Osiris of the Egyptians, represent the male and female powers of nature, according to the old Phallic form of worship, and unlike Isis and Osiris who themselves appear as cow and bull, have always the sacred bull, called Nandi, with them, as their carrier, thereby connecting the bull with the reproductive powers of nature.

But Mr. Newcombe would rely upon chemistry and physiology “for directions as to what is best for food.” But has chemistry, we ask, established conclusively the superiority of a vegetable diet over a mixed vegetable and animal diet? Have the English people with their advanced knowledge of chemistry and physiology to-day less faith in or less relish for their “roast beef of Old England?” Has chemistry established that eggs, milk, or butter, which form an important part of the vegetarians’ bill of fare, are vegetable products? We do not, however, wish to be dragged into that controversy. Even granting for the sake of argument that science has established that a vegetable diet is best for health and

strength, no one ever contended that it is also more prolific than or even as prolific as an animal diet. For aught we know, science has not attempted to determine by experiments human prolificness, as affected by different systems of diet. Human fecundity still remains a mystery too sacred for the impertinent fingering of the experimentalists. Here one has to be contented with general conclusions drawn from what one sees around him, and also draw help from the accumulated experience of the past, as recorded in ancient books, or expressed in ancient myths. That the sexual instincts are stimulated by indulgence in meat food, is a fact of common experience. For this reason alone and no other, young folks often prefer to be vegetarians. This is the underlying basis of the old Hindu practice of Brahmacharyya—recommended for young students of the Vedas. It is a fact of common observation that among the lower animals the most prolific is not the vegetarian horse or elephant, but the meat-loving cat, dog, or tiger. True, as Mr. Newcombe says, “differences of character and physique are chiefly due to local conditions.” But between the beef-eating Mahomedan or Christian or animists and the beef-hating Hindu, both living in one neighbourhood, and therefore under the same local conditions, one has to find out why the Mahomedan increase should be 6·6, the Christian 32 and the Hindu only 5 per cent.; one has to find out why Hindus and Mahomedans and Christians living side by side, barrenness should be peculiarly the complaint of the beef-hating Hindu, why the childless Hindu, man or woman, should so often be seen going about to look for an adopted son from among the sons of his clansmen, to forestall the extinction of his line, while, on the other hand, his beef-loving Mahomedan or Christian brother often has more children than he is well able to maintain.

Now it becomes a very pertinent question to ask—if beef possesses the virtue of prolificness in an exceptional degree as we contend, and was the favourite food of our ancient *rishis* and heroes, how and when did beef cease to be a common article of our food. Our answer is that it ceased to be our common food from the spread of Buddhism, which came like a deluge sweeping away the prevalent Vedic rites and customs. Present-day Indian vegetarianism, and specially the prevalent dislike for the meat of the larger ruminants like the ox or the buffalo, is not the result of a well-reasoned conviction as to the superiority of vegetable food for health or strength, or prolificness, demonstrated by elaborate experiments, as some people would seem to imagine, but is entirely empirical, and a relic of the old Buddhistic ideas and ideals. The old Buddhistic ideal of not causing

pain to any sentient being—the mosquito or the bed-bug, not excepted—charmed men's hearts by the wild and unpractical grandeur and nobleness of its conception. This ideal acquired additional force from the belief in metempsychosis, to which Buddhism gave special prominence. We know that in the Rig-veda, there is no trace of any belief in metempsychosis. We learn from the Panchâgnividyâ or knowledge of the five fires, described both in the Chandogya and the Brihadâranyaka, that metempsychosis was unknown to the Vedic sages, and that it was first taught by a Kshatriya king, Pravâhana, to the Vedic sage, Aruni. Even the *Katha* speaks indifferently of metempsychosis as one of the many possible theories about the future life. But it was Buddhism that laid the greatest stress upon this doctrine—by accepting it as the only true theory of life after death. Many of the Buddhistic sages were supposed to remember the events of their previous births. To the Buddhistic imagination metempsychosis was presented as a thing of daily experience, and not a mere possible theory. They thought they perceived that the animals all belonged essentially to the same rank; and that the wrong one did in this life to a brother animal of whatever rank, was sure to be retaliated at a future birth, when the tables were turned and his brother animal had him in his power. Though Buddhism is no longer the prevailing religion of India; still in her customs and prejudices, modern India is more or less Buddhistic. “He whose meat I feed on to-day will feed on me hereafter,”—says the Visnu Sanhita (LI-78). With such living faith in metempsychosis, there could not also fail to be a lurking fear that our nearest and dearest friends and relations might be among the larger animals killed for our food.

We thus see that the Hindu of to-day, though he has discarded the Buddhistic ideas and ideals in favour of the *Vedic*, still ignorantly cherishes the Buddhistic and Jainic prejudices and superstitions against the meat of the larger ruminants, such as the ox or the buffalo though the latter is still offered as a sacrifice to Goddess Kali or Durga,—forgetting that in doing so, he is defying the precepts of, and thus casting a slur upon, his Vedic forefathers in the matter of food. Prejudices and superstitions like these against beef, not based upon reason, and not having any redeeming feature, must be conquered if we are to hold our own among the nations of the world, and multiply at the same rate, and beget as good and strong children as the other nations of the world. We cannot violate the best teachings of the Shastras with impunity. It is not merely a question of the number of the offspring, but of their quality also—so that to raise the Malthusian objection on the ground of “the

level between population and means of subsistence" would be altogether out of place. Even if it could be raised, it would have to be raised against all.

It is not expected and it is not necessary that a conclusion mainly based on the authority of the old religious books of the Hindus, will be convincing to a non-Hindu. Indeed, it is apparent that the beef-eating non-Hindu does not need to be convinced of the merits of beef. It may even be doubtful whether such appeal to the authority of the Vedas will convince many of the Hindus of to-day, or that the conviction, if produced at all, will be strong enough to eradicate the deep-rooted and inherited aversion of the Hindus for beef. Be that as it may, it is bound to have one good effect. The contemplation of our Vedic sages and heroes as encouraging the use of beef both by example and precept is bound to weaken the existing opposition to the slaughter of cattle when necessary for the health and well-being of the community, or for the improvement of the cattle themselves. Thus, for example, we read in the *Times* Weekly of a few days ago, that from the first of May this year the English law will enforce the slaughter of all tuberculous cattle—the owners themselves being compensated by the State. Similar considerations regarding the health of the community would justify the slaughter of such diseased cattle in India—and among the Hindus to eradicate the prejudice against the slaughter of cattle merely as such is thus in itself a great gain to the community. Even if there should not be many who are convinced of the exceptional prolific power of a beef diet, it would be a great thing if the example and precepts of the great *rishis* of the Vedas and of the Sanhitas will help even partially to soften that bigotted opposition to the slaughter of cattle when necessary either for the good of the community or for the cattle themselves—which is a fruitful cause of the cow-killing riots of to-day.

The next point we raised was that of the improvement of Indian cattle by the judicious selection of sires and dams for breeding and rearing, and the weeding out of such cattle as are a source of loss to their keepers, either as milkers, or as bullocks for the plough, or for the cart. India is almost a continent, and what is true of the cattle of one province is not necessarily true of the cattle of another. For example, a remark that is true of the Bengal cows of to-day yielding on an average not more than a quart of milk a day, or of the Bengal bullocks of which a pair under the plough would scarcely exert a draught of a hundred pounds, will not be true of the cows of Multan or of the bullocks of Guzrat. But it is a truth of universal application that all cattle—whether of Bengal or Guzrat or Madras—are as

capable of improvement by judicious selection in breeding as they are liable to deterioration by its neglect. We in Bengal almost feel that our country is flooded with worthless cattle, and to our shame, it must be said that it is we ourselves who are responsible for this state of things, for it was not always so even in Bengal. Writing about the time of the Emperor Akbar in the sixteenth century, Abul Fazl says in his *Aini Akbari*:—"Though every part of the empire (Indian) produces cattle of various kinds—those of Guzrat are the best. They will travel 80 *Kos* (120 miles) in twenty-four hours, and surpass even swift horses. Good cattle are also found in Bengal and the Dakhine. The cows give upwards of half a *man* (4 gallons) of milk. His Majesty once bought a pair of cows for two *lacs* of dams (5,000 rupees). A cow will live to the age of twenty-five. From his knowledge of the wonderful properties of the cow, His Majesty, who notices everything which is of value, pays *much attention to the improvement of cattle*. He divided them into classes and committed each to the charge of a merciful keeper. The rank of each animal is fixed at the time of the public muster when each gets its proper place among sections of equal rank. Milk-cows and buffaloes have also been divided into sections." (149, Blockmann's *Aini Akbari*). To us to-day all this reads like a fable. A beef-eating Emperor "paying so much attention to the improvement of cattle," and a beef-eating historian having the patience and goodwill to record it! Where shall we look for its parallel among the non-beef-eating Hindu princes and nobility of to-day? Surely, the beef-eater of old took greater care of his cattle than the beef-eater of to-day. The degree of personal attention bestowed by Akbar upon his cattle reminds one of what the kings and princes of civilized Europe are doing to-day. A few days ago we read of the Bulgarian Queen as being an excellent hand at milking the cow. In the *Weekly Times* of London of the 21st February last, we read with delight that our Prince of Wales is about to establish a Home Farm for the breeding of pedigree stock in Cornwall. We read in the *Ramayana*, of pedigree horses. Surely, it justifies the remark we made before that "beef-eating countries by the exercise of a judicious selection bring to the world's markets the best qualities of cattle." Compared with Akbar's time, how our cattle have degenerated in India generally, and in Bengal particularly, owing to carelessness and neglect, specially the want of classification and selection in breeding and rearing. It has been argued that if the population increase, while the means of subsistence remains constant, deterioration is inevitable. As there is however almost no limit to human resources, this argument, as applied to man, may not always be true. But if all cattle, good, bad, and indifferent, are allowed to

live and multiply in geometrical progression promiscuously, and without check while their means of subsistence either remains constant, or what is more true, their means of subsistence becomes reduced instead of being increased year after year, a general deterioration of the cattle must be inevitable. In India ample grazing grounds were reserved by the State in the olden times as mentioned in our *Sanhitas*, and fifty years ago, we ourselves saw ample pastures surrounding our villages; but those pastures have since dwindled down to a mere name. It was the existence of these grazing grounds, which made the parcelling out of the arable land into very small holdings possible without killing agriculture altogether. While their means of subsistence have been diminishing, the cattle have been living and breeding promiscuously without check and without regard to economy. What can this state of things lead to but a general deterioration of the live-stock, and the prospective ruin of Indian agriculture—arable or dairy? In the beef-eating countries of Europe and America, by judicious breeding from selected animals, and the weeding out by sale to the butcher animals unfit for any other use, the cattle have been so improved that a good heifer will sell for £40 (Rs. 600), and a good bull for £80 (Rs. 1,200). In beef-hating India, on the other hand, the reverse process has gone on through our neglect—till from those fine animals of which Abul Fazl speaks—a pair of which even in remote Akbar's time cost Rs. 5,000—our cattle have deteriorated into those half-starved and stunted weaklings so common in Bengal, economically as unfit for the plough as for the dairy, and fit only for the butcher.* The deterioration of cattle has almost run *pari passu* with the dwindling away of the public grazing grounds of the country, on which the Indian system of stock-rearing was founded. In the good old days we find that round every village was reserved for grazing purposes a wide belt of pasture land 100 dhanus (300 cubits), or three throws of a stick in breadth, and that three times that quantity was reserved round every town; that when cattle damaged any unfenced-in crop bordering on that belt, the king would not punish the cattle owner, for there was to be maintained on the border line, for the protection of crops, a fence higher than a camel can look over with holes so small that even a pig or a dog cannot

* "Owing partly to unfavourable conditions of climate and soil, partly to the insufficiency of grazing ground, and partly to the want of selection in breeding, the general condition of the cattle (Indian) is miserably poor. As cultivation advances, the area of waste land available for grazing steadily diminishes, and the prospects of the poor beasts are becoming worse rather than better. The fodder famines that accompanied the great famines of 1897 and 1900 proved little short of disastrous to the cattle of the affected provinces. In Guzerat and the arid plain of the South East Punjab, the renowned herds almost disappeared."

thrust his head through!" (Manu VIII, 237 to 239.) A similar provision as regards pasture lands appears in Yágnavalkya Sanhita (II, 169, 170),—only it is there said that the pasture ground was fixed as "the villages desired or by the royal command."

With such ample provisions for their means of subsistence, provided by the State, free of cost, it might have been possible to allow all cattle to live and multiply without check, and yet show no marked sign of deterioration. Those were fine days for the live stock of the country,—for we read that in those days the cows were such excellent milkers, that many of the sages could live solely on the milky froth that flowed from the mouths of the sucking calves. But how stand we to-day? All those public grazing-grounds have since been appropriated (or shall we say misappropriated?) without any serious protest from any quarter, in the interest of the great body of holders of very small holdings—the rayats—described by Lord Curzon, as the "patient, humble, silent millions, the 80 per cent who subsist by agriculture, whom men's eyes, even the eyes of their countrymen, too often forget." The consequence is that farming or stock-rearing with a decent profit on the ordinary small holdings of the Indian agriculturists or rayats has now become an impossibility. Almost throughout the length and breadth of India there is now heard an outcry about the scarcity of pasture grounds, often re-echoed in the Council Halls of the Provincial Governments. Take away the pasture lands, and farming or stock-rearing with profit by poor indebted rayats on land divided in small holdings of 2 or 3 acres, scattered in half a dozen tiny plots, is impossible. Happily, there is no fear of any foreign competition in the near future, or Indian agriculture would have ere long shared the fates of the Indian Arts and Industries.

The grazing grounds having disappeared and the artificial feeding of his stock by cakes and corn being impossible for the indebted rayat, the utmost economy of any resources that he may still possess is of the most vital importance to the rayat in the breeding and rearing of his stock. Success in farming or stock-rearing depends much less on the number than on the quality of the stock. We pointed out before that one good Nagora cow will give as much milk as half a dozen of our Bengal cows, and at one-fourth the cost of up-keep, and that one pair of good Hissar bullocks will do as much work at the plough as four pairs of our Bengal bullocks and at a third of the cost of up-keep. Great, indeed, is the value of the services rendered by our cattle; but it does not follow that all cattle are profitable, much less that they are equally profitable. Knowing the great value of selection in plant and husbandry,

no one will recommend the indiscriminate breeding and rearing of all Indian cattle. Selection, separation of breeds according to their characteristic excellences whether for draught or for milk or for beef, breeding from the very best of each breed for sire or dam, and lastly fattening for sale to the butcher those cattle that cannot be reared with profit for any other purpose—these are the great secrets which have led to the marvellous improvements in cattle, seen in Europe and America. The misfortune of India is that men who never rear any stock themselves either for profit or for pleasure, whose pockets are not directly touched by the deterioration or decay of our cattle, set up as the high priests of cattle-rearing, and preach to the farmer and dairy-man what they call the sacred duty of the indiscriminate preservation of all cattle—a doctrine almost as pernicious as that of their indiscriminate destruction. They thus add fuel to the flame of the existing prejudice against the killing for beef of even the barren cow, the impotent bull, or the lame and cripple bullock. Perish the poor owner rather than his worthless brute ! The helpless stock-owner stands between two fires : he smarts under the loss he has to sustain, and at the same time is afraid of the social ban if he sells the worthless animal to the butcher. What is the result ? To save a few unprofitable cattle, the whole herd is neglected, and starved or kept on half-rations, and the life of the Indian cattle becomes more like a living death than life, so that a writer in the *Englishman* of the 5th April last justly complains, saying :—" Hitherto all that has been done is to try and prevent the slaughter of cows for food. But slaughter is a happy relief to the sufferings of cows in Calcutta." It is true—though it may sound strange—that cattle are much better cared for in beef-eating countries than in India, and the life of cattle in Europe or America so long as they are permitted to live, is heaven itself compared with that " living death," which here goes under the name of life. By all means give the fullest play to your ideal of saving all life. But for heaven's sake do not kill the owner to save his rejected cattle. In all civilized countries the rule is to maintain the cattle as long as their maintenance is a source of profit. When their maintenance becomes a source of loss, they are fattened for the butcher. If the barren cows or the lame and cripple bulls or bullocks have to be maintained, let them be maintained by private charity. By all means have Pinjrapoles all over India, one in every village if you please, but leave the Indian stock-owner free to weed out his worthless stock in the most economical way he can. Club together, if you please, to buy up the stock-owner's rejected cattle at the butcher's price, but relieve the Indian stock-owner of this millstone round his

neck—that of maintaining unprofitable cattle. When this has been done, there will be little justification for our suggestion regarding the fattening of cattle for the butcher. But till this has been done, we maintain that the best and most economical thing for the stock-owner to do is to fatten off his rejected cattle for the butcher, and that it will be all the better as much for the cattle as for their owner, if beef becomes again a common article of food, as in the golden days of the Vedas.

Hon'ble,

DVIJADAS DATTA.

THIS BIRTHDAY.

It is Thy Festival, most holy Babe,
 And we would join in worship at the cave,
 We who have waited for the coming night.
 Watching the stars on Bethlehem's cool height
 Gazing into immensity of space,
 But no bright beings of celestial race
 Parted the drifting clouds like coming dawn,
 To hail the Saviour of the Virgin born.

We dream Thy Festival, and so would walk,
 Beside the Shepherds with their artless talk
 Who tell us of the music heard above,
 And that new message of eternal love.
 It is a song we cannot understand,
 Its speech is to us of another land,
 Our eyes are holden, we but faintly see
 The Saviour Christ upon the Virgin's knee.

It is Thy Festival, the breezes bear
 Some Eastern fragrance through the midnight air
 Wafted from that strange group beside the well,
 Who could to others this new mystery tell,
 Silent are they, until O! joyful sight,
 Once more appears their star, effulgent, bright,
 Spreading in noiseless motion, wave on wave
 From light to light around a rugged cave.

On that dark hill for Him, to whom no place
 Was offered by the tribe of Judah's race,
 Yet this fair rock stood in Creation's plan

The cradle for the Son of God—as Man,
Ere David's first progenitor was born,
Or tender Ruth had gleaned her sheaves of corn,
No hands had fashioned it—save His alone
Who made the hills, and set their walls of stone.

And here Angelic choirs in order came,
Saluting her the Blessed One by name,
In whom that silent Spirit found a home,
Because the fulness of the hour had come
The Mother of God's Love, human, divine,
Holding the Word made Flesh—Jesus benign.
The Kings their offerings laid beneath His Feet,
And looked into His eyes, so calm and sweet.

What they divined who mystic signs could read,
We are not told, but theirs was joy indeed,
Where was the Crown, or Kingdom that they saw
The flowing out of life, for ever more,
Time beyond time in everlasting days
Nations and Worlds but glittering in His praise—
An ocean's depth of overflowing grace,
And its eternal spring—the Saviour's Face ?

O sacred Holiday, to us a Heaven,
When meditation to the mind is given,
It is Thy Festival—ah, make it ours !
Be dearer to us than our mirthful hours.
Let us believe the God Incarnate came
In form as Man to suffer for our shame,
So shall we hear the Anthem of the Sky,
Glory to God—Glory to God on High !

VIOLET DE MALORTIE.

Oxford.

THE HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT OF BUDDHISM IN INDIA.

THE Fairest branch of religion in India" deserves the careful and attentive study of every person, whether it is considered in its extent as a religion which has spread from the Indus to the Pacific, and from Ceylon to the dreary regions of Siberia, the religion of nearly one-third of the human race, or in the potent influence of its doctrines inculcating moral duty and justice to the wild conquerors, the Yuechis and the Huns, who poured in like an avalanche over the fertile plateaux of Asia. Through its agency the nomadic tribes of central Asia and the barbarous Tartars acquired the veneer of civilisation. There are nations who owe their intellectual culture to Buddhism from the alphabet to metaphysics. We see in the history of Buddhism the successful results of appealing to popular feeling in a religious creed. Buddhism opposed itself to the exclusiveness and monopoly of a hereditary hierarchy; it boldly proclaimed the grand truth of the equality of all men in the sight of God, and set its followers in array against the dogma of religious caste: but by adopting the cenobite or monastic system in its propagandism, it imparted an *esprit de corps* to its missionaries and exerted immense moral force on the various regions where it was planted.

It is a well-known physical phenomenon that the higher the altitude a thing stands at, the deeper it can sink. The law is verified by all religious movements, but by none more than Buddhism. Whoever brings Buddha and his crystalline teaching into comparison with modern Buddhism and with the teachings of Tibetan Lamas and Chinese Bonzes as representatives of the same, will agree with this view without further argument. The lands in which its pristine glory is most fully maintained are Ceylon and Burma. Ceylon, Burma and Siam

together represent, what is termed for convenience' sake, Southern Buddhism (though Dr. Rhys Davids rejects the expression as a misnomer) having Pali as the sacred language. Against these three, Nepal, China, Japan and Mongolia make up the body of what is called Northern Buddhism (which is an ambiguous phrase, according to the same authority). These latter, still further estranged from the pure teaching than the Southern countries, have made Sanscrit their sacred language. The relationship between Sanscrit and Pali, however, is somewhat like that which exists between Latin and Italian, at least so far as the structure of the language is concerned.

"It is unquestionably one of the most astonishing facts of world history," asserts Dr. Dahlke, "that a Teaching which as its basic doctrine demands that life be regarded as sorrow, has been able to secure such extensive acceptance by the minds of men." It can readily be shown that of all religions, Buddhism is extraordinarily well adapted to amalgamate itself with other religions, and this it has done most completely in China and Japan. More than any other religion, Buddhism, a despiser of all merely external things, consists in an inner change in men and demands no official 'conversion.' In such a sense we are justified in saying that not only Eastern and Southern Asia, but perhaps the whole continent has adopted the Teaching of the Buddha. Not unjustifiably has Buddhism been called the Teacher of Asia; for there can scarcely be any doubt that with its gentle precepts, it has effected a slow but thorough transformation in the character of the Asiatic peoples, especially in the character of the people of Central Asia. Only in Ceylon, Burma and Siam is it the sole religion of the country, existing besides in Tibet in the degenerate form of Lamaism.

Perhaps it is owing to its outspreading tendencies that Buddhism has been more shielded from the earthquake shocks of revolutionary ideas than other religions. Perhaps it is owing to this also, that the trend of thought in the system has been so precise and mathematical. In spite of this, however, from the earliest times, while the Buddha himself was still teaching, cases of heresy are reported; the most serious being that of his own cousin Dewdatta, the Judas Iscariot of Buddhism. Besides this, a number of other sub-sects are cited in the Suttas, as for instance, Gotamako, Hunda-Savaka, and others in which the

heretical views of the various members of the Order are freely propounded.

The most far-reaching, indeed, perhaps the only far-reaching, movement within the pale of Buddhism, was beyond doubt that which led to its division into Northern and Southern Buddhism. It is characteristic of the entire inner life of this religion that this division also, so far as we can ascertain, was brought about in a gradual and entirely pacific manner. Since under Kanishka, the great Yuechi king, the canon for the northern countries was fixed in Sanscrit at the council held at Jalandhara in Kashmir, about 100 years after Christ, this division into North and South must have already been an accomplished fact.

Buddhism, in the hey-day of its glory, united North with South India, Kashmir with Ceylon, in the bonds of a common faith. N. Landresse remarks :—" Is it not a grand and wonderful spectacle to observe that religious doctrines, in which morals and metaphysics, cosmogony and psychology, are continually blended, are established and perpetuated far from the regions where they have originated and independently of the influence of the causes which have produced them, reuniting by the most abstract philosophical system, people placed at the two extremities of civilisation in Asia and less separated by a wide interval of country than by the difference in climate, manners and language ? What is more surprising than to see the same ideas on the perfectability of human soul and its identity of nature with the Divinity propagated ages ago with the language, which is peculiar to them and the legends which consecrate them, from India to China, from Bengal to Tibet, from the verdant valleys of the Himalaya to the snow-clad table-lands of China ? What is of greater importance to the domain of oriental literature than to penetrate the profound obscurity which envelopes the history of India previous to the Mussalman invasion ; to observe the social condition and the political division of the kingdoms of central Asia prior to the Muhammedan conquest ; to mark the relations which link these people to one another, whom general opinion represents as in a state of habitual isolation from one another ?" That eminent *Savant*, Hodgson, the pioneer of historical and critical study of the doctrines of Buddha, has observed as follows :—" The Buddha religion demands our best attention, not less on account of its being divided with Brahmanism, the empire

of opinion for ages, within the limits of India proper, than for the unparalleled extension beyond those limits on more recent times and up to the present day. It is probable that during four or five centuries at least Buddhism was as influential within the bounds of the continent of India as Brahmanism; and it is certain that the period of its greatest influence there was synchronous with the brightest era of the intellectual culture of that continent. The Brahmins themselves attest again and again the philosophical acumen and literary abilities of their detested rivals."

The chief sources of modern information on Buddhism are principally derived from three quarters:

Firstly, Chinese documents, translations from Indian originals detailing the origin and progress of Buddhism; among these are the travels of Hiouen Tsang and "Foo Kowki on relation des Royaumes Bouddhiques" and of It-Sing. Chinese pilgrims came at various periods to India via Tartary and the Himalayas in order to visit the shrines endeared to them by being associated with the rise and diffusion of Buddhism. Remusat was of opinion that the Chinese before the Christian era took part in the commerce of Western Asia and kept up relations with the lines of towns between China and Persia. The frequent intercourse between China and India by means of embassies gave the Chinese an excellent opportunity of judging the state of India.

Secondly, the translation of the Pali Buddhistic annals called the Mahavamsa and the Depavamsa which give a systematic chronology of kings and events both in India and Ceylon and in Upper India.

Thirdly, the deciphering of coins, inscriptions, etc., by Prinsep, Rapson, Thomas and other orientalists. Dr. Mill has shown by the help of them the extent and influence of Buddhism in India in former ages.

As has been already said, Buddhism existing at present in Burma, Ceylon and in other countries differs very much from primitive Buddhism, as Brahmanism of the Puranas and the Tantras varies widely from the system inculcated in the Vedas and the Institutes of Manu or Yajnavalkya. Buddhism includes within itself an exoteric or theistic system and an exoteric or allegorical polytheism. Upham in his "History and Doctrines of Buddhism," from an examination into the history of Buddhism, arrives at the conclusion "that Buddhism, as now existing, is

in fact two systems of different eras, wrought into each other at some period of the revival of faith by an ambitious and zealous teacher—that there is an ancient and a modern system of Buddhism, the ancient recognises the dogma of Fate, the modern of Free Will." At the beginning of the 5th century, Fa Hian, a Chinese Buddhist priest, who travelled through the length and breadth of the whole of Northern India, mentions six different Buddhist sects existing in India and also that Buddha's image was then largely worshipped by all the sects. The worship of the 24 Buddhist patriarchs or Bodhisattvas is, in the opinion of various scholars, as much a corruption of primitive Buddhism, as Saint-worship of ancient Christianity or Hero-worship of the patriarchal system.

Ritter thinks that there was an ancient and modern Buddhism as distinct as Sabianism is from Pantheism. Colonel Sykes in his "Ancient India," states that Sakyamuni was a reformer who existed in India prior to the 6th century B. C., and belonged to an extremely remote period. The Mahavamso states that 18 heretical schools were formed, two centuries after the death of Buddha. Tournour remarks that the differences between Kashmirian and Ceylonese Buddhism "are the conflicting doctrines of two antagonistic sects professing the same faith." The progress of time—and the effect of persecution—and the want of centralising influence of an hierarchy must have produced various changes. Erskine is of opinion that there was a certain interchange of doctrine formerly between Brahmanism and Buddhism. In Java and Bali we see a connection between the Saivite and Buddhist systems.

It is certain that Buddhism flourished in India at an early period; Prinsep states that "a century or two prior to the Christian era, Buddhism flourished in the height of its glory from Kashmir to Ceylon." A French writer states that at the time of Alexander's invasion, Buddhism must have been in the palmy days of its power judging from the inscriptions, the coins, the topes, the temples, the monasteries, the obelisks, the multitudinous and gigantic cave excavations and other works of art, most of which referable not only by the internal evidence they afford, but by the testimony of the Mahavamso, to the period between the first and the sixth century B. C., and more particularly to the period when Asoka the Great reigned from 369 B. C., to 332 B. C.," Dr. Federovic Oldenburg in his "Buddhist Art" says

that Buddhist artists began as early as the fourth century before Christ to represent, with chisel and brush, not only figures of Buddha and Bodhisattvas and other Buddhist teachers and saints, but also episodes from the last earthly existence of the Master and from the series of his former incarnations, the stories of which are told in the Jatakas. The caves, stupas and temples are covered with numerous representations of this kind.

Klaproth, a great authority on Buddhism, styles Buddha as a reformer of Brahmanism, and this is a view of a numerous body of scholars. Dr. Dahlmann gives a strong argument in favour of this opinion: "Buddhism is monastic asceticism in morals; philosophical scepticism in religion; and whilst ecclesiastical history all over the world affords abundant instances of such a state of thing resulting from great abuses of the religious sanction, the Buddhistic chronicles, the Dipavamsa and the Mahavamsa, give no instances of it as a primitive system of belief" Buddhism seems by internal evidence to be a reform of Brahmanism. Though when we now speak of Buddhism, we think chiefly of its doctrines, the reform of Buddha had originally much more of a social than of a religious character. Buddha swept away the evils with which Brahmanism had encircled the whole of India. Beginning as a destroyer of old, he became the founder of a new religion. He whose meditations had been how to deliver the soul of man from misery and fear of death, had delivered the people of India from a degrading thralldom and from priestly tyranny. "The moral code of Buddhism is," according to Prof. Max. Muller, "one of the most perfect which the world has ever known." Buddha is the offspring of India in mind and soul. The metaphysical doctrines of Buddha were borrowed from the earlier system of Brahmanic philosophy and more particularly from Sankhya system. The idea of transmigration of the soul the belief in the continuing effect of good and bad actions, the doctrine that life is a dream, the admission of the uselessness of religious observances after the attainment of highest knowledge, all these appertain to the national philosopher of India.

Franklin, Joinville, Mahony and Ward, have thought Buddhism to be a system of Atheism, but Buddhists in their creed believe in 130 hells and 18 heavens which implies a belief in a future state of rewards and punishments and consequently of a Supreme Being to reward and punish. Hodgson, Upham and the modern

Orientalists maintain that the old Buddhist philosophers were sceptics, not atheists. Erskine states that "the Buddhists do not deny the existence of God though they have no idea of Him as taking any active part in the creation of the world." As already noted, there exists in Buddhism certain dogmas which have an atheistic tendency like the Sankhya System of Kapila. The predominant distinguishing features of the Buddha System of Philosophy and the Philosophy propounded by Kapila are that Kapila professed emphatically his belief in revelation and allowed it a place among the recognised instruments of knowledge, while Buddha refused to allow the Vedas any independent authority whatever. Buddha like Kapila maintained, however, that this world had no absolute reality, that it was a snare or illusion; the Buddhists believe in the dogmas of the transmigration of souls, they offer yearly sacrifices to the names of their ancestors which implies their existence after death, and they also believe that by exercise of virtue and knowledge, an individual can obtain Nirvana or absorption into the deity. But Kapila admitted an absolute or self-existent Being as the cause of all that exists or seems to exist, while Buddha denies the existence not only of a Creator, but of an absolute being.

Now turning to the question of Buddha as a social reformer we find that distinction of caste had no place in the land of disciples. Whosoever becomes a Sramanera at once renounces his caste. In one of the speeches which the sacred writings put into Buddha's mouth, it is said on this subject:—"As the great streams, O disciples, however many they may be, the Gangâ [Ganges], the Yamurâ (Yamnâ) the Acirâvati, the Mahe, the Sarabhû, when they reach the great ocean lose their own name and their old descent and bear only one name "the great ocean," so also many disciples, who follow my teaching, these four castes, nobles [Kshattriyas], Brahmans, Vaisyas and Sudras, when they in accordance with the law and doctrine which the Tathagata or the Perfect One has preached, forsake their home and go into homelessness, lose their old name and old paternity and bear only one designation Samana Sakyaputtceya." Thus the religious garb of Buddha's disciples makes Lords and Commons, Brahmans and Sudras equal. Thus to Buddha has been attributed the rôle of a social reformer. Buddha is conceived to have broken the chains of caste and won for poor and humble their place in

the spiritual kingdom which he founded. But there was nothing like a social upheaval in India. Buddha's spirit was a stranger to that enthusiasm, without which no one can pose as the champion of the oppressed against the oppressor. While it is true that Buddhism does not reserve to the Brahmins alone the right of entry into a spiritual life, we must not fall into the error of supposing that Buddha was the first to stand up for this cause and do battle for it. Before his time, probably long before his time, there were religious orders, as for instance, in the Vedic ages, which received members of all castes, both males and females. "Side by side with the first exclusive religious order of ancient times, the Brahmins, there existed," according to Dr. Oldenberg, "long ere this period equal to the Brahmins, in public estimation, the second religious order of the Shamanas *i.e.*, the ascetics, admission to whose rank was open to every one, who were resolved to renounce a worldly career, whether he was high born or low born." This by no means ends all that might be said against the historically untrue conception of Buddha as the victorious champion of the lower classes against a haughty aristocracy of birth and brain. If one speaks of the equality of all within the pale of Buddha's confraternity, it is not altogether superfluous to contrast the theory which was prevalent on this subject among Buddhists with the actual facts.

It is a fact, as we have seen, that the Buddhist theory acknowledged the equal right of all persons without distinction to be received into the order and it could not but acknowledge it. Nevertheless, as it seems, the actual composition of the band, which surrounded Buddha's person, and the composition of the Early Church specially, was by no means in due keeping with the theory of equality; if even Brahman exclusiveness was not maintained in its full extent, still a marked leaning to aristocracy seems to have lingered in ancient Buddhism as an inheritance from the past. If we review the rank of the personages, whom we are accustomed to meet in the sacred texts, we find it clearly indicated that the real situation was by this phrase described conformably to fact; for instance there were young Brahmins like Saripulla, Muggabana, Kaccana, nobles like Ananda and Rahula, and sons of the greatest merchants and highest municipal dignitaries like Yasa, invariably men and youths of the most respectable classes of society and with an education in keeping with their social status. Not a single Chandala is mentioned in the sacred writings as a member

of the order. The barber Upali may be cited as an example as being a man of low position—but he was a courtier. “To the wise belongeth the law,” declares Tathagata, “not to the foolish.”

Todd, Franklin, Faber and many Indianists thought that Woden, the God of the Saxons, and Buddha were the same personages. Much learned labour has been lost in tracing out analogies by comparative mythologists, a class of men who will hunt up the etymology of every word to the tower of Babel and fix on its derivation with as much precision as some of the Welsh genealogists do in pointing out the exact line in which a Welsh family descended from Adam and Eve. Happily the day of this knight-errantry in ferreting out obscure derivations has passed away, and though Woden may be twisted into Buddha by the change of a ‘W’ into a ‘B,’ yet the voice of history declares that though the worship of Woden was probably introduced into Europe from Asia about the period of the Christian era, and though there may be many points in the adoration paid to Woden bearing a strong affinity to some Indian practices such as the Scandinavian sacrifice of the horse and the ancient rite of the Aswamedha, yet the genius of the two systems is widely different. Buddhism has civilised the wild tribes of Central Asia, so as to render another Gothic invasion impossible, and has spread the arts of civilisation over the sandy deserts of Tartary; its offerings are rice, incense, flower and fruit, and it holds the life not only of man, but also of beasts and insects as inviolable. But Woden is represented as the God of the Battles and as slaughtering thousands at a blow, as living in the palace of Valhalla, along with the heroes, who solace themselves with drinking mead out of the skulls of the enemies whom they had killed in the days of old. What a contrast to the mild and pacific spirit of Buddhism!

The province of Behar, the kings of which formerly wielded the sceptre of North India and were the most vigorous Hindu princes of India, was the cradle of Buddhistic culture and civilisation. It is the far-famed and original seat of Buddhism in India—the holy land of Buddhism—its very name Behar or Monastery indicates its former connection with Buddhism. Hodgson states:—“The philosophers of Magadha (Behar) and Benares are the acknowledged founders of Buddhism.” The Buddhists admit the same. The Chinese, the Mongols, the Tibetans,

the Indo-Chinese, the Ceylonese, point to Behar as the cradle of their Faith. "The religion of Buddhism," says Klaproth, "was originally from Hindustan and spread over the greater part of Asia, its dominion extended from the sources of the Indus to the Pacific Ocean and even to Japan. The fierce nomads of Central Asia have been changed by its influence into men virtuous and mild and its beneficial sway is felt as far as central Siberia. Buddhism spread from Bengal to Kashmir, North, and to Ceylon, South. That Buddhism spread from Behar to Tibet, Ceylon, China, and the Eastern Archipelago, is proved by the fact that we find the great majority of coins from Afghanistan, Cutch, Sindh, Gujrat, Ujjain and other Trans-Himalayan provinces, with Buddhist emblems upon them, indicating that they had issued from the Buddhist mints of the Buddhist princes."

Throughout the length and breadth of India, Buddhism is like "the tale of Troy," few living representatives of it are to be found—the land of its glory and triumphs retains slight traces of the former state of things. Brahminism gained the upper-hand. How this catastrophe occurred, it is difficult to ascertain with precision. We can only get an occasional glimpse of it. Wilson fixes the date of Vishnu Purana's composition at 954 A.D., and about that time Brahmins and even mountaineers were ruling in India. M. Fier states:—"Buddhism might be traced back to a very early period in Hindustan, where for a long time it exercised supreme control: after ages of sanguinary wars it was finally expelled and turned out of India, and its vanquished followers fled in all directions from their relentless prosecutors, the Brahmins, many taking refuge in the North and East among the impenetrable fastnesses of the Himalaya Mountains, while vast numbers emigrated to the fine and fertile land of Ceylon." Remusat writes:—"Buddhism was proscribed in the country which gave it birth, this religious system insensibly lost the greater number of its partisans, and the feeble remains to which it is now reduced in India are still deprived of that unity of view and tradition produced long since by the presence of the Supreme Head." Dr. Aiken mentions that the persecutions instigated against the Buddhists by Sankarâchâryya were enforced perhaps by political motives by the supporters of the Vaishnava and Jaina sects, who compelled the Buddhist monarchs to retire from Hindustan and to content themselves with their dominion of Lhasa and Bhutan. Bodhi-

dharma, one of the last Buddhist patriarchs, who lived in India, quitted it for China in the 5th century A. D. M. Lamairesso writes :—" Buddhism originating in North India 500 years B.C., exercised its sway during many ages on a level with Brahminism which finally gaining the ascendancy, annihilated its rival. Then these Hindus without caste, expelled from their native country, dispersed in all directions, carrying their contemplative idolatry among twenty nations, civilising some, rendering others anti-war-like, altering the manners, institutions, and languages of all and giving to them full development of the human faculties." The period of the decay of Buddhism corresponds with the rise of the present popular form of Hindu religion in the time of Sankarâchâryya in the 8th and 9th centuries A.D. The Saivites who were at that time active agents in the extension of the worship of the Lingam, were used by the Brahminical priesthood as the instruments of persecution, which lasted from the 7th century, until the final overthrow of Buddhism about the 12th century. The opposition raised by Buddhism to the Brahminical caste system and a lordly hierarchy rendered it impossible that it could exist with Brahmanism. Dr. Dahlmann, who has given considerable attention to this subject, remarks : "In the 7th century, Buddhism, apparently crushed by its gigantic monastic system and rendered unpopular by the rigid, self-denying and elevated character of its practical doctrines, was fast disappearing from India and Brahminism as a system was about to take its place."

But above all it must be borne in mind what Anguttara Nikâya states : " For but a few chosen ones was it (the Doctrine) given already in this age to attain the goal as the disciples of the son of the Sakya House, and short term was allotted to the existence of the Buddhist Church on earth." When in the cloister gardens at Rajagaha and Savathi, the discourses of Buddha were recited among the assembled brethren, they bethought themselves also of the prophecy of the Tathagata : " Not a long time, Ananda, will the holy living remains preserved ; 500 years, Ananda, will the doctrine of the earth abide." Who, then, foresaw that after 500 years, the church of the Buddhists would overspread India, and that its missionaries far beyond India, travelling the ocean, crossing the snowy ranges of the Himalayas, wandering through the deserts of Central Asia, would bring the Faith of Buddha to nations, whose name even was not then named in

India—to nations among whom the Faith survived and still survives to this day, while in its parent land, the spirit of the Indian people, which in endless play dashed into ever new spheres of thought and fancy, which relegated to nothingness the wreck of ruined worlds and rebuilt lost beauty not always in greater splendour and stateliness, has since long permitted the Doctrine of Buddha to decay.

GAURANGA N. BONNERJEE.

Calcutta.

THE MYSTERIOUS TRADERS.

(Messrs. Hornby, Hunter & Co.)

III.—THE DOCTOR.

THESE were the circumstances under which our friends met next.

Dr. Hornby called himself Dr. Newman and as such he took a house in Harley Street. It was given out that he was a medical practitioner from India and that there he had learnt some special kinds of Indian cures for some complaints which the British medical science had no idea about. For instance, he knew some particularly potent Indian cures for nervous troubles which no English doctor knew anything about. He had his own dispensary from which he dispensed his medicines and wrote his prescriptions in a language which was not intelligible to the ordinary chemists. Mr. Hunter, now called Mr. Sportsman, was his laboratory assistant and he was the only man who could read Dr. Newman's prescriptions.

Dr. Newman began to get patients. Soon after he began practice in London he found that he was getting on.

Of course he was a real medical man, and a very clever one too, and in some cases he did cure people whom the great London specialists had given up as hopeless. The reason was that in many cases, and specially in cases of nervous trouble, faith had a good deal to do with cures; and Dr. Newman's patients had faith in him. The reason thereof will be explained later on. The very fact that he had a wide Indian experience and knew some potent Indian cures which none but the Indian Kavirajas (Hindu doctors) or Ufani Hakims (Muhammadian physicians) knew, attracted a great many people. The fact that he knew no more about Indian medicines than he knew about the man in the moon, did not stand in his way at all.

Dr. Newman went on in grand style, for he knew that he could not practise for more than six months and there were enough people

in London to keep him going for that period. Moreover, he had over £1,800 belonging to the firm of Messrs. Hornby, Hunter and Co.

The American multi-millionaire had to be fleeced and as soon as that was done, they would hasten to fresh fields and pastures new. That was the plan. The few patients that came found that the doctor had a roaring practice. He was out nearly all day and never came when he was asked to—and pleaded pressure of work.

Lady Newton was one of the first patients that the Doctor had. She had seen his advertisements and came to consult him. He at once saw that there was nothing the matter with her. So he told her that he must see her for at least a month to study the symptoms and prescribe Indian medicines. Her ladyship was only too pleased. The next morning she sent the doctor a cheque for £150 in full payment of his fees for one month in advance, for his daily visits. The doctor called on her the next day and stayed for full one hour talking on all sorts of subjects.

"I shall observe all your ladyship's symptoms while I talk," said the doctor, "and then I shall prescribe for you some medicine which no British medical man has dreamt of."

"I am sure you will be able to cure me, doctor," said Lady Newton, "something here tells me that," and she placed her hand on her heart.

The doctor came away after an hour, leaving her ladyship exceedingly pleased with him and with herself.

That night Dr. Newman had the following conversation with his chauffeur Mr. Carman, now called Mr. Runner.

"Have you found out many things, Carman," asked the Doctor.

"Nothing beyond the fact that her ladyship has got an English maid who is very garrulous."

"Then I am sure you will be able to find out everything in a day or two."

"I hope so, Sir," said Mr. Runner, "if it will help you, you may as well know now that her ladyship takes no milk in her tea."

"And sugar?"

"No sugar either."

"Anything else?"

"I shall be able to tell you something more to-morrow," said Mr. Runner.

"Thanks, if you could handle the maid properly, I shall be able to tackle her ladyship properly," smiled Dr. Newman.

When Dr. Newman went to see her Ladyship the next day, she asked him if he would have a cup of tea. The Doctor readily con-

sented and in a most matter of fact way asked whether her ladyship disliked sugar and milk.

"I hate sugar and milk," said her ladyship.

"I thought as much," said the doctor.

"Why," asked Lady Newton.

"Because," said the doctor, "I am afraid you are suffering from *Ghore Ambashtha Mrigi*, and one of the chief symptoms of that disease is that the patient does not like milk and sugar."

"Is that an Indian disease?" asked Lady Newton anxiously.

"It is not exactly an Indian disease, but it is a disease which the British doctors have no idea about."

"Is it dangerous?" asked her ladyship.

"Not at all, only incurable by English doctors."

"Then you are sure I have got it."

"Not yet, I must keep you under observation for some time."

"Then supposing I have got it, you will be able to cure me."

"Oh, certainly, if that is what you have really got, seven days of Kaviraji treatment will bring you round," said the doctor.

The next day the doctor came again and one of the first things he did was to take her ladyship's hands and examine them carefully.

"You get your nails manicured every day," asked the doctor.

"Yes, long nails——."

"Give you something like a nervous shock." It was the doctor who completed the sentence.

"And you want your chauffeur to drive very slow," continued the doctor, "you cannot stand speed."

"Fast driving gives me a headache and I feel giddy afterwards," said Lady Newton.

That evening after dinner the doctor sent for his chauffeur Mr. Runner, better known as Mr. Carman, and Mr. Sportsman, formerly known to us as Mr. Hunter, Mr. Little, now called Smith (the butler) and Mr. Rider, now called Mr. Jones (the footman) were of course there.

"We are going on exceedingly well, Carman," said the doctor. "You go on making love to that silly fool of her Ladyship's maid and in ten days we shall have the entire six months rent out of her ladyship."

"But go very slowly and see that nobody suspects anything," put in Mr. Hunter.

"Ask her whether Lady Newton likes company at dinner or she prefers to be alone with her husband," said the Doctor.

"All right, Sir——" said Mr. Carman with mock humility.

And they all laughed.

It was a week after the aforesaid conversation. The Doctor was

certain that it was *Ghore Ambashtha Mrigi*. The symptoms of this nervous disorder the doctor described with such wonderful accuracy that her Ladyship thought that he had been specially sent by God to cure her. Naturally the costly Kaviraji medicines which the Doctor prescribed did her Ladyship much good. After a complete cure which took about a month, she was gratified to receive the following letter from the Doctor in reply to the one she had sent him.

"My dear Lady Newton,—The cheque for £1,000 was duly received, for which accept many thanks. I am really happy that I have been able to cure you. Allow me to assure you that here was nothing wonderful about my treatment. The disease that you had is not so very uncommon in India. Nearly all the Hindu physicians know the cure. How I wish some of our so-called London Specialists would go to India to learn from the Hindus some of their methods of Nerve Cure, etc., etc., etc."

It was about the middle of March that the American multi-millionaire, after having tried nearly all the London Specialists, came to Dr. Newman for advice. His trouble was sleeplessness. He could not sleep soundly and when he did sleep he was always troubled with terrible dreams. Probably it was Lady Newton's cure, that he had been so much talked about in London, that induced Mr. Richmond to seek the advice of Dr. Newman.

He found the Doctor a tall stout gentleman of about 55, with close-cut grey hair and tanned skin.

"Thirty years in India has bleached my hair and tanned my skin," said Dr. Newman with a smile.

The American was impressed. He had heard about the cure of Lady Newton. It was arranged that Dr. Newman would pay him a visit every day for a month to observe his symptoms and then prescribe some Indian medicine if he found that the diagnosis was correct. A cheque for £120 was handed over at once and it was settled that £20,000 would be paid if a complete cure was effected.

The doctor used to be very punctual. He went to the residence of Mr. Richmond every day after lunch and stayed for an hour. "You should not tell me anything," said Dr. Newman to Mr. Richmond on the occasion of his first visit, "I shall find out everything myself."

It was after the doctor had been paying his regular visits for over a fortnight that he explained one day to Mr. Richmond that when a man hates motor cars, and likes to take four spoonfuls of sugar in his tea, and an ounce of lime juice in his glass of whiskey and prefers an extra hot bath, and whenever he sits for some time with his legs on the table and goes to sleep, and puts an extra spoonful of salt in his soup, etc., etc., the Hindu medical science called his sleeplessness *Ashaktic Anidra*.

He further assured his patient that no British medical man who did not know Indian medicine could cure him.

Mr. Richmond was really surprised. The symptoms so much tallied with his own.

"If the Indian medical science is so perfect, Doctor," said he, "what do all these Europeans go there for?"

"They go there to fleece the Nabobs and the educated fools," suggested the doctor sagely. "Moreover, there is no surgery in the Indian medical science."

"But the symptoms seem to have been described with wonderful accuracy," said Mr. Richmond.

"There are many wonderful things in India of which Europe has no idea," said Dr. Newman.

Naturally Mr. Richmond began using the medicines prescribed by Dr. Newman with great zeal.

A month passed, but the Ayurvedic medicine did not do Mr. Richmond much good. The doctor told Mr. Richmond that the cure would take fully three months, and therefore the latter was not uneasy. But the doctor was. He had been promised £20,000 if he could bring about a cure, and the chances of getting that sum honestly was growing smaller and smaller every day. The £5 that the doctor received for his daily visits was certainly not enough for his Harley Street establishment. The £1,000 of Lady Newton had come very handy, but to hoodwink a shrewd American was a different matter altogether. It was very easy to tell the symptoms of *Ashaktic Anidra* by the help of Mr. Carman, but to cure a disease in which the great London specialists had failed was well, you can guess. By the beginning of May the doctor became desperate; he found that the £20,000 were not for him unless he got it by some means which were not quite professional. So a council of war was called to decide what steps should be taken. Unless something was done within the next thirty days, £1,200 would have to be paid for house rent.

"Yes, the yachting proposal is the best," said Dr. Newman, "I think that is the least dangerous course."

"It is the cleverest thing," suggested Mr. Rider.

"But it will be very expensive," said Mr. Little.

"We should not mind a little expense, gentlemen, if the thing is safe enough," said the doctor. "I do not believe in the penny-wise-pound-foolish sort of way of working."

"Exactly," said Mr. Hunter "nobody at Yarmouth will ever guess that Mr. Howard with the scholarly——."

"Stop, I say," shouted Dr. Newman, "we should not waste time. I shall suggest the sea-trip to him to-morrow."

"By the way, Hornby," said Mr. Hunter "what is *Ashaktic*?"

"I have not got the least idea," admitted Mr. Hornby with a smile.

"But where did you learn the word?"

"From an Indian dictionary."

"But what does it actually mean apart from *Anidra*?"

"That I really forget."

"A most dangerous thing to do. Suppose he meets an Indian, there are so many here, and asks."

"No fear of that," said Dr. Newman, "he will not be able to pronounce the word properly and the Indian will not understand."

The next day Dr. Newman suggested to Mr. Richmond that a short sea-trip towards the north would do him good.

Mr. Richmond consented, but he consented only on the condition that the doctor himself would go with him.

After great hesitation Dr. Newman consented to go, but on condition that he was paid £1,000 before he started, to remunerate him to a certain extent for the loss that his practice would suffer from his absence.

The money was paid and the doctor, with the assistance of Mr. Grenville, the American's private secretary, selected a yacht and also the captain and the crew. The boat was furnished with a taste which did credit to the Doctor's sense of the beautiful and comfortable. The two state saloons were occupied by Mr. Richmond and the Doctor, the secretary had a beautiful cabin to himself and the servants were as comfortably accommodated as on any first-class liner. Mr. Richmond had brought three servants and the doctor only one, namely, Mr. Rider now called Mr. Jones, the footman of the Harley Street establishment.

The Captain was a jolly good fellow, but he spoke in a language which was to all practical purposes incomprehensible to Mr. Richmond.

Soon after they started from Portsmouth Mr. Richmond brought out a chair and invited the doctor to come and sit near him.

"I wonder, Doctor, why I never thought of yachting before," said Mr. Richnmod

"In half an hour you will say you wonder why you ever came out," laughed the Doctor.

"Oh, you mean I shall become sea-sick."

"Rather," said the doctor.

"Then you will soon find out that the sea does not affect me in the least," said Mr. Richmond, "at least the sickness does not last for any length of time."

It was a very sunny afternoon in the first week of May and Mr. Richmond was as happy as a child. So was the doctor. He had every reason to be, as will appear later on.

"Oh, Mr. Richmond does not mind the sickness at all," said Mr. Grenville the Secretary, "he has crossed the Atlantic thrice." "I am very glad to hear it," said the doctor, "but a yacht is different from an Atlantic Liner."

The voyage was to last for a month. They went right round Land's End and Ireland and the North of Scotland to Norway and thence to Dantzig. Then they retraced their steps homewards.

At Dantzig they anchored and remained for a couple of days. The Doctor said that he would land and travel overland and join them again at Hamburg. He would have to see a German specialist about Mr. Richmond's disease, he said. He, however, left his footman behind.

"You must go very slowly," were his parting instructions, "otherwise you will have to wait for me at Hamburg. I shall have to be in Berlin for a day and I hope I shall not keep you waiting."

Mr. Richmond was not sorry to part with him. He was glad to be free. The Doctor had kept him under such strict discipline that he was getting tired of it all. So like a schoolboy he was glad to be free. He went very slowly indeed and reached Hamburg on the fifth day after leaving Dantzig, but there was no Dr. Newman in the hotel where he ought to have been. "He must have been detained in Berlin," said he to his secretary.

Dr. Newman in the meantime had reached Berlin and from there sent a telegram to Mr. Hunter enquiring how matters were progressing, and on being informed by a telegram in reply that everything was alright, instead of going over to Hamburg, had travelled to London overland and on the date that the yacht reached Hamburg he was safe in his house in Harley Street.

The day after he reached London he deposited £20,000 in the Bank of England and then went over to live in his flat in Bloomsbury as if nothing had happened. He was Mr. Hornby once more. The Harley Street establishment, however, was not broken up.

Mr. Richmond waited for Dr. Newman at Hamburg for four days. Then he became very uneasy. Mr. Jones was also looking concerned at his master's non-appearance. Telegrams were dispatched to all sorts of places but no news about Dr. Newman was forthcoming.

With a heavy heart Mr. Richmond sailed from Hamburg and after a week reached London. He inquired about Dr. Newman at the Harley Street house but was informed that they knew nothing about the doctor's whereabouts at that place. The servants were very anxious and so was the landlord. The doctor must have met with an accident. He, however, soon understood how matters were, when he found that a cheque for 20,000 pounds drawn in favour of the doctor had been presented at the bank and the payment received in cash gold. It was

only then that Mr. Richmond scented foul play and the police were made acquainted with the facts.

They raided the house in Harley Street but found nothing to give them any clue as to the doctor's whereabouts. All the servants, including Mr. Sportsman, swore that their salaries were badly in arrears. The footman and the butler as well as the chauffeur gave minute descriptions of the doctor; the chauffeur minutely described the places where the doctor used to go but nobody knew anything about the doctor at these places. The motor car had to be sold to pay the servants, Mr. Richmond claiming nothing against the servants, and the landlord had to content himself with a few pieces of furniture which the doctor had purchased to suit his taste. After a protracted enquiry the police gave up the case as hopeless. Dr. Newman's portrait still hangs on the walls of Scotland Yard with an inscription below, that £1,000 would be paid to anybody who furnished the authorities with some clue as to the whereabouts of the gentleman whose portrait it was.

It is, however, over nine years and the reward still remains unclaimed.

The servants, with the exception of the cook, after their discharge from Harley Street, have not sought re-engagement elsewhere.

The following were the proceedings of the meeting of the directors of the firm of Messrs. Hornby, Hunter and Co., held on the 30th September, 1903.

Proposed, seconded and unanimously agreed to, that the following accounts be passed.

1 INCOME.

Cash in hand	£ 1,870 0 0
Received in fees	£ 4,380 0 0
Received from Mr. Richmond, special honorarium	£20,000 0 0
Total	£26,250 0 0

2 EXPENDITURE.

Harley Street House	£ 1,200 0 0
Expenses at Harley Street	£ 3,000 0 0
Paid to each shareholder for miscellaneous expenses @ £100	£ 500 0 0
Miscellaneous expenses	£ 100 0 0
Rent of flat in London for quarter ending 31st Dec., 1903	£ 80 0 0
Total	£ 4,880 0 0

Distributed among shareholders (@ £4000									
each	£20,000	0	0	
					Grand Total	..	£24,880	0	0
Balance carried forward	£1,370-0-0.								

THE END.

S. N. MUKERJI.

Allahabad:

THE REVELATION.

YE ARE GODS : YE ARE ALL THE CHILDREN OF THE HIGHEST.

• Kneeling with folded hands in prayer,
 Something steals subtly to me,
 A very whisper in the air
 Straining the centre of my soul
 Sharpened by hours of agony. •
 In that strange lower chamber, where
 Nightly I lift my eyes to Thee.
 Who art thou, Lord ? And where ? Oh ! where ?
 Infinity, infinity,
 Thy vastness mocks my sad despair.
 Till That comes forth, and can it be ?
 As something parts, and falls away,
 That I was That ; that I am He,
 The spirit of the God divine,
 That ever striving to be free,
 Prisoned in every mortal frame,
 Mixes the water and the wine,
 That makes the longing misery,
 In which the souls of men go down
 Because they fear to face, to see, •
 That it was God. But lo ! 'twas He
 Who taught us this to know, and say
 The " Our Father." Thus art thou
 A son of God, though bound in clay
 As truly as was He.

M. L. FORBES.

Mussourie.

SOME RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

Henrik Ibsen, Plays and Problems, by Otto Heller.
Houghton Mifflin Coy., Boston, 1912, \$2 net.

"Je ne propose rien, je n'impose rien,
 J'expose." (Joseph Dunoyer.)

THIS motto, which is one expressing great humility, is that of Professor Heller's brilliant monograph upon Ibsen

The work should make a very wide appeal; for Ibsen lovers it will charm, Ibsen students it will instruct, and lovers of all good literature it will delight, in that it is itself a *chef-d'œuvre*; opponents of Ibsen it will disarm by its own naivete'. And yet withal, it contains a masterly exposition of Ibsen's views upon many subjects, which engross the attention of the modern intellectual world. The work is avowedly one of reference and therefore presumably primarily intended for Ibsen lovers and students, but it may with profit and pleasure be perused by one who has no such knowledge.

The author deals with Ibsen's work from the social and psychological points of view, and for the most part acceptably.

"A great writer need not be an original thinker. His primary social service and intellectual mission is to articulate the thought and spirit of his time, not necessarily to evolve it."

This contention of Dr. Heller's is undoubtedly true, and if conceded, disposes of much criticism of Ibsen on the ground, that in his sociological teaching the more especially he is not original.

There will be no serious quarrel with the statement that he was a brilliant interpreter of much sociological doctrine that was obscure for the people of his time and country.

Whether it would help matters if the State, the Church, and the whole social organisation of the age, were abandoned or not, to the setting up of an idealistic condition from which "the lie" would be banished, there is no controversy between the serious thinker and

Ibsen, that its presence is at one and the same time a serious menace to these institutions, and a standing anachronism beside them.

It is passing strange that the American advocates of women's rights have not made greater use of Ibsen's advocacy of their cause. Professor Heller's chapter on the "Woman's Question," and the "Doll's House," is one of the most illuminating in the book, and is full of interesting and important matter. The chapter embraces a very lucid and valuable exposition of Ibsen's views upon marriage, which are habitually misunderstood. Moreover, this chapter contains also a very remarkable statement of woman's position in America, and one finds the following pregnant paragraph :

"Nowhere on earth are women treated with so much real regard as in these United States ; chivalrous consideration for them is observed at every grade of the increasingly composite order of our society ; it is the chief, not to say the only, contribution of America to the higher culture of the age."

It is not possible to argue this, in the compass of a brief review, but if it is the only contribution of these States to the higher culture of the age, this culture must be in a parlous state ; and, moreover, the contribution in itself is peculiarly ineffective, in that there is no real honest basis for the better treatment, as recent efforts of women to extend their rights has amply proven. Again, our author puts it simply, when talking of the American man, he says :—His sheltering gallantry is capable of nearly every sacrifice, but stops absolutely short of the concession of equality." If for this chapter alone our debt of gratitude for this book would be heavy. But there is much more excellent matter. The sociological doctrine expressed in "An Enemy of the People" is examined with insight and sympathy, a not too frequent occurrence with an avowedly literary critic.

For the other side of the woman question, and the dangers of emancipation, we have a fair and impartial case rendered in the chapter upon Hedda Gabler.

The final chapter ostensibly on the master's final work, "When the Dead Awaken" contains a restrained and splendidly written estimate of Ibsen, and his contribution to both literary art and the sociology of the age. One may best quote Dr. Heller : "To an age that is pregnant with new socio-ethical departures he rendered an incalculable service, in that he brought into strongest relief the intellectual tendencies of his time as they struggled to the surface of the social consciousness."

Professor Heller has contributed also to this end by his well-balanced critical study of Ibsen. Not the least valuable attribute of the book is its complete international bibliography, and in this connec-

tion, it is worthy of note, that Ibsen's view on the "Woman Question" is alone responsible for quite an extensive bibliography, wisely noted under a separate heading by Professor Heller.

Just Before The Dawn, by Robert Cornell Armstrong, M.A.

The Macmillan Company: \$1.50 net.

This work, which purports to be the life of Ninomiya Sontoku, emanates from the field of Canadian Missions to the East, and is in part a consideration of the difficulties of Christian Missions in Japan, China and the East. It sets out to describe the conditions of Japan just before the dawn of the Meiji Era, the so-called age of enlightenment.

Its scope is broad, and the ideas are of great importance. It must be confessed that the realisation is not in keeping with the anticipation. Almost anything written in these times of Japan has extraordinary interest, but with regard to the present volume, it must regretfully be said that one lays it aside with a feeling that a magnificent opportunity has been dissipated.

It is not very well written, and it is very badly arranged. Nevertheless, it is not without interest, and it is redeemed to a considerable extent by the earnestness of the author, which is very apparent.

Ninomiya Sontoku was a Japanese thinker, who seemed to express what in America is called, "socialized religion," the modern cult of the unison between religion and advanced economic ideas. That this should be a popular concept in a country witnessing economic upheaval side by side with religious perception, is not strange.

The author admits at the outset his inadequacy in dealing with early Japanese religious thought, and asks to be excused; but his outline of Buddhism is strikingly inadequate. The wonderful work of Mrs. Rhys Dario in this field makes his chapter unnecessary. A passing reference would have been preferable to such an inadequate attempt at presentation, which must defeat its own ends, and that is the pity of it.

The most interesting part of the book is Part 11 on the Teachings of Ninomiya Sontoku, and the chapters on Human Virtue, Human Destiny, Diligence, Thrift and Self-sacrifice are all good.

The chapter on Human Destiny is remarkable for the revelation that in common with almost every type of religious thinker, Ninomiya evidently had faith in Immortality. Of course Buddhism postulates this.

There is one point that is of considerable interest in the author's summary of Ninomiya, and that is a side comment upon the possession of the quality of originality by the Japanese. A Japanese gentleman, hearing the criticism that the Japanese lack originality, replied, "If

you mean by that, that we lack causative originality, there is some truth in it, but we do not lack adaptive and additive originality."

This true statement of the case is of interest, because it presents remarkable analogy to the case of the Jewish people, against whom the same charge is made, and for whom the same reply might be made. And the moral is, one cannot keep a people in subjection and expect them to develop intellectually.

A very earnest examination of the book leaves the impression that if the writer had a literary ability approaching even his desire to do justice to his subject, the result would have been a book of surpassing value. Even as it is, the book is well worth purchase and attention.

The Christian Hope, William Adams Brown, P.L.D.

Charles Scribner's Sons. International Theological Library : 75 cents.

Approached so far as possible without sectarian bias, I find this book well worth perusal and even close study. Its style is charming, and dealing as it does with a subject that can easily become abstruse in treatment, it is throughout lucid and interesting.

While it achieves nothing more than any other book on "Immortality," and comes to a final conclusion that Faith cannot reject this perennial force of man's comfort, it does make a painstaking and exhaustive survey of the history of this faith throughout the ages. The introductory and historical chapters are excellent, particularly that on "Immortality in India."

Looking at it from the non-Christian view-point one cannot but be impressed with the fairness of the author, a spirit not universal in theological disputation. An example is found in Chapter 11. "And, as Jesus' character defies the nature of the Christian hope, so this personality is the ground of Christian confidence. By this it is not meant, as is often asserted, that the resurrection of Jesus is the only convincing argument for immortality. Men have believed in immortality, who never knew of the Resurrection." I would add, and still believe in it, despite rejection of the resurrection. Nevertheless, the paragraph is broad and helpful. Not so happy is the treatment of the Old Testament conception of Sheol. I differ profoundly from the writer's interpretation of the Psalmist's "Shall the dust praise Thee? Shall it declare Thy truth? Ps. xxx 9.

Dr. Kirkpatrick's comment upon this is that the dust referred to is the grave—not the dust into which the body is resolved.

The disputation would be merely verbal were it not part of a larger misconception of Judaic teaching.

Again, I cannot follow the author in his dismissal of the platonic treatment of the doctrine of immortality, which appears to me to be unsympathetic.

The chief interest of the book, however, for the present reviewer, despite the value of the book as a whole, are the chapters on "Preparation in Israel for the Christian and Hope."

I am amazed to find the author, in other respects so liberal, apparently accepting the old dictum that Judaism lays too much stress upon the present life and too little upon the future.

Contemplation of Dr. Adams' criticism of Dr. Salmond's work leads one to expect a fuller treatment of Israel's share in the so-called preparation than the author gives. While it is adequate and fair enough as far as it goes, it fails entirely to give the modern Jewish view, and this is hardly alluded to moreover in the summing up.

"There is something wonderfully pathetic in the eagerness with which the most earnest spirits in Israel cling to life." This paragraph, on page 55, is exemplification of the same attitude. I would reply, Let this concept remain so long as the Israelite deems this life a preparation for the life to come. The weakness of the whole treatment of this part of the subject is want of balance, a disposition to treat the earlier doctrine of Israel as still surviving and a failure to appreciate the latter doctrine, one which has grown up contemporaneously with the "Christian Hope," as it is later defined by Dr. Adams.

For the rest the book is marked by some strikingly liberal viewpoints. For instance, on page 36, doubt is thrown upon the value of Paul's teachings upon this subject, and we are told :—

"This is not intended to deny the presence of a subjective element even in the Synoptics, but only to emphasise the fact, now very generally admitted; as compared with the fourth gospel, this is less prominent, and, for our present purpose, negligible."

Still more forcible is the following at the end of a resume of the doctrine of the Resurrection. "A doctrine that is held half-heartedly is of little value either to the holder or to others. If the Resurrection faith is to survive, it must be held triumphantly as a satisfying and inspiring conviction. It must be to us what it was to those who first held it, a gospel, good news for the world."

And then the author continues to discuss the possibility of the doctrinal being so regarded to-day. His conclusion is that as an aid to faith, it has lost its import; it must be an *object* of faith.

The very same might be asserted by every religionist of the cardinal points of his system. But the point is, not that it should be the *object*, but *is* it?

Finally, Dr. Adams quotes Dr. Rainy, Principal of the New College, in the sentence, "Immortality is a dreary prospect if our Father is not in it." And he comments on this, "In these words we have in a single sentence the Christian apologetic of immortality."

If we wish to make faith in another life credible, we must fill this life with value.

I have no quarrel with this conception, but it is just as much the Jewish or the Unitarian Hope as the Christian Hope.

Let me quote Montefiore :—"Eternal life may be realised here ; communion with God consoles even now. But they point a fuller consummation hereafter, the whispered hope is ever renewed. The best spiritual life of man gives a foretaste and pledge of something beyond Earth."

So that by devious paths the same conclusion is reached. There is an excellent bibliography as a valuable addendum to an interesting book, but under no heading do I find the names of any of the modern Jewish scholars, who have written of late on "Immortality."

"Myself and I," by Fannie Stearns Davis.
The Macmillan Coy : \$1 net.

"To thine own self be true," the well-known precept of Polonius gives the authoress of this significant little volume the keynote of her opening poem, and she treats it with originality and in beautiful language. Miss Davis has achieved a considerable success in this her first book of poems, and the excellence of the work itself is accentuated by the fact that, despite the renaissance for poetry predicted of late, there is a marked absence of significant offerings in the publisher's lists.

If fault is to be found with Miss Davis at all, it would be to suggest that her introspection, at first alluring, later becomes tedious in consequence of her harping upon the same themes. But to one who has expressed the longing of the modern spirit for a mystical outlet as beautifully as Miss Davis, it is almost churlish to direct criticism.

There is nothing more hopeful in contemporary life and thought than these yearnings for the mystical, and with naivete and charm Miss Davis expresses them.

That this maiden volume is the herald of much more to come, upon similar lines, is the earnest hope of the present reviewer.

Monoscripts, by Willard Dillman. Edmund D. Brooks, Minneapolis : 75 cents.

Richard Burton contributes an excellent introduction to this little book of essays upon life and morals. Willard Dillman writes with skill and precision upon a variety of topics closely allied to life, and the volume is one that one wants to pick up again and again. The volume is tiny but beautifully printed and produced, and is in every way commendable.

"In order that life shall be tolerable, man must have a few friends, or at the lowest one friend. He must have a companion with whom he can talk of intimate things. He may exist deprived of well-nigh everything that life has been thought to demand, so long as fate does not remove his most dear comrade."

This is an example of the exquisite soliloquising of the author. One would fain see a larger and more pretentious effort from the same pen.

A Selection From the Love Poetry of William Butler Yeats. The Cuala Press Churchtown, Dundrum Co., Dublin, Ireland. To subscribers : 7s. 6d.

Occasionally a reviewer gets a little volume such as this, midst the mass of literature that comes to his hand, and it makes him pause with sheer joy at its beauty.

Here is a specimen of an edition of but 300 copies, printed on a hand press in eighteenth century type, and exquisitely produced. The poems have of course all appeared before, and are as representative and excellent a choice of the poet's work, as could well have been made. The little volume contains four poems from "Early Poems," sixteen from "The Wind Among The Reeds," five from "In the Seven Woods," and nine from "The Green Helmet."

It may be well to give Indian readers a brief specimen of these poems :—

THE PITY OF LOVE

A pity beyond all telling
Is hid in the heart of love :
The folk who are buying and selling ;
The clouds on their journey above ;
The cold wet winds ever blowing
And the shadowy hazel grove
Where mouse grey waters are flowing
Threaten the head that I love.

FICTION.

*The God of the Bees. By Mrs. Chetwood Smith.
Boston, W. A. Butterfield : \$1.35 net.*

"For the God of the Bees is the Future" is expressive of the keynote, as well as an indication of the source of the title, of this, in many respects, a remarkable novel.

It would be hardly a real compliment to say that it has just missed being great, but that is what one feels about it.

There is a novelty of situation, a subtlety of treatment, and a power of characterization, that lifts the work from the ordinary rut, but there is an absence of poise, which prevents one enjoying the somewhat overwrought situation, as one might otherwise do. Moreover, overwrought would be a good adjective to apply to the two principal characters also, but Stephen Enthorne is splendidly drawn, as a typical new Englander, with traditional austerity.

To him and his brother Basil, whose temperament is frankly Hellenistic, there comes an unknown cousin Vivian, who is a passionate and, it seems, untutored girl, half American only, and brought up in France.

She makes appeal, of course, although not without a struggle on his part, to the æsthetic Basil, and tragedy results.

There is an unexpected denouement, however, which justifies the title and in which good results to Basil's son and Vivian's daughter.

Despite serious imperfections the book is a good piece of work, dealing with elemental passions in a virile and not unpleasing fashion.

The Mask, by Arthur Hornblow

G. W. Dillingham Company : \$1.25 net.

The denouement of this novel turns upon a "double," who happens to be a twin brother. The idea, while not new, is a good one, and especially valuable material around which to weave a story of excitement and activity. One of the brothers is a polished gentleman living in a city and in an enviable position, and the other leads a deplorable life of dissipation for a long time and then returns, only to endeavour to ruin his brother irreparably by personating him. This he does so cleverly as to deceive intimates and even the brother's own wife.

In the working out of the story there is much intrigue, excitement, and emotion.

In less skilful hands there would be danger in a volume of this kind of overdoing it, but Mr. Hornblow exercises the necessary restraint at crucial moments, and the story pulsates with life until it finally comes to a happy conclusion. It is very well written and exceedingly interesting.

Four Mothers at Chautauqua, by Mrs. Gustavas R. Alden. Boston.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Coy : \$1.50.

Indian readers who keep in touch with events in the United States will have noticed the recent discussion anent Mr. Bryan's lecturing to Chautauqua's during his vacation, and will perhaps have wondered

what it meant. As a brief definition of Chautauqua is required in order intelligently to introduce this novel to foreign readers, I will say that Chautauqua is a kind of summer lyceum course, held at some idyllic spot and combined with vacation, giving the dual benefit of recreation for both mind and body. As such it has become increasingly important and an integral part of American life. The novelist's workshop is "life", so any movement that becomes an integral part of the life of a people, of necessity becomes, sooner or later, the subject of a novelist's pen. Chautauqua has figured in fiction earlier by the skill of the same writer and its title is derived from the fact that it is a sort of following up of "Four Girls at Chautauqua" which was Mrs. Alden's first topic.

The time spent in Chautauqua by the four heroines of the earlier story was fraught with considerable influence upon the lives of the four heroines, and the present volume portrays them having reached maturity and motherhood, regathered in the same idyllic spot, and again drinking at the fount of learning and healing.

There are some interesting side issues, one especially, that introducing a poor relation endeavouring to keep up appearances, evincing considerable sociological insight upon the part of the authoress. Mrs. Alden writes with considerable charm and force, and altogether the volume is an interesting one.

• *Aladdin from Broadway.* By Frederic S. Isham.

Bobbs Merrill Co., Indianapolis Ind: \$1.25 net.

There are novels and novels. Some deal with neurotic situations and turn upon the sex problem, some of these ably and some not as well, other stories have sociological or political themes for undercurrents, and sometimes this motif is so strong that the plot is subsidiary. Then there are novels, which apparently are written for sheer amusement, and it must be confessed as a rule these fail to amuse.

Here is an exception, however. Mr. Isham has a fantastic subject, but he handles it with remarkable delicacy and literary skill. The story hangs on the alleged Mohammedan custom that a man can divorce his wife by simply saying to her three times, "I divorce thee." If it happens that the husband repents, and this does happen at times even in America, the woman has to marry another man, and then divorce him before she can remarry her first presumably now thoroughly repentant spouse.

The second husbands are usually the hired tools of the husband, whose business it is, in due time, to utter the fateful divorce sentences. In this story, however, all does not turn out so mechanically. The hired second husband turns out to be a veritable Apollo and an American to boot, and thereupon the identity of the second husband being dis-

closed, the fair and beautiful bride is not at all anxious to effect the exchange between second and first. How it all ends it is only fair to let the reader find out for himself. As good as any avowedly diverting story that has come into my hands, splendidly written and with every regard for artistic restraint.

BRIEFER NOTICE.

Wild Flowers of New York. Mohonk Sales Rooms, Lake Mohonk, N. Y. : 50 cents.

A beautifully illustrated booklet, attractively bound, giving accurate and well-written information as to all the wild flowers indigenous to New York State. An instructive and æsthetic gift-book.

My Diary of a European Trip. Columbia S. C.
August Kohn. For private circulation only.

A truly delightful record of a European trip. Told without literary pretension, the volume is in reality a series of domestic letters, with the private parts omitted. Mr. Kohn is a born raconteur, and as a result his letters make an admirable record of an interesting trip.

The Story of Asenath. By John Willy.
Chicago, 443 South Dearborn Street.

This is a play founded upon Genesis xli 45 v.

"And Pharaoh called Joseph's name Zaphnath-paaneah; and he gave him to wife Asenath, the daughter of Potipherah, priest of On."

The plot is daring, and in many respects the treatment justifies the selection, although there are times when the subject seems to be too much for the author. On the whole the play is interesting, despite some very tedious speeches, but having every regard for its power, one wonders very much whether a play, such as this, has the remotest chance in a modern theatre.

The volume is very creditably produced.

Opera Stories, by Henry L. Mason, 188 Bay State Road, Boston, Mass,

Paper : 55 cents. The Author.

The title of this splendid little volume tells its story. Considering its size and format it is a most complete production telling concisely and clearly the story of over 160 operas and giving in addition the pictures of a great number of opera singers. It is of value alike to the music student and the dilettante music lover, and to an inveterate opera goer, it is invaluable. I have only one criticism, it should undoubtedly be in cloth.

Theosophy and the Woman's Movement.

C. Despard, London. Theosophical Publishing Society: 6d. net.

In this little volume Mrs. Despard discusses the Woman's question from the point of view of Theosophy with greater charm than force. The volume is one of what is described as the Riddle of Life Series, and after reading this contribution to the series, one emerges with the eternal woman question as great a riddle as ever.

JUVENILES.

Behind the Garden Wall. By Robert A. Wallace.

San Francisco. Paul Elder & Company: \$1 net.

This is without qualification the most beautiful juvenile book that has so far come into my hands this season. Noted for beautiful workmanship, this firm has excelled itself in the production of this book.

The book has a sub-title "Magic Verses of the Under Side of Things", and it deals with the wonders of nature in the most sympathetic fashion. The language is beautiful, with the beauty of simplicity, though the work avoids the pitfall of many a beautifully printed child's book, inane or stupid text.

The colour motif of the illustrative scheme is green and orange, and it is used with singular effect by Elsinor Robinson Crowell, to whom every praise is due for her artistic and effective illustrations.

The collaboration of Mr. Wallace, Mrs. Crowell and the publishers has resulted in the production of a gift-book par excellence for young children. All are to be congratulated.

Action, Imitation and Fun Series. Seven Volumes.

Mary L. Pratt, Chadwick Educational Publishing Coy. Boston and New York.

This is an excellent series of books for very young children. They are beautifully produced, the text is very much beyond the ordinary, and the illustrations are excellent. Mrs. Chadwick evidently knows, loves and understands children, and a word of praise is due to Rebecca Chase for her excellent co-operation as illustrator. The series is decidedly of value.

Fairy Tales from Anderson. By Helen Woodrow Bones.

A. Flanagan Coy., Chicago: 40 cents. net.

The authoress has arranged some suitable selections of Anderson's famous tales for use by quite young children, and has done her work as well as I have seen it done. Moreover, Helen G. Hodge has lent valuable assistance by contributing some unusually artistic and

dainty illustrations. Finally, the firm does, as this firm usually does, its fair share by giving the efforts of authoress and artist a good setting, a well produced volume, on good paper, and in a very artistic and durable cover. Is it a wonder that, given such conditions, the ensemble is satisfactory?

Our Western Wonderland (California). By Felix J. Koch, A.B.

Revised and corrected by George Wharton James.

A. Flanagan Coy., Chicago : 50 cents net.

This is an admirable book of travel, well edited, superbly produced, and profusely illustrated. It were well that such a book as this be widely used by the upper grades of schools—for beside the actual instruction afforded, a book of this kind dispels the horror of the ordinary text book and would tend to cultivate a taste for travel literature. It is a splendid volume of a useful series.

Swiss Family Robinson. The A. S. Barnes Coy., New York.

Swiss Family Robinson is an old favourite, and here it appears in a new dress. The text has been carefully edited; in fact, the stories are retold for the special use of American children by a skilled teacher and story-teller. E. M. Bendovna contributes some really beautiful illustrations, and the cover is very artistic. Altogether, a beautiful volume. I have one qualification. It is a pity the paper is not somewhat better, even had this added something to the price of the volume.

Little Tots Ten Minute Stories.

Little Tots Sandman Stories.

Platt & Peck Coy., New York : 40 cents net cash.

These two little volumes are models of what books intended for very young children should be. Very well written text in good simple English, and without being inane, very beautiful illustrations, so beautiful that one would like to credit the artist or artistes, and on excellent paper. Moreover, the covers are very sweet and dainty, and on the whole the volumes deserve wide recognition.

EMANUEL STERNHEIM.

Greenville, Mississippi, U. S. A.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The subject which has for some weeks past engaged more public attention than any other throughout India is the passive resistance movement of Indians in South Africa. South Africa to secure a modification of some of the laws affecting them. Their grievances are sufficiently known in England ; they have been discussed in the House of Lords, where Lord Ampthill, Lord Curzon and other former rulers of India have earnestly pleaded the cause of Indians ; they have formed the subject of prolonged and repeated correspondence between the Colonial Office and the Union Government ; and they have been frequently discussed in the English Press. Just before H. M. the present King-Emperor's coronation passive resistance was started in the Boer Colonies ; the main grievance of the Indians there was the humiliating treatment accorded to them in preventing unregistered immigrants from entering the colonies. Other grievances were for the time being overshadowed by the "finger prints" grievance, and on the authorities agreeing to consider the whole subject in the Union Parliament, where it was expected that the Boers would be amenable to other influences, the passive resistance was abandoned about the auspicious time of the coronation. One Bill was followed by another in the South African Parliament, and the law finally passed has given no satisfaction. It is worth while noticing the effect of the consolidation of the several colonies under one Government. Lord Gladstone's ministers, whatever their nationality and descent, probably feel a sense

of unity, and may be trying hard to introduce a uniform policy, more generous and broad-minded than before in all the colonies. But the local sentiment in the different parts of South Africa seems to remain much as it was before the consolidation. Thus the Boer extremists and the Natal capitalists have their own way notwithstanding the readiness of General Botha and General Smuts and others to concede some of the demands of the Indians. While some of the old grievances have been removed, it is complained that others, which had formerly a local application, have since the new law been extended to other areas. On the other hand some new grievances have attained fresh prominence; and now that the Indians, whether in Natal or in the old Boer Colonies, feel that they are subjects of a common Government, for whom a common law has been passed, they have made a common cause in offering passive resistance to the obnoxious provisions of the Immigration Act and other harsh laws. Thus the miners in the Transvaal have joined hands with coolies in Natal, and, in fact, all Indians in South Africa, in whatever trade engaged, indentured or otherwise, have resolved to do everything in their power to obtain a repeal or modification of the laws which they so much resent. It has sometimes been pretended that these laws are necessary for the protection of European standards of living and civilisation, and to ward off competition by Asiatics who are content with a lower standard of life, with less cleanly habits, and less advanced notions of civilisation. Assuming that the avowed object of the laws is justifiable, it is not served by some of the hardships under which the Indians suffer. If Hinduism and Islam permit polygamous marriages, the recognition of them cannot affect the civilisation and social customs of the white inhabitants. Granting that the sight of a Hindu or Muhammadan living with two or more wives is demoralising, there is no excuse for refusing to recognise the marriage of one man with one wife, merely because his personal law allows him to marry another if he chooses. This is a grievance which can at once be remedied without any detriment to the white man's civilisation, and the only interpretation that can be put upon the disinclination to remove it is that the multiplication of Indian souls is more abhorrent than the defective ethics of the Indian. To take another grievance which has caused more

resentment than ever before, General Smuts and General Botha were personally willing to abolish the poll-tax in Natal, but they had to yield to opposition from Natal. It seems that orders were issued some time ago not to collect the tax from women and children, and it is admitted that the tax on the men is retained not for the sake of the income which it brings to Government. The Indians allege that its only object is to compel free Indians to reindenture themselves. If the purpose is to prevent paupers from settling down in the land and becoming a burden on the state, are there not less invidious and less irritating ways of securing that end? Several other grievances, under various laws, have been formulated, and it ought to be possible to remove them without really doing any harm to the interests of the white inhabitants.

Passive resistance has been undertaken as a last resource. No purpose is served by discussing its ethics. The suffragettes do not confine themselves to constitutional agitation. Ulstermen threaten armed resistance if they are placed under the yoke of a Parliament at Dublin. They all look to the probable results of a particular course of action rather than to its conformity with some absolute standard of civic or political morality. Their argument seems to be that the law is intended to protect rights and secure justice; but it is man's creation and when the law-makers do not discharge their duties properly, they must be compelled to mend their laws necessarily by methods which stand outside the law devised by them. It is a very dangerous argument, which may be carried to lengths incompatible with peace and order; and General Smuts voiced the sentiments of all administrators, who are responsible for orderly government, when he declared that no Government worth its salt could consent to be coerced into changing its laws. All the same experience has shown to the Indians in South Africa that passive resistance is useful, whether or not it is justifiable on ethical grounds, and they have resorted a second time to a weapon which they once used with some amount of success. It operates on the sympathy of the general public and of the authorities in India and England as well as in South Africa. It is an appeal to the heart rather than the head. In 1911 the passive resisters were said to be ill-treated in jails. Their number now is very much larger, the difficulty of dealing with them is considerably greater, the temper

of the magistracy and police is put to a much severer test, and it is alleged that the lash and the rifle have been used to terrorise the prisoners. The plan now adopted is not merely to violate some provision of the Immigration Act, but to resort to strikes on mines, railways, the plantations and elsewhere. The Magistrates have declared that the Government cannot listen to any proposals to modify the laws or to release the leaders already sentenced to imprisonment, as long as the strikes and the resistance last. Many of the strikers appear to have returned to work, and probably negotiations for a solution of the questions at issue will shortly follow. As long as the agitation continues, the countrymen of the sufferers in India will have to provide funds for the relief of the families of the prisoners. Money is being collected briskly all over India, and many Europeans have subscribed to the funds. A large body of European opinion in India is opposed to the attitude of the South African Government, as also in England. Meetings have been held in all provinces to protest against the cruel treatment of Indians in the colonies, and to invoke the interference of the Government here as well as in England.

The Government of India has officially reported to the Secretary of State by cable the state of excitement caused in this country and the allegations of ill treatment that have gained currency, and requested an independent enquiry in accordance with the practice of civilised countries, when the subjects of one complain of inhuman treatment in another. Lord Gladstone has denied the accuracy of the allegations, but our Government appears to have represented that nothing short of an independent enquiry by disinterested persons will satisfy Indian sentiment in this country. Every day brings fresh telegrams, but we must stop the narrative with the mention of the just and spirited action taken by H. E. Lord Hardinge's Government. Similar action would have been taken by any Government in the position of the Government of India if the persons complaining of ill treatment had been British subjects. Lord Hardinge has made no distinction between subjects of Indian and European descent, between one nation and another, but insisted on the practice of all civilised countries in such cases being followed impartially as between India and South Africa.

During his recent tour H. E. the Viceroy visited several Native States. In Hyderabad, the premier State, **Progress in** His Excellency congratulated H. H. the Nizam on **Native States.** the various schemes of public works already undertaken or about to be undertaken by His Government and the efforts made to improve the financial and economic condition of the State. While in most other States the Dewans and other high officers are generally selected for their personal qualifications, in Hyderabad they are selected as far as may be from the hereditary nobility, and it is remarkable that some of the families seem to supply a succession of talented men and the system has up till now stood the test fairly well, though it is difficult to say how long it will continue to give satisfaction in these democratic times, when the standards of administrative efficiency are steadily rising. In Bikaner the enlightened Maharaja has created a Representative Assembly. Under the present Ruler certain vexatious imposts have been abolished, the introduction of irrigation canals and the development of railways are under contemplation, and the improvement of the cultivator's condition is engaging his earnest attention. As the work undertaken by the Government grows in volume and responsibility, it is found more and more necessary to take the people into confidence, and ascertain their wants and opinions through recognised and organised channels. The Representative Assembly will not be an entirely elected body like the British House of Commons, but the non-official members in it will nevertheless be able to speak on behalf of the people. The members of the Maharaja's Executive Council will be in it, and they will exchange views with non-officials at a common table. In inaugurating the assembly His Highness gave the members some excellent advice, charging them with the duty of leaving all personal ambitions and interests outside the hall and approaching their task always with the sole desire of promoting the welfare of the State and of the people. His Highness added that nothing would meet with his displeasure so much as self-seeking. The somewhat personal tone of that warning is in consonance with the political constitution of the Native States, though in British India a Ruler sent out from England for five years might create the greatest surprise by imitating it. In Mysore H. E. the Viceroy handed over to H. H. the Maharaja a Treaty which is to replace

the Instrument of Transfer that was perhaps liable to be interpreted as the source of the Maharaja's title and the criterion of his status. The terms of the treaty are not published; they are believed to have improved the status of the ruling dynasty and to be more in consonance with the dignity of a great Feudatory State.

• ★★★★★

The Moslem deputation to England, consisting of Mr. Wazir Hasan and Mr. Mohamed Ali, has met with a series of misadventures, and can hardly be expected to return to India with flying colours, if the object was to carry on a campaign against "petty officials," as they have been called, in India and to secure from any responsible statesmen in England a favourable pronouncement on Great Britain's attitude towards any Moslem power or community. The Right Hon. Syed Amir Ali expressed his inability to participate in the public dinner that was to be given in honour of the delegates, and as a result of the correspondence that followed, he resigned his presidentship of the London Branch of the Moslem League. H. H. the Aga Khan was kind enough to do nothing to prejudice the avowed object of the mission, namely, to assure the British public of the undiminished loyalty of the Musalmans in India; but he resigned his presidentship of the Central League in India on the principle that in an essentially democratic community, such as the Islamic community, the president of that representative body must frequently change. The Secretary of State for India expressed his inability to receive the deputation, as he was not satisfied that the two delegates represented the community in a higher sense than other members consulted by Government in India. The Prime Minister gave a similar reply. • The most influential section of the British Press treated the delegates as if they were young men, who had broken loose from the control of the wiser and more respected leaders of the community. So many mishaps must damp the courage and enthusiasm of the stoutest hearts. The fact is that the opportunity to press any special grievance or cause has passed by. The political atmosphere in south-eastern Europe is calm. The Cawnpore affair was settled in India before the delegates could open their mouths in England. On the press laws and other

topics the Musalmans have no representation to make. Perhaps the delegates will feel that they started on their mission in great haste. From one point of view it must be an agreeable feeling ; for to be the mouthpiece of grievances is not a very grateful mission which one can undertake with genuine pleasure, and happy is the man who finds as little as possible to complain of.

Not many educated Hindus can claim to have made a deeper study of their religion and society, and of **The Crown of** all that scholars have written about them, than **Hinduism.** Mr. J. N. Farquhar, author of the *Crown of Hinduism*. Few of them have put together in a volume of equal size the mass of information which he has collected in this book. He has made a diligent study of the sacred literature of India, and if he has made a critical study of it, it is mainly in the sense that criticism is the art of selecting all that is good in a book. The object of the volume is to show that "Christ provides the fulfilment of each of the highest aspirations and aims of Hinduism. Every line of light, which is visible in the grossest parts of the religion, reappears in Him set in healthy institutions and spiritual worship. Every true motive which in Hinduism has found expression in unclean, debasing, or unworthy practices finds in Him fullest exercise in work for the down-trodden, the ignorant, the sick, and the sinful." In this sense Mr. Farquhar maintains that Christ is the Crown of the faith of India. The subject is thus highly controversial, and cannot be discussed in the pages of a secular magazine. But Hindu readers ought to feel interested in noticing all the highest aspirations and aims, the lines of light, and the true motives which the generous critic has found in their religion. We can, therefore, commend this book to the students of all religions.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOME TRUTHS ABOUT INDIA.

To The Editor, EAST & WEST.

SIR—Will you allow me to ask "S." one or two questions in order to make some passages in his most interesting paper on "Indian Anarchism" ("East & West" for September, 1913, page 761,) somewhat clearer than they seem to me as they stand?

• He says (on page 765):—"We find India exchanging raw materials and grain, which are sorely needed at home, for commodities which might and should be produced within the empire." Now, of course, it is quite true that it would be better for India if she could manufacture everything she requires, but until she can do so, it is surely better to export what she cannot use both of raw materials and grain—neither of which, by the way, would be produced at all if it were not for the foreign demand. To say that such raw materials and grain are "sorely needed at home" shows some confusion of thought. There is at present no home demand strong enough to create a supply of either, and the people are unfortunately too poor to eat more than they do. They would not be likely to eat more if their foreign market were destroyed, but rather less.

It seems a pity that in the next paragraph "S." has converted the more familiar pounds sterling or rupees into dollars. And to say that "the Government of India and the Army are *enormously* expensive," because they cost so many dollars is simply misleading, unless some reasons are given. As a matter of fact the Government of India and its Army are by far the cheapest in the world *in proportion to the population of the country*, and it is equally misleading to give the cost of the Home Charges without saying what they consist of. I should like to refer "S." to a small book recently issued by the East India Association called "Truths about India," especially chapters I, XVI, and XXVII. It would occupy too much of your space to quote them in full.

On page 767 "S." asserts quite positively that the steady rise in the price of necessaries is due to the "increasing pressure of population on the soil, which again yields less than a quarter of what it might produce." This assertion is bad for its "vagueness," as the lawyers say, and even demonstratively untrue, for there is a

considerable area of agricultural land I am personally acquainted with, which sells for £200 an acre and at that price yields 5 and a half per cent. No doubt the bulk of the land in India might yield a great deal more than it does, but after all, there are not very many people who could teach a ryot in the Tambraparni valley how to increase the yield of rice land.

Yours truly,

J. B. PENNINGTON.

(Once Collector of Tinnevely.)

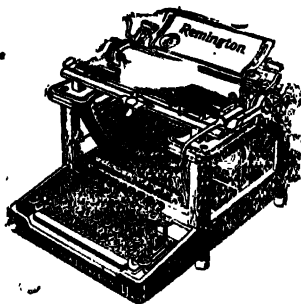
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